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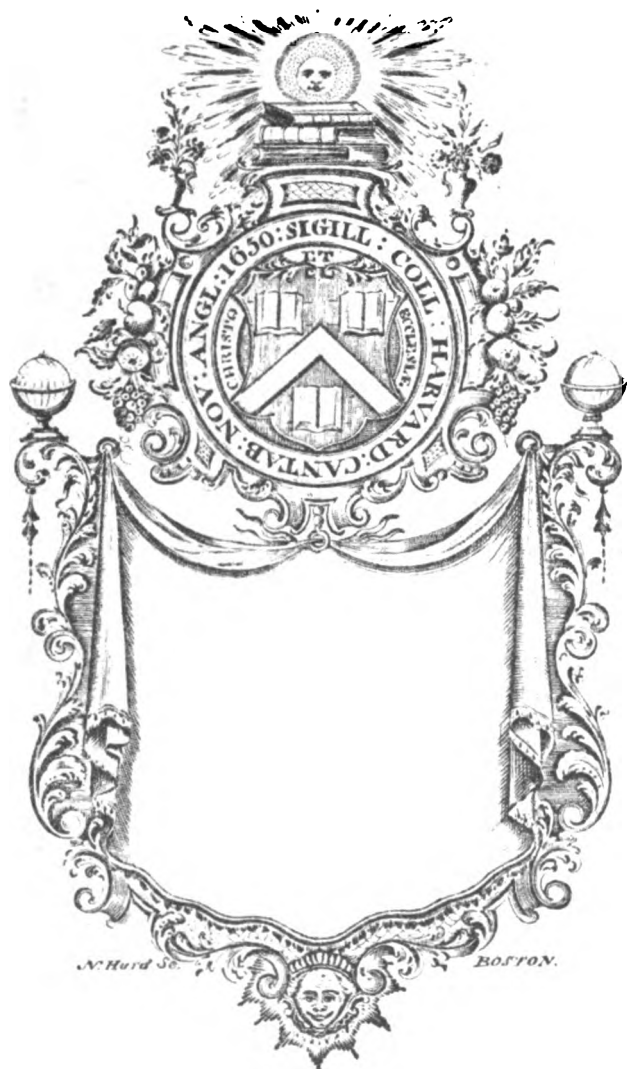
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THE

SOUTHERN QUARTERLY

R E V I E W .

Jove judicat æquo.—*Hor.*
Eo ego ingenio natus sum, amicitiam
Atque inimicitiam in fronte promptam gero.—*Ennius.*

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4. *General Taylor's Letter to Mr. Delony, of Louisiana.*

5. *Mr. Benton's Speech, in vindication of the President, in the Senate, on the failure of the Lt. General Bill.*

WHEN Gulliver was asked why he did not give in to the Secretary of State, memorials of his wonderful discoveries in remote countries, (as all lands discovered by a subject belong to the crown,) he replied: "les Lilliputiens ne vaudrissent pas, je crois, les fruits d'un armement pour les réduire; et je ne pense pas qu'il fût prudent ni sûr de s'attaquer aux Brobdignagiens."* Intimating, of course, that he would

* French Gulliver, 307. Illustrated Paris edition, 1837. It is not surprising that Gulliver should be quoted in French, although his travels were first published in English. The learned will remember that that singular adventurer was skilled in many foreign idioms, such as the Balnibarbi; and he acquired a smattering even of the court language of the kingdom of Luggnag, a specimen of which is given in the ix chapter of his voyage to Laputa, thus: "*Inckpling glossthrobb squit scrumm blhiop mlashnatt zwin tnodbalkuffhahhiophad gurdubhaski,*" which, he says, may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun eleven moons and a half."

not advise his government to go to war with the people of either of those nations, for the sake of conquest: The satire contained in this excuse of the adventurous voyager will not appear in its fullest force except to those who are best acquainted with the history of English diplomacy and of English wars; but the shaft, though sped a century ago, strikes deep into the bosom of American politics: for having recently had an opportunity to war with a strong and a weak nation, we negotiate with the strong and battle with the weak, thus showing that we weighed well the prudent part of Gulliver's suggestion, without pausing to count the cost of the armament which it might require to reduce the Lilliputians. Patriotism, however, disdains to speculate on the pecuniary cost of a war, and, being in, the only study is how to conduct it with humanity and success, and to bring it speedily to an honorable close.

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that they opposed may beware of thee."

Those of our energies seem most usefully exerted, which, in times of great national calamity are directed to the elucidation of the questions of interest and difficulty which immediately surround us. In public or in private affairs, the dangers which impend and press nearest, should be the first to be warded off; and now, when our country is at war, a recurrence to the history of wars, that the public mind may be agitated with useful hints and practical illustrations, cannot be otherwise than of the greatest importance. We would not intimate that a knowledge of the *art of arms* is essential to the great body of the people. The enthusiasm of the country should be kept alive; but the people should not be excited and led away from their ordinary pursuits by the dazzling mania of war: for war is not the business of life—it will not last always. An ambitious man, having spent a year in the army, amid its dangers and glories, its excitements and adventures, with its wild music and under its broad and streaming banners, may not be perfectly at ease when the war ends; and the hand which has wielded in the furious strife, the battle-blade of death, may not again, readily and willingly, grasp the handles of the plough: for, indeed, there is a strange contrast between "glory" and *fifty cents a day*. "There is an old

proverb," says Macchiavelli, "*that war makes thieves and peace hangs them* : for those that know not how to get their bread in any other way, when they are disbanded, finding nobody that wants their service, and disdaining the thoughts of living in poverty and obscurity, are forced to have recourse to such ways of supporting themselves as generally brings them to the gallows."* These thoughts of Macchiavelli, as he distinctly states, are applicable "alone to those who have made war their only occupation," and are not here quoted as at all referring to those of our citizens who, under the generous promptings of patriotism, have gallantly marched from their homes to the battle-field; nevertheless, it need not be disguised, that, while the camp may be the school for some, (as Numantia was for Jugurtha, and Numidia for Sylla,) yet numbers come out of it idle, dissolute and lazy, and many a one,

"Full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard;
Jealous in honor; sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation —"

not always in the cannon's mouth, but at the pistol's muzzle, in private disputes and ale-house brawls. And, while these braggarts, armed for strife and murder, are pests to society, those more innocent idlers from the war, who have seen just enough of danger to magnify it, have *their* uses for evil : for the uprising young of the country are apt to take to their association, since nothing is so beguiling to youth as the tales of war, its achievements, cruelties and glories, which these whiskered loungers, with their "*swashing and martial outsides*," are ever ready to rehearse.

Far from sad, indeed, is the soldier's departure for war ; but his return ! oh, how melancholy ! Yet, the apprehension of creating too much enthusiasm with the people should not cool the ardor of the orator or check the energy of the recruiter. Let the patriot present but a faithful picture of the lights and shadows of war : the fiery need not to be urged, for in their own zeal lie the eloquent promptings to act ; and the quiet are not apt to be led away ; for the shades of the human mind are not more numerous than the inclinations of men, and thoughts that will inspire one will weary and disgust another.

* Macchiavelli, *Art of War*, 28.

"In times of peace, let us prepare for war," said Washington. The warrior-sage scarcely meant, in this memorable advice, that the country should be overrun with soldiers and burthened with standing armies; but that industry and virtue, the great constituents of courage, should be sedulously cultivated throughout the land. Hence, the character of our military institutions is no departure from this advice. In peace we have no tactics. Our militia drill is the ridicule of the world—and there is little need that it should be otherwise. For experience shows that our people are apt scholars in the *art of arms*, and that it requires but a brief period to make them veterans.* The ancients were compelled to be soldiers. In ancient times, the vanquished were usually put to death or led captives, in perpetual slavery, into the enemy's country. Unsparing slaughter followed the sacking of a city, and often, the surrender of an army. Hence, skill and tactics were preparations to preserve life, and every man was a soldier from necessity. It is not so in our day. The investment of a city is merely an announcement to its citizens that they may look out for a little thunder—that the children may be put under the beds or behind the cupboards—and the women carried to some elevated position, which, being free from danger, may present a view of the conflict, with sufficient distinctness to render the scene interesting and exciting. A surrender, in these happy days, is not followed by slaughter or slavery; but by the politest courtesies, the friendliest intercourse, a pick-nick, a dining, or a dance, between the victor and the vanquished. Such, at least, are some of the scenes which illustrate the Mexican war, from Palo Alto to Puebla.

Many reasons conspire to make a recurrence to the history of the Jugurthine war, of the greatest importance to the American people at this time. It was a war carried on by a republic—the republic of Rome—against the king of Numidia; a war, in the prosecution of which, they left their own dominions and invaded those of another; and, in viewing this war in contrast with our own, many reflections

* The writer would not be understood as advocating the abandonment of military schools. He believes that they should be encouraged; but to no extraordinary extent. Our government is essentially pacific, and warlike inclinations should not be cultivated. A small standing army, as a nucleus, and an increase of forts and garrisons, for instruction and defence, will be quite sufficient to keep the military art and science in such a state of perfection in this country, as will answer all our legitimate ends.

will arise, which seem to grow out of the similarity between the two. Indeed, we shall endeavor to show, in the course of this article,—1. The great similarity in the leading features of the Jugurthine and the Mexican war. 2. The danger of rivalry between military commanders. 3. The tendency of popular suffrage and the inclination of the people, in all ages of the world, to elevate great military chieftains.

The Jugurthine war was one of long duration. It was considered quite a small affair, with the Roman people, at first; but it continued seven years and cost the republic many thousands of its best citizens, and, what is most singular, the Romans gained every battle, with a single exception, and found that a *victory* was even more disastrous to them than a *defeat* to the Numidians.* The continued success of the Roman arms was not the only characteristic of this war; it was distinguished by many and great battles and sieges, by frequent interruptions, by fruitless efforts at negotiation, and by coalitions, plots, stratagems and jealousies, and was finally brought to a close by an act of foul perfidy. Its end contributed to a Roman holiday and precipitated the Roman fall: for it brought wealth, pride, and luxury to Rome, and gave fame, character and power to two of those mighty cut-throats,† (Marius and Sylla,) whose names grace the pages of the marvellous story of her grandeur and her decline.

The history of war, is the history of men, more than of nations. The eye of the reader, as in the heat of conflict, follows through the ranks of carnage, that favorite plume, which courts and defies danger; and which seems a signal—an inspiration—a shout and a victory, wherever it goes. The political effects of a battle are not seen, but only *felt* in after ages, when dreamy speculation hunts for the causes of revolution, and inquires for the throne that *was*. In the Catiline war, what do we see but Cicero and the great conspirator? In the Jugurthine war; what, but Metellus, Marius and Jugurtha, and the up-rising star of Sylla? In the French wars, from Lodi to Waterloo, what, but Napoleon and his Marshals, Wellington and his Invincibles?

* "*Preterea iniquum certamen sibi cum hostibus; minore detrimento illos vinci, quam suos vincere.*" Sallust 88, § liv.

† The civil wars, brought about by Marius and Sylla, cost Rome 33 Consuls, 7 Prætors, 60 Ædiles, 200 Senators, and 150,000 Roman Citizens.

Not France, but St. Helena becomes the continent, because the MAN is there!

That "history is philosophy teaching by example," is an old and worn phrase; and belongs to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and *not* to Bolingbroke. The idea which it conveys, covers the whole ground now occupied by those writers who assume that the thesis of the "Philosophy of History," is of late origin. The events recorded by history, being the acts of men, and breathing as they do, the thoughts and the nature of men, illustrate the human mind and the human heart; and hence, the history of a particular war, is but the history of the men who figured, in council or in field, in connection with that war.

The philosophy of history is composed of the speculations, (as often false as true,) which are drawn from the events recorded in its annals. Cæsar's Annals, are certainly history, but not philosophy; yet they contain the germ and source of the philosophy—the *acts of men and the incidents of war*. Sallust's History of Catiline's conspiracy, is not philosophy, yet the facts gave rise to the magnificent orations of Cicero against Catiline—the very embodiment of pure philosophy! This favorite maxim that, "history is philosophy teaching by example," seems to mean,—and in no mystical sense,—that the events recorded by history of the acts of men, show the policy of these men when surrounded by certain circumstances; and afford evidence of folly or wisdom; hence, the study of these acts, together with the circumstances and motives which induced them, and the results which followed, becomes a matter of grave importance, as affording lessons by which the *present* may be illustrated by the *past*.

It may be said, too pertly, perhaps, in paraphrase of the popular line of Dionysius, that the *history of war* is STRATEGY, teaching by example, not confined to the strategy of arms and the battlefield, but extending to the gloomier strategy of the mind, where black-browed treason holds its consultations with ambition;—and to the strategy of the senate too, where patriotism supports, and faction thwarts the true interests of the country.

As the main interest of the Numidian war hangs around the person of Jugurtha, a brief outline of his earlier history is deemed important. He was a perfect master of the military art; subtle and faithless; skillful and intrepid;

great in a pitched battle, a skirmish and a retreat; and, greater still in that mode of warfare now pursued by the Mexican guerrillas, he at once presented the most formidable enemy ever encountered by a Roman arm. The gentleness of his youth presents a singular contrast to the dark ferocity which distinguished him in after life. Sallust says of him: "This youth, when he grew up, with all the advantages of strength of body, a graceful person, and, above all, a fine genius, did not suffer himself to be carried away by luxury and idleness; but agreeably to the manners of the nation, accustomed himself to ride and throw the dart; to contend with his companions in running; and though he surpassed all in glory, he was still beloved by all. Besides, he spent much time in the chase; and was always the first, or amongst the first, in wounding the lion and other wild beasts; and though he performed many brave deeds, he never boasted of any himself." He was the grand-son of Masinissa, and nephew of Micipsa, king of Numidia; and he enjoyed, as to education, all the advantages of a prince, although he was the son of a concubine. Micipsa had two sons who were greatly inferior to Jugurtha; this the king discovered; and supposing that Jugurtha was ambitious as well as talented and popular, he became jealous lest, at his death, he would usurp his crown, and set aside his sons; and not being willing to sacrifice Jugurtha by assassination, he resolved, as the best mode of disposing of him, to send him to the wars, and give fortune a chance to cut him off. Accordingly he gave Jugurtha command of an auxiliary army of horse and foot, which he was engaged to furnish the Romans, who were then laying siege to Numantia. Thus, through the wickedness of his uncle, he was placed in the best military school in the world; and under Scipio Africanus,* the General who then commanded at Numantia, he perfected himself in the military art; and imbibed from Roman association, notions of ambition and power, which made him

* Scipio on assuming the direction of the war against Numantia, "reduced to strict discipline the army, now exceedingly licentious, being corrupted by luxurious indulgence; this he effected by cutting off every kind of pleasurable gratification; driving away the prostitutes who followed the camp, to the number of two thousand; keeping the soldiers to hard labor, and compelling every man of them to carry on his shoulders provisions for thirty days, besides seven stakes for their fortifications; whenever he observed any of them sinking under the burden, he used to cry out, "when you are able to defend yourself with your sword, then you shall be eased

the fit instrument to usurp the throne and murder the sons of his uncle. In Numantia, he was greatly distinguished by the friendship and confidence of Scipio, who employed him to put all his most difficult enterprises in execution, as one who succeeded in all his undertakings. Upon the fall of Numantia, Scipio gave Jugurtha a letter to his uncle, filled with encomiums upon his good conduct, and when taking leave of him, thus admonished his young favorite: "To court the friendship of the Roman people in a public, rather than a private way, and not to bestow bribes upon any; that it was dangerous to purchase from a few what belongs to all. If he would but continue in his virtuous practices, that glory and sovereignty would of themselves crown his career; but if he hurried on precipitately, and hastened to rise through the avarice and profligacy of mankind, the gold which he might confide in, would prove his ruin."

The fame which Jugurtha had acquired at Numantia, went before him to Numidia; and the king finding that, in plotting for his destruction, he had but contributed to his glory, received him with outward demonstrations of great kindness; but still greatly fearing his influence, and seeing no chance to get fairly rid of him, he thought to satisfy his ambition by making him joint heir with his two sons to the throne. This he accordingly did in his will, and soon after died.

But strife soon arose between the triumvirs. Jugurtha is accused of murdering Hiempsal, one of the brothers, and of plotting the destruction of Adherbal, who flies to Rome, and implores aid for himself, and revenge for the death of his brother. The speech of Adherbal to the Roman senate on this occasion, is familiar to the youth of the country, and will be remembered as a sickly sentimental affair, developing a mind equally unworthy of a crown and Roman sympathy. The speech, however, connected as it was with the exalted memory of Masinissa, the old king of Numidia,

from your load of timber." He made them carry shields of immense size and weight, and not unfrequently ridiculed them, for being more expert in managing their shields for the defence of their own bodies, than their swords for the annoyance of the enemy. When he found any soldier absent from his post, he ordered him to be flogged, if a Roman, with vine twigs; if a foreigner, with rods. He sold all the beasts of burden, that the soldiers might be forced to carry their own baggage. He engaged in frequent skirmishes with the enemy, with good success."—[Bakers' Livy, Book LVII.

and ally of Rome, was about to have great effect against Jugurtha; but Jugurtha's emissaries and Jugurtha's gold were in the city; and Adherbal's application ended in a commission to divide Numidia between himself and Jugurtha; and the latter returned to his kingdom, a sheep to the wolf. His dominions were soon after invaded by Jugurtha, his country laid waste, and himself forced into a war; and falling with a besieged city into the hands of Jugurtha, he was cruelly murdered by his order. When the news of these proceedings of Jugurtha reached Rome, an army was immediately raised, and placed under the command of Lucius Bestia, the Consul, who marched against Jugurtha;—and thus began this famous war of the people of Rome against the king of Numidia. When Jugurtha had become a prince of power, with extensive dominions, and with a name so renowned as to present a formidable and a worthy foe; when the feeble brothers no longer needed Roman aid and Roman sympathy; then, the arms of the mistress of nations were stretched out—not to protect the feeble, but to grasp an empire, and to court a combat worthy of a Roman arm.

Lucius Bestia, the first General that marched against Jugurtha, is represented to have been a man “of many excellent endowments, both of body and mind, but with a soul *sick with avarice*, and easily softened.” He entered Africa with great vigor; reduced several cities by storm and took many prisoners; but Jugurtha, relying still on his ever potent gold, tempted the Consul, and under the gauzy show of negotiation, purchased a peace, with “thirty elephants, some cattle, with a great number of horses and a small sum of money,”—and Bestia, “returned to Rome to *attend the election of magistrates*.”

The people were greatly indignant at this dishonorable treaty. The Senate was sorely perplexed, for Scaurus, Bestia's adviser in the matter of the treaty, was a man of great character and authority in the Senate, himself a Senator. The fact is, the Senate was in Jugurtha's pay, and the treaty disgraceful as it was, had its advocates, even amongst the *old Romans*. But the Roman people were beyond the reach of Jugurtha's gold; and while the Senate was irresolute, *they* passed an ordinance appointing Caius Cassius to go to Numidia, and bring Jugurtha to Rome, in order that Bestia, Scaurus, and others who were charged with

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betraying the public interest, might be convicted upon his testimony. Jugurtha came to Rome, but refused to give any testimony whatever, on the subject of the treaty ; or to answer any of the charges which were made against him individually. The humility of Jugurtha's manners, his mode of dress, (for he did not appear in the habiliments of a king,) and the free and judicious use of his gold, during this visit to Rome, were operating greatly to his advantage ; and the people began to remember the many distinguished virtues of the young Numidian, whom Scipio had so greatly admired at Numantia ; but Jugurtha having discovered that one Massiva, a kinsman of Masinissa, was at Rome, plotting against him and laying some claim to the crown of Numidia, he caused him to be assassinated : which coming to be known, filled the minds of the Romans with such horror, that even the Senate was forced, under the weight of public opinion, to abandon him ; and he was ordered to depart out of Italy. The treaty was wholly disregarded ; and a new army was raised and sent into Africa, under the Consul ALBINUS. This new commander was in great haste to bring the war to a close, for private reasons ; he desired to be at Rome *at the elections*. But Jugurtha "endeavored to protract the time, and was continually finding fresh pretences for delay ; one while he promised a surrender ; another, he feigned distrust ; when the enemy pursued him, he gave way, and soon after, lest his men should be discouraged, he attacked in his turn ; thus did he baffle the Consul by the alternate course of hostilities, and proposals for peace." But Albinus was determined to be at Rome at the elections ; so "he abandoned the army, left his brother Aulus to command in the camp as Prætor, and went to Rome."

This trait of ambition, a desire to be at Rome at the elections, seemed to distinguish the private thoughts of many of the Roman Generals. We have already seen that the Consul Bestia, hastened to conclude a dishonorable treaty, in order that he might be present at Rome, to attend the elections. In this indecent haste, he disgraced himself and his army ; threw the Roman Senate into great perplexity, and the Roman people into violent excitement, amounting almost to sedition. As a consequence of his absence from the army, "the officers whom he had left in command, in imitation of their General's conduct, committed great and

infamous crimes ; some, for a sum of money, restored Jugurtha his elephants ; others sold him his deserters ; and some plundered the provinces at peace with the Romans ; such was the violence of avarice, which like a plague, had taken possession of their minds." Albinus, too, as we have first seen, in order to be present at Rome at the elections, abandoned his army, and left his brother, Aulus, an inexperienced officer to command ; Aulus was disgracefully defeated by Jugurtha, and his whole army forced to pass under the yoke, and to leave Numidia in ten days ! In addition to this, a treaty was made, and a peace concluded, on the kings terms. All this in the absence of Albinus, who made his country subservient to his private inclination to be present at Rome at the elections ! This same haunting inclination disturbed the greater mind of Caius Marius, who, at a subsequent period of this history, requested of Metellus, his commanding General, leave of absence, that he might go to Rome and stand as candidate for Consul ! But of this, more particularly hereafter.

These reflections are not, perhaps, without their force, as applied to the present state of affairs in our army. Ours is a government of officers, from Corporal to General, from President to Constable. Every man has his private ambition : some are for President, some for Congress, some for Constable, all relying on the disasters and successes of a campaign, or the magic of a scar.

But, to proceed with our history : the treaty concluded by Aulus, under the disgraceful circumstances above related, was utterly disregarded by the Senate. Albinus could neither retrieve the disasters of his brother's conduct, nor restore confidence in himself with the people : and the new Consul elect, Metellus, took command of the army.

This war now becomes more interesting, from the enlarged capacity of its new commanders. Metellus is described as " a man of spirit, untainted reputation, and equally esteemed by both parties ; but hostile to the popular interest." Having no confidence in the army which Aulus had suffered to pass under the yoke, he made new levies and raised a new army, and in making these preparations " he was vigorously assisted by the Senate, the allies and states of Latium ; while foreign princes, of their own accord, sent him auxiliaries, and, in short, the whole city supported him with the greatest zeal."

When he saw the miserable and degraded condition of the Aulus army, which was placed under his command on his arrival in Africa, he set himself vigorously to work to restore its discipline and remove its great evils. The historian says of him: "he appears to have proved himself as able and firm a man, by the manner in which he cured these great disorders, as by his conduct against the enemy; so just a medium did he observe between a servile desire to gain the affections of his soldiers, and a severity in punishing them. For by his first edict he removed everything that could administer to idleness, ordering "that none should sell bread or any dressed victuals in the camp, that no subalterns should follow the army, and that no common soldier should have a servant or any beast of burthen, either in the camp or on a march." He decamped daily, marching his army through cross and difficult places, fortified his camp with ditch and palisade, as if an enemy had been at hand, set guards and changed them often, and went frequently round them himself, attended by his lieutenants. On a march, too, he was equally vigilant, appearing one while in the front, another in the rear, and often in the main body, to see that none quitted the ranks, that all kept close to the standards, and carried their own arms and provisions.* Thus, in a short time, he restored vigor and discipline to his troops, rather by preventing abuses than by punishing them."

Jugurtha knew the unapproachable integrity of Metellus, for he had become acquainted with him at Rome. And when he saw him so vigorously at work, applying his talents and energies in a way so different from his recent adversaries and in a style so like that of Scipio, under whom he himself had been taught, and by whose military policy he was greatly and generally governed, he became dismayed, and "began to think about a surrender in good earnest." "Accordingly, he sent ambassadors to the Consul, with power

* "The weight which a Roman soldier carried, when equipped for a march, was prodigious. Provisions, laboring tools, and necessary utensils, such as saws, pick-axes, hooks, chains, baskets, camp-kettles, &c.,—the whole, amounting to no less than sixty pounds in weight—all this was exclusive of his arms, which made a vast addition." Hence the celerity with which the Roman army sometimes moved—not depending at all upon the cumbering trains of wagons and pack mules and horses, which so greatly retard the movements of invading armies, in modern times, and which have so impeded the progress and worn down the energies of our officers and soldiers in Mexico.

to deliver up all to the Romans, only stipulating for his own life and that of his children." But these propositions served only to increase the vigilance and energy of Metellus, who had no faith whatever in the pretensions of Jugurtha: and when, upon entering Numidia with a reorganized and regenerated army, "he saw no signs of war; but the houses full of inhabitants, flocks and herds feeding in the fields, and the husbandman at work," his circumspection became greater, and when "the king's officers came from the towns and numerous villages to meet him, offering to furnish him with carriages and provisions," "he marched with his ranks as if an enemy had been at hand, and sent scouts to view the surrounding country: looking upon these marks of submission as a color to disguise some exquisite stroke of perfidy, and to draw him into an ambush." Nevertheless, Metellus received and gave council to Jugurtha's ambassadors; but while he listened to their propositions, *publicly*, he secretly won them to his interests, and bribed them to deliver their master over to the Romans. Thus he plotted against the wily Numidian, and justified the mode by the character of his adversary, and upon the old proverb, which holds out the necessity of "*fighting the devil with fire*."

Jugurtha saw through the character and plans of Metellus; and when he compared his "professions with his conduct, and found that his own arts were practiced upon himself—that while he was amused with the hope of peace, he was warmly pursued with war, he determined to hazard a battle. Accordingly, having gained intelligence of the enemy's route, and conceiving hopes of victory from the advantages which the country gave him, he drew together all the force he could collect, and, by unfrequented ways, succeeded in getting before the army of Metellus.

We give the history of this battle in the words of Sallust:

"In that part of Numidia which, on the partition of the kingdom, fell to the share of Adherbal, was a river called Muthul, flowing from the south; parallel to which, at the distance of about twenty miles, was a mountain of equal length, desert and uncultivated. Between this mountain and the river, almost at an equal distance from each, rose a hill of prodigious height, covered with olives, myrtles, and other trees, such as grow in a dry and sandy soil: the intermediate plain was uninhabitable for want of water, those parts only excepted which bordered on the river, in which were many groves and abundance of cattle.

"Jugurtha took possession of this hill, which flanked the Romans in

their march to the river, extending his front as far as possible; and giving the command of the elephants and part of the infantry to Bomilcar, with orders how to act, he posted himself with all the horse and the choicest of the foot nearer the mountain. Then he rode round the several squadrons and battalions, conjuring them 'to summon up their former bravery, and, mindful of their late victory, to defend themselves and their country from Roman avarice. They were to engage with those whom they had already vanquished, and forced to pass under the yoke: and who had only changed their general, but not their character. As for himself, he had done all that was incumbent upon a general; he had secured to them the advantages of the ground, which they were well acquainted with, and to which the enemies were strangers; and had taken care not to expose them to an unequal contest with an enemy superior in numbers or skill: they should, therefore, when the signal was given, fall vigorously on the Romans; that day would either crown their former toils and victories, or be a prelude to the most grievous calamities.' Besides, addressing himself singly to such as he had rewarded with honors and money for their gallant behaviour, he reminded them of his liberality, and proposed them to others as patterns for their imitation. In a word, he appealed to all, in a manner suited to the position and character of each, and by promises, threatenings, and entreaties, labored to excite their courage.

"In the mean time, Metellus, descending from the mountain with his army, without any knowledge of the enemy's motions, discovered them on the hill. At first he was doubtful what to think of so strange an appearance; for the Numidian horse and foot were posted among the bushes, by reason of the lowness of which, they were neither altogether covered nor yet entirely discernible. The rugged nature of the place, united to the artifice with which the whole was conducted, gave ample room for suspicion; but soon finding that it was an ambush, the general halted his army, and, altering the disposition of it, made the flank next the enemy thrice as strong as before, distributed the slingers and archers among the infantry, placed all the cavalry in the wings, and, animating them by a short speech, suitable to the occasion, advanced, in this order, towards the plain.

"Observing the Numidians to keep their ground, without offering to quit their station, and fearing that from the heat of the season and the scarcity of water, his army would be distressed by thirst, Metellus ordered his lieutenant, Ramilius, with the light-armed cohorts and a detachment of horse, to proceed towards the river and secure a place to encamp on; judging that the enemy would, by frequent skirmishes and attacks on his flank, endeavor to retard his march, and to harass his men by thirst and fatigue, as they could entertain no hope of success in battle. He then advanced slowly, as his circumstances and situation allowed him, in the same order as he had descended from the mountain; posting Marius in the centre, and marching himself in the left wing, at the head of the cavalry, which was now become the front.

"Jugurtha, when he saw that the Roman rear extended beyond his first rank, detached two thousand foot to take possession of that part

of the mountain from which Metellus had descended, that it might not serve the Romans as a place of security if they were routed; and then, giving the signal, suddenly fell on them.

"Some of the Numidians made great slaughter in our rear, while others charged us on the right and left: they advanced furiously, fought vigorously, and everywhere broke our ranks. Even those of our men who opposed them with the greatest firmness and resolution, were baffled by their disorderly manner of fighting; finding themselves wounded from a distance, and unable to return the blow or come to a close engagement: for the Numidian cavalry, according to the instructions they had received from Jugurtha, when any of the Roman troop advanced against them, immediately fled, not in close order or in a body, but dispersed as widely as possible. As they could not, by these means, discourage us from the pursuit, yet, being superior in number, they charged us either in flank or rear; and when it appeared more convenient to fly to the hill than the plain, the Numidian horses, being accustomed to it, made their way more easily through the thickets; while the Roman trooper, unaccustomed to such rough and difficult places, was unable to follow them.

"The whole field presented a distressing spectacle, full of doubt and perplexity and wild disorder; some flying, others pursuing: all separated from their fellows: no standard followed; no ranks preserved; every one standing on his own defence, and repulsing his adversary, wherever he was attacked; arms and darts, horses and men, enemies and fellow-citizens, blended together in wild confusion. In this scene of distraction, all order was at an end: chance ruled supreme, and guided the tumult: so that though the day was already far spent, the issue of the contest was still uncertain.

"At length, both sides being oppressed with fatigue and the heat of the day, Metellus, perceiving the Numidian vigor abate, rallied his men by degrees, restored their ranks, and posted four legionary cohorts against the enemy's foot, a great part of which had, through weariness, retired to the rising grounds for repose. At the same time he entreated and exhorted his men not to lose their courage nor suffer a flying enemy to be victorious; adding, that they had no in-trenchment or stronghold to which they could retire, but that all their hopes were in their arms and valor.

"Nor was Jugurtha in the mean time inactive, but appeared on horseback, animated his men, renewed the battle, and, at the head of a select body, made every possible effort; supported his men where they were pressed; charged the Romans vigorously where they seemed to waver; and where they stood firm, annoyed them with darts from a distance.

"Thus did the two generals contend for glory; both officers of consummate ability, but differently situated and unequally supported. Metellus had brave men, but a bad situation; Jugurtha had every other advantage but that of soldiers. At last the Romans, considering that no place of refuge was left them; that the enemy avoided every attempt to bring them to a regular engagement, and that night was fast approaching, advanced up the hill, according to orders, and made themselves masters of it. The Numidians, having

lost this post, were routed and put to flight, but few of them were slain: their own swiftness, and the nature of the country, with which our men were unacquainted, saved most of them."

In all their wars, it is said that the Romans owed their success more to their discipline than to their numbers. It does not seem to be so in this instance. Jugurtha claims the superiority in numbers and the advantages of ground, which he undoubtedly had, having selected it himself, and having also taken possession of that part of the mountain which Metellus left when he descended towards the plain. Indeed, Jugurtha disposed of his forces with admirable discretion; and in the fury and impetuosity of his onset, he very nearly overthrew the Romans, as he "every where broke their ranks." The Romans did not owe this victory to their superior discipline; but to their steadiness, their indomitable perseverance, and to their belief that a defeat would amount to utter annihilation, as they had no ground upon which to retreat. Superior discipline might have given the Romans the advantage in the beginning of the fight; but it was in the beginning that their ranks were every where broken: very early in the fight, "the field presented a distressing spectacle, full of doubt and perplexity and wild disorder." Sallust says "all order was at an end, and chance ruled supreme and guided the tumult." Doubtless, the impetuosity of the Numidians had exhausted them, and they retired the more readily, being on their own soil; and, possessing a knowledge of the country, knew that a successful retreat would be practicable.

This battle exhibits Jugurtha in the most favorable light, both as to gallantry and sagacity. When the vigor of his men began to abate, he was "not inactive, but appeared on horseback, animated his men, renewed the battle, and, at the head of a select body, made every possible effort, supported his men where they were pressed, charged the Romans vigorously wherever they seemed to waver, and where they stood firm, annoyed them with darts from a distance."

It is said, that on the morning previous to the battle of Buena Vista, an order was read in Santa Anna's camp, to the lancers, that they were not to receive the charge of the American dragoons; but invariably to retire before them. And, a striking similarity appears in Sallust's description of the part acted by the Numidian cavalry in the great battle above described. "The Numidian cavalry, according to

the instructions they had received from Jugurtha, whenever any of the Roman troop advanced against them, immediately fled: not in close order or in a body, but dispersed as widely as possible." "Sometimes they charged the Romans in flank and rear, and, when it appeared more convenient to fly to the hills than to the plain, the Numidian horses, being accustomed to it, made their way more easily through the thickets; while the Roman trooper, unaccustomed to such rough and difficult places, was unable to follow them."

And this is not the only similarity in Numidian and Mexican customs, tactics and strategies. The Numidian king, after his defeat, "retired into the woods and places fortified by nature," his army, except his body guard, having deserted him. And he "raised an army more numerous than the other, but weak and spiritless." This retreat of Jugurtha, this dispersing of his soldiers, and the rapidity with which he collects another army, brings to mind very forcibly Santa Anna, after his defeat at Buena Vista: retiring with his fragment of an army—and that wasting away to a shadow—and the rapidity with which he collects another, though weak and spiritless indeed, to make a stand at Cerro Gordo. And the dubiousness of Santa Anna's whereabouts, after his defeat at Cerro Gordo, remind us, too, of Jugurtha, in the "woods and places fortified by nature," and of Metellus's inquiry after the fugitive king, when he "sent deserters and others, acquainted with the country, to discover the retreat of Jugurtha; whether he was at the head of an army or attended only by a few, and how he brooked his defeat." Santa Anna, it will be remembered, after the defeat at Cerro Gordo, was discovered to be at Orizaba, attended only by a few.

When Metellus "considered the unequal terms upon which he engaged the king, and that the Romans suffered more by a victory than the Numidians, by defeat, he resolved to change his mode of conducting the war; and to avoid regular engagements, he marched into the richest parts of Numidia; ravaged the country; took many towns and castles, and burnt them; ordered the youth to be put to the sword, and delivered up every thing to the soldiers for spoil." This change had a marvelous effect both in terrifying the people, and in bringing the king to terms.

And here, as it seems natural, we will make a few obser-

uations upon the mode in which the Mexican war has been conducted, and upon the seeming necessity of a change. The proposition of the President of the United States, to create a Lieutenant General, with civil and military power, evidently contemplated a change in the mode of conducting the war. This we learn from the remarks of Mr. Benton, made in the Senate, in vindication of the President, upon the failure of the Lieutenant General Bill; and what that change was, at least in part, we can see in Mr. Benton's phrases, for indeed it is very thinly disguised. Hear him:

"I have always said that I will not show what my own plan was; but I can say of it, that it was a plan which looked to a *result* and promised an *issue*, and that, *briefly*; and that I would have had nothing to do with any other plan of any other kind; nothing to do with any plan which contemplated a *long* and *moderate* war; or a war of masterly inactivity; or of retreat upon the Rio Grande; or of attack upon the idle and solitary castle of San Juan de Ulloa, especially at the commencement of the season of the black vomit."

The import of these words cannot be mistaken. The refusal of the Senator to tell his own plan, is but a mystical shadow which he attempts to throw upon the dim developments of his marvelous conception, that its giant proportions may loom loftier in the outline, and swell into grandeur from its obscurity.

"Magnum quodcunque paravi:
Quid sit, adhuc dubito." *Ovid. Met. viii. 617.*

The plan promised a *result*, *briefly*; and did not contemplate a "*long* and *moderate*," but a *short* and *bloody* war! What else?

"Besides promising a *result*, it proposed to carry on the war, while there was a war, according to the usage of all nations in the case of invasive war—the invaders to be paid and subsisted by the invaded."

Doubtless it is the intention of the Government of the United States to be paid and subsisted by the invaded; but not in the way the Senator seems to desire. This pay and subsistence is to come in the form of indemnity; and perhaps it is the policy of the Government, to swell the debt in order the more easily to settle the adjustment: for the line is already drawn. Mr. Benton's suggestion, however, if we understand him, is the right one. The army should

be paid and subsisted by the invaded *as it advances* on its sanguinary mission. Again the Senator says :

"My plan was not limited to a mere military view of the subject. It contemplated a union of policy and arms; the olive branch to go with the sword; ministers to treat, as well as an army to fight; a diplomatic mission, nationally constituted, both in a geographical and political sense, was to attend the head quarters; and while the minister stood ready to negotiate at every step, the army was to take an organization and an attitude to *give emphasis to negotiation.*"

This is certainly vigorous phaseology, and not to be misunderstood. Here again we see the policy of Metellus; "to amuse with the prospects of peace, and pursue warmly with war;" a policy which "produced such terror, that many hostages were sent to him; corn and other necessities were plentifully supplied; and garrisons suffered to be placed wherever the Consul thought fit." We do not object to this, nor even to the harsher features of Mr. Benton's plan, so far as we are able to comprehend it. The moderation with which our war has been prosecuted, is neither humane nor politic. It seems but to spin out the length of the war to an indefinite time, and render more lives, more blood and more treasure necessary to bring it to an end. And the longer the duration of the war, the more difficult will be the negotiation, as hinted by Mr. Buchanan in his letter to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations. The Secretary says: "In making this overture (of peace) thus early, the President was influenced in no small degree by the consideration, that the longer the war shall last, the greater will be the difficulty of concluding a satisfactory peace, on account of the heavily increased expenditures which its continuance will render indispensable."

If the Lieutenant General Bill contemplated nothing more than the policy mystically developed in Mr. Benton's speech, we cannot look upon its failure as affecting in the slightest degree the operations of the army; for certainly the department and the Commander-in-chief of our forces can do all that Mr. Benton desired to do, without this new officer. Mr. Trist seems to be at head quarters "*ready to negotiate at every step.*" Here is the olive branch with the sword; and the army too, seems to "have taken an organization and an attitude to *give emphasis to negotiation.*" Whether Mr. Trist is "nationally constituted, *geographically* and *politically,*" it does not seem important to inquire.

The failure of this Lieutenant General Bill, did not seem to produce upon the Missouri Senator any sensations but those of a personal character ; for the speech, to which we have referred, though professing to vindicate the President, seems to have been manufactured exclusively for himself. Nevertheless, he charged the Senators with having frustrated the President's plan, and contended that it was the duty of those who had defeated it, to furnish a better one.

It is certainly easier to find fault, than to supply the desideratum. Not contemplating in this article the suggestion of any particular plan, we content ourselves with letting "history teach by example;" and leave the lessons of experience to those who direct the councils and lead the armies of the Republic.

The Numidian king, however, was even with Metellus in the change of plans. At this period of the war, he began that powerful mode of attack and defence, by which he annoyed in the true guerrilla spirit, the army of Metellus, at every step, and at the same time, kept beyond the reach of the Romans. Upon one occasion, "he ordered the greater part of his army to continue together ; while he, himself, with a select body of cavalry, pursued Metellus ; and by marching in the night-time through by-roads, he surprised such of the Romans as were rambling over the country ; most of whom being unarmed were slain ; many were taken prisoners ; and none escaped without being wounded ; for, before any assistance could be sent from the camp, the Numidians had according to orders, retired to the hills." How forcibly do these proceedings of this ancient guerrilla, remind us of the scenes recently enacted in Mexico ! It seems to be the deliberate determination of the Mexicans to rely on their guerrillas, mainly, to end this war. Driven to desperation by frequent and disgraceful defeat ; and not daring to face our soldiers in the field with any thing like an equal number, resort is now had to this savage mode of warfare, natural indeed, and greatly successful to the invaded. Santa Anna, in writing to the PRESIDENT SUBSTITUTE from Orizaba, after his defeat at Cero Gordo says : "I can assure the President Substitute that with some aid from the neighboring States, or the supreme Government itself, I shall be able to *harrass the rear guard of the enemy* with effect, until his *destruction is achieved!*" Thus it seems, that this modern Jugurtha, driven from so many fields of battle,

can content himself at last, with the magnificent idea of
"harrassing the enemy's rear!"

"I who was once as great as Cæsar,
 Am now reduced to Nebuchadnezzar,
 And from as famed a conqueror
 As ever took degree in war,
 Or did his exercise in battle,
 By you turned out to graze with cattle."

Hudibras to his lady.

But we will not dismiss Santa Anna with this slighting allusion. He deserves the application of harsher satire than these lines contain, if judged by the contemptible boast to which we have referred; yet in remembering his follies and vanities, we should not forget the sterling qualities of his character. The reader will see in the extracts below, no faint resemblance between the conduct of Santa Anna, immediately after the battle of Cerro Gordo, and that of Varro, the Roman Consul, after his disastrous defeat by Hannibal, at Cannæ.

"Less than six thousand of Hannibal's army had fallen; no greater price had he paid for the total destruction of more than eighty thousand of the enemy, for the capture of two camps, *for the utter annihilation, as it seemed, of all their means for offensive warfare.* It is no wonder that the spirits of the Carthaginian officers were elated by this unequalled victory. Maherbal, seeing what his cavalry had done, said to Hannibal, 'let me advance instantly with the horse, and do thou follow to support me; in four days from this time thou shalt sup in the capitol.' There are moments when rashness is wisdom; and it may be that this was one of them. The statue of the goddess of victory in the capitol, may well have trembled in every limb on that day, and have dropped her wings, as if forever,—*but Hannibal came not*; and if panic had for one moment unnerved the iron courage of the Roman aristocracy, on the next their inborn spirit revived; and their resolute will striving beyond its present power, *created, as is the law of our nature, the power which it required.*"

* * * * *
 "Thus the first moments of panic, passed; and Varro's despatches arrived, informing the senate that he had rallied the wrecks of the army at Canusium, and that Hannibal was not advancing to Rome. Hope then began to revive; the meetings of the senate were resumed, and measures taken for maintaining the war.

'In the meantime the scene at Canusium was like the disorder of a ship going to pieces, when fear makes men desperate, and the instinct of self-preservation swallows up every other feeling. Some young men of the noblest families, a Metellus at the head of them, looking upon Rome as lost, were planning to escape from the ruin, and to fly beyond the sea, in the hope of entering into some foreign

service. Such an example at such a moment, would have led the way to a general panic; if the noblest citizens of Rome despaired of their country, what allied state, or what colony could be expected to sacrifice themselves in defence of a hopeless cause? The Consul exerted himself to the utmost to check this spirit, and aided by some firmer spirits amongst the officers themselves, he succeeded in repressing it. He kept his men together, gave them over to the Prætor Marcellus on his arrival at Canusium, and prepared instantly to obey the orders of the senate by returning to Rome. The fate of P. Claudius and L. Junius in the last war, might have warned him of the dangers which threatened a defeated general; *he himself was personally hateful to the prevailing party at Rome*; and if the memory of Flaminius was persecuted, notwithstanding his glorious death, what could he look for, a fugitive general from that field where his colleague and all his soldiers had perished? Demosthenes dared not trust himself to the Athenian people after his defeat in *Ætolia*; but Varro, with a manlier spirit, returned to bear the obloquy and the punishment which the popular feeling, excited by party animosity, was so likely to heap on him. He stopped as usual, without the city walls, and summoned the senate to meet him in the Campus Martius.

"The senate felt this confidence and answered it nobly. All party feeling was suspended; all popular irritation was subdued; the butcher's son, the turbulent demagogue, the defeated general, were all forgotten; only Varro's latest conduct was remembered, that he had resisted the panic of his officers, and instead of seeking shelter at the court of a foreign king, had submitted himself to the judgment of his countrymen. The senate voted him their thanks, 'because he had not despaired of the commonwealth.'"—*Arnold's History of Rome, chapters 43 and 44.*

That Santa Anna deserves the compliment of this comparison, will we think be conceded by all who will reflect for a moment upon the rapidity with which he collected another army, and the promptness and energy he displayed in planning and completing the fortifications in and about the city of Mexico, after his terrible defeat at Cerro Gordo.

Leaving Santa Anna* in the full enjoyment of the com-

* The time has not yet arrived for the delineation of Santa Anna's character. He is yet young, and we scarcely know him in this country as he really is. The defeat at San Jacinto, so signal and so disgraceful to Mexican arms, together with the massacre of Fanning's army, covered his name with infamy, and from that period the Americans regarded him with a mixed feeling of horror and contempt. But in the midst of this universal contumely, suddenly and as if by magic, his name came to be coupled with sentiments of respect and language of praise,—when the literary and political world read and were exceedingly amused with his happily-turned letter to General Hamilton, which caused the gallant Carolinian to shake his plume, and to breathe a retort of defiance that indicated at once his respect and his chagrin. This letter, as small a thing as it may seem to be, had a magical effect on public sentiment in this country in favor of Santa Anna; and from the period of its publication, very many sagacious Americans have regarded him as much more than an ordinary man.

pany of the great Roman, let us learn from D. MIGUEL ORBE, the curate of Huauchinango, the fundamental principles of the guerrillas.

"He who subscribes to this, pledges himself to the five following articles:

"1st. To die defending and avenging our Lady of Guadalupe, and the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion which he professes.

"2d. To defend the integrity and independence of his nation.

"3d. To pursue with death the Anglo-Americans, their fellows, defenders or allies, whoever they may be.

"4th. To abjure and detest the personal party of whoever have destroyed their country.

"5th. To respect all *legitimate authority*, whatever it may be, in *everything not repugnant* to the preceding articles.

These five articles shall be the fundamental rule of their guerrilla, and shall be denominated, *La Insurgente Guadalupeana*."

While the curate of Huauchinango is searching for the sources of the *legitimate authority* in Mexico, of which he speaks, let us return to Jugurtha and his enemies, in further illustration of the similarities which we are endeavoring to trace. Jugurtha hovered about the Roman army, in front and rear; destroyed the forage of the country and poisoned the springs; "one while he presented himself to Metellus, and then again to Marius; sometimes he fell upon their rear; then suddenly drew off to the hills; by-and-by he attacked them again, first in one quarter and then in another; neither venturing a battle nor suffering the Romans to remain inactive; but only endeavoring to frustrate the execution of their designs." Here, in the single person of Jugurtha, we behold Santa Anna, Urea, Canalizo, Padre Jarauta and the curate of Huauchinango; but in the frustrated Roman army we cannot fail to see the recently painted picture of the American army, in its march from Vera Cruz, with its intercepted trains, its constantly harrassed rear, and its bewildered, perplexed, excited and discouraged reinforcements.

Sallust's history next brings us to the seige of Zama, and gives an opportunity of making some remarks upon the necessity of *secrecy* in the councils of war. Suwaroff, it is said, refused, upon one occasion, to communicate to the Emperor of Austria, some of his plans when requested to do so, alleging as a reason for the refusal, the want of *secrecy* which attended all the deliberations of the cabinet at Vienna, on matters connected with the war department.

This distinguished and eccentric general seemed to have in his mind, something like Lord Bacon's idea of the "*Helmet of Pluto* which maketh the politic man go invisible,— is *secrecy* in the counsel and *celerity* in the execution; for, when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity, like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so fast as it out-runs the eye."

Zama being the bulwark of Jugurtha's kingdom, Metellus resolved to besiege it, supposing that the king would advance to the aid of his people, and thus give chance for a battle. But the ever-watchful Jugurtha received intelligence of the design, and by rapid marches, reached Zama before Metellus; encouraged the citizens to defend its walls; reinforced the garrisons, and promising to return with an army to assist them, retired into the more solitary parts of the country. His policy still was to avoid open engagements; nevertheless, he continued to harass the Romans by rapid night marches, and by falling upon and destroying detached parties. And, while Metellus was engaged in attacking the walls of Zama, Jugurtha at the head of a considerable force, surprised the Roman camp and threw the soldiers into great consternation, so that Metellus was compelled to turn his attention from the walls of the city, and to dispatch Marius, with the auxiliary cohorts and all the cavalry, to the aid of the camp. And in this manner, day after day, during the siege, did Jugurtha, by harassing the Romans on the outside of the city, give aid and encouragement to the citizens who defended it within: so that Metellus was finally compelled to raise its siege. This failure was, doubtless, owing to the fact that Jugurtha had discovered the design of Metellus in time to prevent its successful execution.

In contrast with this affair at Zama, in order to show the difference in the policy of Metellus and Marius, and the great advantages of *secrecy* and *celerity* in war, let us refer to the siege and capture of Capsa, under the rapid and quiet movements of Marius, at a subsequent period of this war. Capsa was a large and populous city, situate in the midst of a vast desert, and its citizens were faithful to the interests of Jugurtha. Marius, when he had superseded Metellus, had an ardent desire to master this place, not only on account of its importance for the purposes of war, but from the difficulty of the undertaking: and also, he wished to

overshadow the renown which Metellus had acquired in the taking of Thala, a city that much resembled that of Capsa, "except that at Thala there were several springs not far from the town; but the inhabitants of Capsa had only a single fountain, and that within the city, without any other supply of water except from the heavens." "Marius took all possible precautions in this undertaking; but relied, it is probable, on the gods for success, as human prudence could not provide against so great difficulties. To his other discouragements was added a scarcity of corn, the Numidians applying themselves more to grazing than to tillage; besides which, the grain had been carried off, by the king's orders, into fortified places, and as it was the end of summer, the ground was parched and yielded no produce. The cattle which he had taken a few days previously, he committed to the auxiliary cavalry to conduct, and ordered his lieutenant, Manlius, to march, with the light cohorts, to the city of Laris, where he had placed his provisions and military chest, informing him *that he was going in pursuit of plunder*, and would join him in a few days."

Here we see this cautious general, even concealing his design from his lieutenant, greatly relying on secrecy as one of the main sources of his means, in this difficult enterprise.

"In his march, he daily distributed cattle among the companies of foot and troops of horse in equal proportions, and took care to have bottles made of hides; thus he made the want of corn of less importance, and provided such utensils as were soon to become necessary, while all were ignorant of his intentions.

"On the sixth day they reached the river, and a great number of bottles were found to be prepared. Having pitched his camp and fortified it slightly, he ordered his men to refresh themselves, that they might be ready to march at sunset; and likewise to lay aside all their baggage, and load themselves and their beasts of burden with water only. At the time appointed he decamped, and marching the whole night, he encamped again in the morning. The following evening he observed the same method, and arrived, on the third morning, long before dawn, at a place diversified with small hills, about two miles from Capsa, where he passed the remaining part of the night, concealing his forces with the greatest possible care.

"As soon as day appeared, and the Numidians, under no apprehensions of an enemy, had many of them left the town, he instantly ordered the whole of his cavalry, with the most active of his light cohorts, to hasten to Capsa and secure the gates. He himself followed with great dispatch, not suffering any of his men to stray for plunder. When the inhabitants perceived this, the great consterna-

tion with which they were seized, the unexpected calamity that befell them, and the consideration that many of their fellow-citizens were without the walls, and at the mercy of the enemy, induced them to surrender."

Here, indeed, we see "the *helmet of Pluto*, which maketh the politic man go invisible." The effect of this exploit was great upon the public mind of Numidia. The inhabitants looked upon Marius as something more than mortal; and, "that he was either inspired by the spirit of a deity, or that the gods assisted him in all his purposes."

Let us apply these facts to some of the occurrences of the Mexican war. It was known, many months in advance, not only in the United States, but in Mexico, that the reduction of Monterey was one of the main designs of General Taylor. This caused the enemy to fortify the city, and to concentrate for its defence, twelve thousand troops, which resulted in three days fight and the loss of five hundred American soldiers. It may be said, however, that the great difference in the mode of conducting a war now, and the one which was common in the days of Marius, together with the nature and situation of the Mexican country, the difficulties of the route, and the transportation of baggage trains and artillery, rendered it impossible for General Taylor to march upon Monterey, either with secrecy or celerity. Yet who will say that General Taylor, in this instance, had more difficulties to contend with, than did Marius in his march upon Capsa? Note, if you please, the expedient resorted to by the Roman to relieve his soldiers of their burdens and to expedite their movements. Was General Taylor deterred by the fear of exposing his men to starve in the enemy's country? Recollect that Marius was presented with the great scarcity of corn, and the prospect of famishing for want of water; and note, too, the extraordinary expedient of the raw hide bottles.

It is said that Richelieu* rejected from his vocabulary, the word *impossible*, and Marlborough, the greatest General of his age, did not permit himself to see any difficulty

* In Bulwer's tragedy of Richelieu, the Cardinal is made to say:

"Fail! FAIL!"

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As *fail* :—

Farewell, boy—never say *fail* again." *Act ii., Scene 2.*

whatever in his military plans. When, as Generalissimo of the allied armies, on the Danube, he received information that the Elector of Bavaria had ordered works to be erected at the Shellenberg, a commanding height on the left bank of the Danube, he ordered a forced march, though a heavy train of artillery was to be carried over roads that had been drenched by the incessant rains, and resolved upon an immediate attack upon the height. It was doubted by some whether this celerity was advisable. He replied, "either the enemy will escape, or he will have time to complete his works: in the latter case, the delay of every hour will cost a thousand men." The battle was fought and a brilliant victory achieved, doubtless, owing to the celerity of the march. And the great difficulty which he experienced in dislodging the enemy, untrenched as they were, (for, in the rapidity of his attack, they abandoned their unfinished works and took to their arms,) more than verified his calculation, that every hour's delay would cost a thousand men. Indeed, in reference to Marlborough, *secrecy* and *celerity* were the main constituents of his military character. In the war of which we have just spoken, he concerted the scheme of the campaign, the whole design of which he did not communicate even to Godolphin, his bosom friend, much less to the cabinet. The secret was confined to himself and to Prince Eugene, until the latest period; and the plan itself was so much beyond the usual policy of the English, that the French were as little able to divine as to discover it. When they heard that he was at Coblenz, they apprehended an attack upon the Moselle; when he advanced on Mentz, they feared for Alsace. Lastly, they expected that Landau was to be besieged; and when, at length, they knew that he was on his march to the Danube, *it was too late to take any measures to oppose him.**

General Scott's design upon Vera Cruz was known all over the world, quite long enough for Santa Anna to have marched his San Louis army to the aid and defence of the Castle. His failure to do so is the great error of the campaign. Suppose he had diverted the attention of his army from the movements of General Taylor to those of General Scott:—the twenty thousand choice troops which were cut

* Cox's Life of Marlborough. Also, see English Quarterly Review for 1820.

to pieces and scattered at Buena Vista, added to the other defences of the City of Vera Cruz, and directed to the opposing the landing of our troops at that place, with the aid of the four hundred pieces of artillery from the Castle, (which might have been differently used against our army, by the judicious erection of batteries without the city,) would, most likely, have prevented the landing of our forces : or at least, would have made the capture of the city something more than a bloodless victory. The fact that our enemy did not take advantage of the knowledge of our design, takes nothing from our folly in revealing it.

Secrecy, celerity, night marches and raw-hide bottles are equally unknown in our army. These things are not heard of in the numerous letters which flood the country, albeit they contain the deliberations of the councils of war, and even the opinions of the distinguished officers who venture to speak, either in public or private, on any subject of importance. Verily, if the propensity to blab and to tell tales can give gender and sex to any thing, the American Press may be called the modern Delila, and no whit behind its prototype in the mischievous levity with which it handles the professional scissors.

“Thalamos taciturna paternos
Intrat; et (heu facinus!) fatali nata parentem
Crine suum spoliât.” [Ovid, *Metam.*

From this digression we return to our history. Metellus, finding it impossible to bring Jugurtha to a regular engagement, resolved to employ stratagems against him ; and succeeded in inducing some of Jugurtha's minions to persuade the king to surrender ; and this was the more easily done, as Jugurtha's mind was sunk in great despondency at this time. A surrender was agreed upon, and the king delivered up 200,000 pounds of silver, all his elephants, and a complement of horses and arms ; and also the Roman deserters. But when he was required to deliver himself up as a captive, “his restless spirit began to waver ; his deeds of atrocity came fresh into his mind, and he trembled at the prospect of a just retribution. Many days were consumed in delays and irresolution : one while he preferred any terms to a continuance of the war, a crowd of disasters admonishing him that it was the worst of calamities ; another, he considered the terrible descent from a throne to slavery—

but at length he determined to renew the war, although needlessly divested of so great a portion of his substance."

This seems to have been the most trying time in the affairs of Jugurtha: his officers and confidants had been corrupted; he was surrounded by plots, stratagems, spies and assassins. In the wild fury of his bewildering suspicions, he had cut off some of his best officers; while others, in fear of a like fate, had fled from him: so that he found himself without advisers and without generals, a prey to the dark and prophetic suggestions of his gloomy and superstitious mind. During this period, all his actions were characterized by restlessness and indecision, and he was neither as wise in council nor as great in action as he had formerly been. About this time, Metellus defeated him totally, in one considerable engagement, and forced him to fly to Thala, a strong city, where his treasure was lodged and his children kept and educated; and, pursuing him to Thala, besieged him in that city, from which he fled in the night, carrying with him his children and a considerable portion of his treasure. The city, after forty days siege, surrendered.

After this, Jugurtha, thinking no place a security against the genius and enterprise of Metellus, fled, with a few adherents, through vast deserts, into the country of the *Gatuli*, and, passing into the territories of King Bochas, formed a confederacy with that king, by which he was again enabled to make stand against the Romans.

We now approach that part of our subject which exhibits Marius secretly attempting to undermine the influence and power of Metellus, with a view of superseding him in the command. This portion of our investigation, if properly pursued, must be greatly beneficial, as it places the low-minded intriguer in contrast with the virtuous patriot, and, at the same time, it will bring meditation to a pause—for the picture will present the triumph of intrigue and baseness over honesty and virtue, from which the contemplative may draw many wise suggestions.

Metellus had acquired great fame and character, both at home and in Numidia, by the success which had attended his arms. At Rome, his victories caused great rejoicing; and the Numidian king "believed that to Metellus nothing was impossible: that by his courage and perseverance, (in the siege of Thala,) he had triumphed over arms, places,

seasons, nay, even over nature herself." But, though Metellus had triumphed so frequently, and had driven the king from his own dominions to seek safety in a foreign alliance, yet the war was not *ended*; and an opportunity arose to fill the public mind with discontent: for no celerity can satisfy the impatient; and those who view war at a great distance, cannot realize the fact, that, "*omne bellum sumi facile, ceterum ægerrime desinere: non in ejusdem potestate initium ejus et finem esse.*"

About this time, Marius, who was Metellus' Lieutenant, being at Utica, was sacrificing to the gods, and the "Augur announced to him that great and wonderful things were presaged to him; he should therefore pursue whatever designs he had formed, and trust to the gods; he might push his fortunes to the uttermost, regardless of difficulties and confident of success."

Amongst the customs of the ancients, nothing seems so ridiculous to the reflection of this common sense age, as the credit and importance which was attached by great men to Augurs, Oracles and Soothsayers. Even down to the days of Richelieu and Cromwell, a singular credulity formed a portion of the public mind; but *dreams* then, and *the stars*, had been substituted for speaking oracles and sacrificial signs; and their developments were the *dicta haruspicii* which promised or denied greatness. And in these credulities and superstitions, revolutions have had their beginning; swords have changed hands; crowns have changed heads; kingdoms have fallen, and liberties have been lost and won! There is no conjecturing what ambition will attempt when guided by the promptings of a strange dream. Energy may consummate the resolves of hallucination; and a dream-shaped destiny may be realized by the convulsive throes and random efforts of a mind, thus floundering, half bewildered but energetic, in the arms of superstition. And why is it, that the great men of all ages of the world, have been more or less under the influence of prophecies, credulities and superstition? Behold the Egyptian king listening to the Hebrew boy interpreting the dream! And Saul against the express will of the Almighty, consulting the witch of Endor! And lo! the self immolated Brutus, the last of the *noble* Romans, leaning his fascinated ear to the phantom of his tent: *Philippis iterum me videbis!* Cromwell, too, had his phantom, and Richelieu his star:—

for the great Cardinal was an astrologer, and, as Bulwer aptly says of him, "he was too fortunate not to be superstitious." The extent of Richelieu's belief in destiny is strikingly illustrated by Bulwer in his play :

"Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand
Of man; the stars have said it, and the voice
Of my own prophet and auracular soul
Confirms the shining sybil's.—

———— I was born
Beneath the aspect of a bright eyed star;
And, my triumphant adamant of soul,
Is but the fix'd persuasion of success."

Is it not true, that genius is accompanied by the strange vanity of belief, that, being gifted above ordinary natures, it is accompanied by the special attendance of spirits? Will any man doubt that Cromwell, in the midst of his greatest difficulties and triumphs, had ever in his mind the prediction of the phantom, "that he would be the greatest man in England?"* To us, it seems the source of all the energy

* He had laid himself down one day, it is said, too fatigued with his youthful sports to hope for sleep, when suddenly the curtains of his bed were slowly withdrawn by a gigantic figure, which bore the aspect of a woman, and which, gazing at him silently for a while, told him that he should, before his death, be the greatest man in England. He remembered when he told the story—and the recollection marked the current of his thoughts—that the figure had not made mention of the word *king*. The tradition of Huntingdon adds, that although the "folly and wickedness" of such a notion was strongly pointed out to him, the lad persisted in the assertion of its truth, for which, "at the particular desire of his father," he was soundly flogged by his schoolmaster. The flogging only served to impress the fact more deeply on the young day-dreamer; and, betaking himself immediately to his uncle Steward, for the purpose of unburdening himself once more respecting it, he was told by that worthy kinsman of royalty that it was "traitorous to entertain such thoughts."

This incident in Cromwell's youth was not forgotten in his obscurity, to be remembered only in his eminence: for Clarendon distinctly tells us that "it was generally spoken of, even from the beginning of the troubles." In the height of his glory, we have also good authority for saying Cromwell himself mentioned it often, and when the farce of deliberation took place, on the offer of the crown to the Protector, it is remarked by Lord Clarendon, that "they who were very near to him said, that in his perplexity he revolved his former dream or apparition, that had first informed and promised him the high fortune to which he was already arrived, and which was generally spoken of, even from the beginning of the troubles, and when he was not in a posture that promised such exaltation; and that he then observed that it had only declared that he should be the greatest man in England, and that he should be near to be king, which seemed to imply that he should be only near, and never actually attain, the crown."—*Foster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*. Harper's edition, p. 396.

which distinguished the career of that extraordinary man. It is strange, too, what small things will set the mind pondering upon the future. "Probable conjectures and obscure traditions sometimes turn themselves into prophecies," saith Bacon. But Marius had something more than this to begin with. The incident of the prediction of the Augur stirred up all his energies; and, having previously had an inclination to offer for Consul, he resolved now to follow the dictates of his ambition, especially as he thought himself backed by the gods; and he requested of Metellus leave of absence, that he might go to Rome for that purpose. "Metellus," says Sallust, "though distinguished for his virtue and honor, and other desirable qualities, yet, possessed a haughty and disdainful spirit, the common vice of the nobility. Struck with so extraordinary a request, he therefore expressed surprise at his design, and cautioned him, as in friendship, not to entertain such unreasonable views, nor suffer his mind to be exalted above his station." After these and like remonstrances, the Consul still found Marius steady to his purpose, and promised to comply with his request as soon as it was consistent with the public service; and as he still continued to urge his petition, Metellus is said to have told him "that it was needless to be in such a hurry, as it would be time enough for him to think of standing for the consulship when his son should be of age to join him." This sarcasm, as unjust as it was unwise in Metellus, highly incensed Marius with the Consul, and fired him with greater zeal to obtain his ends—so that from this time, "he blindly followed the dictates of ambition and resentment." He did and said every thing that he could to promote his views, "gave greater liberty to the soldiers under his command than formerly; *inveighed severely to our merchants*, then in great numbers at Utica, against Metellus's *manner of conducting the war*; and boasted of himself, that, were but half the army under his command, he would, in a few days, have Jugurtha in chains."

No stratagem was left untried by Marius to raise his own name, and to create dissatisfaction in the public mind, with Metellus and his mode of conducting the war. The shrewdness and the unscrupulousness with which he acted, is strikingly illustrated by the following incident:

"There was, besides, in our army, a certain Numidian named Gauda, the son of Manastabal, and grandson of Masinissa, whom

Micipsa had appointed next heir to his immediate successors; one whose bodily disorders had impaired the faculties of his mind. This man had applied to Metellus for a seat, on public occasions, next to the consular chair, and likewise for a troop of Roman horse for his guard, and was denied both: the seat, because it was conferred on none but those whom the Roman people distinguished with the title of king; and the troop, because it would be an affront to the Roman horse to be the body-guards of a Numidian. This double refusal filled his mind with discontent, in the height of which Marius accosted him, prompted him to seek revenge for the insults offered him by the Roman general, and voluntarily tendered him his own assistance. By soothing speeches he wrought on the imagination of this man, whose faculties were weakened by disease and a high conceit of his own dignity, extolling him 'as a prince, a person of great importance, the grandson of Masinissa; one who would forthwith possess the kingdom of Numidia, were Jugurtha once captured or slain, which would speedily happen, were he himself made Consul and intrusted with the management of the war.'

"By such intrigues, not only Gauda, but the Roman knights, soldiers and traders were all engaged, some by Marius, most of them by their hopes of an immediate peace, to write to their friends at Rome concerning the operations of the war, to reprobate the measures of Metellus, and to desire that Marius might be appointed to the command of the army.

"Thus was the consulship solicited for him by great numbers of men, in a manner highly honorable. The people, too, having at this juncture given a deep wound to the power of the nobility, by the Mamilian law, were proceeding to raise plebeians to the chief magistracies; so that every thing favored the views of Marius."

In the mean time, Marius obtained leave of absence and went to Rome. Metellus had treated Marius with the greatest favor during this war. He had always given him the next post to his own in danger, honor and responsibility. In the great battle of the Muthul, Marius was second in command, and at the siege of Zama, he was entrusted with the most important post; so, Marius had no right to complain of Metellus. Nevertheless, Metellus committed a grievous error when he taunted Marius, insinuatingly, that the fact that he was not connected with the nobility, was an insuperable objection to him as a candidate for Consul, and an immoveable difficulty in his way to success in his ambitious design.

"At Rome, too, the populace, when they learned the contents of the letters which were received from Africa concerning Metellus and Marius, were well pleased with the accounts concerning both. The distinguished rank of the general, which had hitherto been a motive for honoring him, now exposed him to the odium of the people; while the obscurity of his lieutenant's birth recommended him to their

favor. The good or bad qualities of either were little taken into the account: it was the rage of party that produced the bias. Besides this, the factious magistrates inflamed the multitude by charging Metellus with capital crimes, in all their harangues, and highly extolling the merits of Marius. At length the people were so inflamed, that the artificers and husbandmen, whose whole substance and credit was derived from their daily labor, quitting their several employments, crowded from all quarters to attend on Marius; and were more concerned for his advancement, than for procuring the necessaries of life to themselves. The nobility being thus depressed, the consulship was bestowed on a new man, a circumstance which had not occurred for many years. After this, when the people were asked by Manlius Mancinus, tribune of the people, to whom they would commit the management of the war against Jugurtha, they, in a full assembly, assigned it to Marius, thus rendering abortive the decree of the Senate, which had just before assigned the province of Numidia to Metellus."

Let us now see what effect the elevation of Marius had upon the public service in Numidia. Up to this period, Metellus had exerted all the energies of his mind and body to advance the Roman interest; and had prosecuted the war with the greatest vigor. But when he received intelligence of the elevation of Marius, and that the new Consul would supercede him in the command of the Numidian army, "*he laid aside all thought of further enterprise; and deeming it folly to cultivate the interest of another, at his own hazard,*" he brought the army to a stand-still; and contented himself with spinning out the time, by sending and returning deputies to King Bocchus, endeavoring to induce the king not to persist in aiding the Numidians, nor to blend his own prosperous fortunes with those of a man so desperate and ruined as Jugurtha. "*Thus the war was protracted, agreeably to the design of Metellus without any hostilities.*"

Whether this inactivity of Metellus was predicated upon the motives imputed to him by the historian, is extremely doubtful. That the army in Numidia was inactive after the elevation of Marius, and until his arrival in Africa, is true; but that little or no censure was attached to Metellus, at Rome, is equally true; for, "on his return to Rome, he was received, contrary to his expectations, with the greatest demonstrations of joy and affection; being equally dear to the Commons and the Senate, *now that the popular odium had subsided.*" He was honored afterwards, with a triumph, and deservedly obtained the sur-name of Numidicus. The

character of Metellus, however, for patriotism, is of less importance to us in this inquiry, than the facts of history; and whatever might have been his reception at Rome on his return, after the *popular odium had subsided*, it is certain that there was a pause in the prosecution of the war, which was extremely hurtful to the Roman interests.

When the Duke of Marlborough, in the midst of the arduous prosecution of the war of the allies in the lower countries, (in which he became so greatly distinguished in 1702–1707,) met with the opposition of the party in England, which had grown to be so powerful as to seriously cramp the energies and embarrass the movements of the army, he was greatly perplexed; and if not in a degree equal to that of Metellus, he at least, gave way to the expression of resentment which seemed to be natural to his situation. The effect of this opposition upon the feelings and conduct of the Duke, is fully developed in some of his letters from the army; and the depression of spirit which pervaded his mind at this time, strongly reminds us of Metellus, his perplexity and subsequent inactivity upon the reception of the news of the elevation of Marius. During the siege of Dowa a battle was constantly expected; and Marlborough, in writing home at this time, says: "I can't say I have the same sanguine, prophetic spirit I did use to have, for in all the former actions I did never doubt of success, we having had constantly the blessing of *being of one mind*. I cannot say it is so now, for I fear some are run so far into villainous faction, that it would give them more content to see us beaten." Marlborough was soon after removed from the command of this great army, in which he had done more to raise the character of the English nation and of English arms, than all the rest of her generals in all her wars;—a most striking illustration of the power of faction, and the instability of human popularity.

Marius was elected Consul during the war, and under the influence of that popularity which he derived from the extravagant praises bestowed by the letter-writers, upon his command in the army. This is but one of the thousand instances upon record, of the elevation of great military chieftains to office, during the fervor of the admiration which is so naturally excited by the contemplation of great and distinguished valor. Here we are presented with a fruitful theme, and one of great interest at this time, and in this

country, when so much is said, and so many declaim on the subject of electing military chieftains.

The world is now, as it always has been. Men come to be rulers, princes and kings, from the possession of some extraordinary personal quality, or the performance of some great achievement. It takes nothing from this truth that some are born kings; for the inheritance springs from a dynasty which may be traced to a conqueror. Amongst the great names of the earth, a large majority have sprung from the battle field. Carnage is the womb of greatness. Moses slew his man in Egypt, and came to be the ruler of his tribe, and the chosen prophet of God. David, the shepherd minstrel, slew the giant, and thus, his first step to the throne was printed in blood. It was the prowess of Samson that made him a ruler; and Saul came to be king because he was a foot higher than any other man in Israel. Nearly all the rulers of the ancient nations, from Hercules to Cæsar, came out of the wars. There is no war upon record which has not given its MAN to the world. Even the *Florida War* produced its Osceola, and shaped the destiny of Zachary Taylor.

Wherever the people govern, there, as a necessary consequence of the whims and caprices of the multitude, personal popularity makes the officer; and, in the elements of popularity, nothing is so prominent as courage successfully exerted. Nor is it strange that a successful warrior should be a favorite with the people; for men, like women,

—“born to be controlled,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.”

And military men do not hesitate to thrust others out of their way. They are used to be obeyed, and become imperious. They demand much, and think they are entitled to the admiration of men and the love of women; for “*perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures.*”

The speech of Marius to the people of Rome, after he was elected Consul, contains the great elements of the invincibility of military chieftains. He assails the nobility who had assailed him, and opposed his election; and he presents his own claims to popularity. The simple picture of

* “I know not how, but military men are given to love; I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures.”
Bacon's Essay on Love.

"his body scarred with honorable wounds," is more potent with the multitude as a matter of mere eloquence, than the most elaborate periods of Cicero. "I cannot, indeed, (says Marius) boast of the images, triumphs and consulships of my ancestors, to raise your confidence in me; but if it be necessary, I can show you spears, banners, collars of merit, and other military distinctions; besides a body scarred with honorable wounds:—these are *my* statues; these are the proofs of *my* nobility; not derived from ancestors, as their's are; but such as I have myself acquired, by many toils and dangers." There is a speech for the mob; a regular democratic affair, with quite enough of the demagogue in it to modernize it, and make it characteristic of some of our own champions of the stump. "My language too, (says Marius) is unpolished; but that gives me small concern; virtues show themselves with sufficient clearness. They stand in need of no artful colourings of eloquence to hide the infamy of their actions. Nor have I been instructed in the Grecian literature: why, truly, I had but little inclination to that kind of instruction which did not improve the authors of it in the least degree of virtue. I have learned other things, far more useful to the State; to wound the enemy; to watch; to dread nothing but infamy; equally to undergo cold and heat; to lie on the bare ground, and to endure, at the same time, hunger and fatigue. These lessons shall animate my troops; nor shall I ever be rigorous to them and indulgent to myself. This is the mode of commanding most useful to the State; this is what suits the equality of the citizens. By conduct like this, our forefathers gained immortal honor, both to themselves and the republic; while our nobility, though so unlike their ancestors in character, despise us who imitate them, and demand of you all public honors—not on account of their personal merit, but as due to their high rank. Arrogant men! but widely mistaken. Their ancestors left them every thing in their power to bequeath: their wealth, their images, their high renown; but their virtue they did not leave them; nor, indeed, could they: for it can neither be given nor received as a gift."

These are home thrusts at the nobility: and this sort of invective is *nuts* for the people, who, in all ages of the world and in all countries, except England, have secretly hated the nobility. The delicate allusion of Marius to the

unpolished character of his phraseology, is happily blended, in his excuse for not studying Grecian literature, with his withering sarcasm upon the Greek teachers: "*parum placebat eas discere, quippe que ad virtutem doctoribus nihil profuerunt.*" And the native rhetoric of this artful soldier immediately suggested his knowledge of more useful things, such as "*hostem ferire,*" as a popular and striking contrast to the more refined accomplishments: as Themistocles, at the feast, is reported to have replied, that "he could not fiddle, but that he could make a small town a great city."

The following paragraph from Marius's speech, shows his great art, and develops, at the same time, the complete demagogue: "They (the nobility) hold me to be unpolished and ill-bred, because I cannot entertain elegantly, have no buffoon, and pay no higher wages to my cook than to my steward; every part of which, Romans, I readily own: for I have learned from my father, and other venerable persons, that delicacy belongs to women, labor to men; that a virtuous man ought to have a larger share of glory than riches; and that arms are more ornamental than splendid furniture." Now, it is hardly reasonable that the Roman nobility should have urged these impolitic objections to Marius. Doubtless, these objections originated in his own craft: like certain logicians, who, to illustrate the beauty of a science, place a weak argument in the mouth of the adversary, in order to enjoy the eclat of a triumphant answer. So, Marius puts in the mouths of the nobility, as an objection, one of his most popular traits of character,—the humility of his mode of life, and his perfect freedom from those little petty supercilious ostentations which distinguished the Roman nobility, to the disgust and envy of the PEOPLE of Rome.

The history of Marius discloses the fact, that he devoted his youth and his maturer years to the study of the military art, to the neglect of all politer accomplishments. The military school is the school of the world, and this is the secret of Marius's mastery over men. Let it be remembered, too, that the military schools of that day were not held in retired academies, but in the camp, where the scene was constantly rife with every sort of excitement, from merriment to danger; and where lassitude and satiety were driven away by manly and athletic exercises. The cultivation of valor is the cultivation of ambition; hence, the camp has

produced the master spirits of the world. When we say *master spirits*, we mean *rulers*: for, though the cultivation of eloquence, poetry, philosophy and politics, may refine the intellect into sublimity, and dignify the character with a fame as bright as the firmament,—yet the valor of the hour, and the accident of a day, may create such a fame, as its lustre will obscure, if not quench, all mere intellectual stars.

The power of a military name never was more strikingly illustrated than in the career of General Jackson. "*Nisi bella forent, numquid nobis cognitus esset?*" But for the wars, his singularly good qualities to govern might never have been discovered. Even as it was, his splendid genius was greatly obscured by the actual sterility of his learning, and he was kept in the back ground, a long time, by that singular ferocity of temper which distinguished his youth, and which was, indeed, the germ of his greatness, being the foundation of his *indomitable* WILL. Another thought may here be illustrated: that the intellectual lights of the day are deemed but of use in the subordinate offices: the Calhouns, Legarés and Clays, *veritably* do make most excellent secretaries and attorneys! But in this, too, *our day* is true to her mother, *antiquity*: for what, but spokesmen, were Cicero and Demosthenes? the mere equeries that held the stirrups of ambition.

But, lest we grow savage, from these irritating reflections, let us turn to the contemplation of a new star, which culminates, just now, in the ascendant. General Taylor is playing a skilful, albeit a natural part. He does not refuse to write letters, but he absolutely declines to express any leading political opinion. His letters are expressive of great modesty; yet, his inclination to be President, for which he is certainly not to be blamed, is plainly developed in the cautious phraseology with which it is attempted to be disguised. He cannot refrain from referring to his mode of life; the absorbing character of his pursuit and duties; and to his want of leisure, at present, to examine the great questions with which he is pressed. "I am no politician," he says: "nearly forty years of my life have been passed in the public service, in the army, most of it in the field, the camp, on our western frontier, or in the Indian country, and for nearly the two last, in this country or in Texas; during the whole time I have not passed one night under the roof

of a house." Like Marius's "body, scarred with honorable wounds," this language will please the multitude. The straight-forward performance of duty, in any service, is what the people expect—and the doing of it in the *whole-hog* way, (*manibus pedibusque*,) is the more gratifying to them. They do not expect a soldier to make his bed of down, nor his meals of dainties: for, as Marius says, "delicacy belongs to women." The single fact that the old soldier, for two years, has not slept under the roof of a house, contains the magical hint, that, though master (a portion of that time) of Monterey, with its magnificent palaces and luxuriantly furnished parlors, he took not to their downy couches; but rather preferred to look through the familiar crevices of his tent, and count the advancing hours of the night by the quiet march of the silver-shod stars; and, that thus, even in its successes, he, for himself, clung to the rigors of war.

It would hardly be reasonable to suppose that General Taylor was without ambition. The fact that he is a good soldier shows that he is ambitious: for, "to select a soldier without ambition, is to pull off his spurs," as the axiom saith. But certainly General Taylor's ambition is not of that tumultuous, convulsive, soul-consuming, sleep-destroying character which haunted Marius when he pressed Metellus (under the spur of the Augur) for leave of absence, that he might go to Rome to stand as candidate for Consul. True, we have had a hint or so, that General Taylor designs asking leave of absence for a brief period, during the winter. Yet, any but the most charitable interpretation of this intended visit to the States, would show badly for the gratitude of his country: for, in all that he says or does, in reference for his candidacy for President, he seems to hold that a due regard to his *present* duties in the field, will not allow him to enter actively or personally into a party contest. In his letter to Mr. Delony, the Louisiana editor, he says, in excusing himself for not answering certain interrogatories: "my whole time is fully occupied in attending to my proper official duties, which must not be neglected, under any circumstances."

In regard to the agitation of the question of the next presidency, he speaks in a tone of exalted patriotism: "I regret that the subject has been agitated at this early day, and that it had not been deferred until the close of this war,

or until the end of the next session of Congress, especially if I am to be mixed up with it, as it may possibly lead to the injury of the public service in this quarter, by my operations being embarrassed; as well as produce much excitement in the country, growing out of the discussion of the merits of the different aspirants for this office."

Doubtless, the fact of General Taylor's being a candidate, as he hints, in this letter, will embarrass the deliberations of Congress; of course the embarrassment of Congress will reach the army, cramping its energies and crippling its movements: so that his position before the country, though not of his own making, cannot be looked upon but as most unfortunate for the successful operations of the army, at this time. The whole course of General Taylor, in reference to the Presidency, if we are to take his words and acts as a guide to the sentiments of his heart, can but tend greatly to elevate him in the estimation of the public: for he stands in brilliant contrast with some of his own countrymen, and also with those distinguished Roman generals to whom we have referred. Accustomed to expose only his front to dangers, and, anxious to bring the war speedily to a close, and conclude for his country an honorable peace, he prefers, for the present, his tent, with the company and conversation of his officers, to the club-rooms of Washington and the mysterious whispers of caballing politicians. The directing of a campaign and the diagrams of battle-fields are quite sufficient to engross the best energies of his mind; and hence, he declines to enter into the investigation of abstruse political science, or to play the oracle of party. "If I should ever occupy the White House, (he says,) it must be by the spontaneous move of the people, and by no act of mine, so that I could go into the office untrammelled, and be the chief magistrate of the nation, and not of a party." In thus standing aloof and casting away the universal shackles which have heretofore hampered the genius of the country, and, relying upon the unbroken integrity of the people, General Taylor at once asserts, in his own person, the dignity of human nature and the grandeur of free opinion, and vindicates, in a masterly way, the purity of the elective franchise.

This thoughtful man seems to be aware of the changeability of the public mind, and of the fleeting character of

rapidly acquired popularity ; if not, we would refer him to the history of the great and virtuous Metellus, as illustrating, in a striking degree, the whims and caprices of the multitude. For, but a few days before Marius superseded him, the Roman Senate had again decreed to him the command of the army in Numidia, and the fame of his victories had filled all Rome with gladness and joy. The historian says :

"In the mean time, great joy was manifested at Rome when intelligence was received of the success of Metellus : how he had conducted himself and his army according to the ancient discipline, and had, by his bravery, come off victorious, though under the disadvantage of situation ; had made himself master of the enemy's country and forced Jugurtha, whom the infamous conduct of Aulus had lately rendered so insolent, to place all his hopes of safety in flight to his native deserts. The Senate, therefore, appointed public thanksgivings and oblations to the immortal gods, for the success of their arms. The city, before full of anxiety for the event of the war, was now filled with joy, and *nothing could be heard but the praises of Metellus*, which made him exert more vigorous efforts to obtain a complete victory, with which view, he pushed all his measures with the utmost diligence, still guarding, however, against the surprise of the enemy, and remembering *that after glory comes envy*." Change but the names and places, and how truly illustrative is this of the public mind, with reference to General Taylor, in this country.

"*Meminisse, post gloriam invidiam sequi* :"—true it is, that after glory comes envy ; but not from the great body of the people. Envy, though not of solitary growth, selects her companions, and is ever found clinging to the elbow of a successful ambition and reaching to strike away its crimson plume. Metellus was superseded by Marius : not through the envy of the people, but through the skilful use which Marius made of the envy of the thwarted few, who, being outstripped in the race of popularity, were anxious to frustrate the successful competitor. The friends of Marius overwhelmed the city of Rome with letters from the army, highly extolling the achievements of the lieutenant, and faintly praising Metellus ; hinting at the necessity of a change in the command, and giving, as a reason for a change, the tardiness of Metellus's movements. This was going

on, too, while Metellus was resting upon his well-earned laurels, and pursuing, with all energy, the duties of his responsible station. Though the people at large know no envy, yet, nevertheless, the public mind is moved by its secret springs, which are as hidden to the view as the cavern-born causes which shake the trembling earth and toss the tumultuous ocean. "The obscurity of the Lieutenant's birth" was the theme by which the people were won to Marius. Envy hunted up the pretext, and, this being added to his brilliant and daring achievements in the army, the public mind was swayed in his favor: and Rome, in giving lustre to Marius, brightened the dagger for her own bosom; for, as Livy* says of him, he was a man, whom, if we compare his vices with his virtues, it will be difficult to pronounce whether he were greater in war or more wicked in peace. Having preserved his country by his valor, he ruined it afterwards by every species of artifice and fraud, and finally destroyed it by open force;" while Metellus continued virtuous to the end, though greatly persecuted, and even banished, by his ambitious and bloody successor.

The same uncertainty of popularity which was known at Rome two thousand years ago, is a prominent characteristic of this age. Men struggle to rise and rise but to fall: "*nihilne esse proprium cuiquam.*"

"I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder's stroke."

"Senatus ob ea feliciter acta dis immortalibus supplicia discernere: civitas trepida antea et sollicita de belli eventu læta agere: FAMA DE METELLO *præclara esse.*" Yet, in a little while, the same voices chanted another song, and the niche of popularity was filled by another name. Let no man presume to engross the adulation of mankind. When the SUN himself is subject to "*dim eclipse.*" is it strange that FAME should sometimes be seen waning, "*through the horizontal, misty air?*" When the *brevets* and commissions conferred by the President and the Senate, when the medals of conquest and the bonfires, illuminations, festivals and plaudits of the people of this republic shall have served their end to reward the service, to raise

* Livy, book, lxxx.

the distinction and to gratify the heart of one conqueror, who shall complain if another NAME and another VICTORY should cause a renewal of all these manifestations of public gratitude.

And lo! as we form these phrases and dream these prophetic speculations, the deep-toned voice of Churubusco's artillery announces another victory and another name. Sounds which are again to awaken those thrilling peals of triumph which are to leap exultingly along the arteries of the public heart; and, to touch, with a new sense, the country's gratitude for the suffering, but still conquering, soldiery. Let the victors pass, with their crimson plumes—they have glory enough.

"They conquered—but Bozzaris fell
Bleeding at every vein:"

* * * * *
"Come to the bridal chamber, Death;
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;"

* * * * *
"And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or feel, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.—
But, to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard,
The thanks of millions yet to be."

Ah, poetry! how vain and false thou art! Yet thy delusions, like the charms of music, are the fascinations of a sweet sorcery, which beguiles the heart of that exquisite anguish which would otherwise consume it. But thy lines, thy spells and prophecies! what are they to the dead? "Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is round them!" Is that the harp of Ossian? Its tone is but a sigh and a tear! and that is all we have for the dead! The tear is not stream enough—the sigh is not sound enough to bear those gallant names to posterity! And yet it was for FAME they fought! And this is their reward, that heap of shining skeletons!

It is a melancholy thought, that FAME belongs to those who survive the battle, and not to those who fall; we mean

that **FAME** which is something more than renown, and which lives beyond the present generation. The memory of those who fall in battle, passeth away with their own age. The deeds of the successful alone, remain to illustrate for posterity, the character of the hero. This truth may not apply to those who, having become greatly distinguished before death, fall in battle, for then the death illuminates the life. John Hampden died in battle; his life and death equally brilliant, the one added lustre to the other, the blood of the battle-field tipping with crimson the civic plume! Yet in him we see the patriot and the politician more than the warrior; and his military career alone, would hardly have rescued his memory from those heaps of rubbish which lie amid the oblivion of the Cromwell wars. A vapor which rises with brilliance and falls with a dazzling glare, passes away into its original elements of fog, and is forgotten, without remark; but the lost Pleiad is ever remembered. History furnishes us with many other striking instances, where the *death* has given eclat to the *life*. Even Brutus gave Cæsar more fame than all his wars! for had Cæsar fallen in battle, or died of the gout, his name would not have been so *closely connected with LIBERTY and her generous SACRIFICES*. Had Cromwell died in battle, without murdering the king or dissolving the parliament, he would have been remembered but as a brawling fanatic and as the Captain of the Iron-sides, and would have found no Carlyle to rescue his memory from the dust of centuries.

We note these instances to illustrate the general truth of our remark, that fame belongs to the successful in war, and not to those who fall; and Macchiavelli has truly said: "The partiality of the historian is content to follow the stream of fortune, and to praise the successful conqueror." Of the three hundred who fell at Thermopylæ, only LEONIDAS lives! And of the many tens of thousands who fell in the Jugurthine war, (though Sallust's History lives,) *not one name survives!* The historian seems to have nothing to do with the dead! not even to count them with accuracy! And had Jugurtha fallen in battle, perhaps Sallust's history would never have been written! The tragic death of that unfortunate prince was of such a character, as to give eclat to the last scene of an exciting drama; for he lived to illustrate his downfall at the wheels of the trium-

phal chariot of his conqueror; and to show to the world the stupendous extent of the fall—"in servitium ex regno."*

The contemplation of Jugurtha, at the wheels of the triumphal chariot of Marius, recalls us from this digression; and we are admonished that it is time to bring this article a close, and we hasten rapidly over the incidents of the last campaign of this war. The extracts below are worthy of especial note, presenting as they do, the magnificent grouping in the same battle-field, of three of the greatest fighters the world has ever seen, Marius, Sylla and Jugurtha, each with his arms elbow-deep in carnage. This is part of the description of the last, and one of the most desperate battles of the war, in which Jugurtha was aided by king Bocchus, his ally:

"Sylla, on whom the enemy first fell, having encouraged his men, charged the Moors at the head of some troops in as close order as possible; the rest, without moving from their ground, defended themselves from the darts thrown at a distance, and cut to pieces all who ventured to come up to close with them.

"During this engagement of the horse, Bocchus attacked our rear with a body of infantry brought up by his son Volus, who had not advanced with sufficient expedition to be present at the former battle. Marius was then in the front, making head against Jugurtha, who fought there with a numerous force. But the Numidian prince, when he heard of the arrival of Bocchus, wheeled about with a few attendants towards our infantry, and called aloud to our men in Latin (which he learned to speak at the siege of Numantia), 'that they fought to no purpose, as he had just before slain Marius with his own hand;' and at the same time brandishing his sword dyed with the blood of a legionary soldier slain by him in the encounter with great bravery. Struck with horror at intelligence so disastrous, rather than putting trust in the veracity of the author of it, the troops stood aghast; while the Barbarians, with redoubled vigour, pressed on the Romans, who were disheartened, and on the point of betaking themselves to flight, when Sylla, having routed those with whom he had been engaged, fell on the Moors in their flank; on which Bocchus gave ground, and betook himself to flight.

"Jugurtha, while he endeavored to rally his men, and to maintain the advantage he had gained, was enclosed both on the right and left by our horse; when by a desperate effort, he broke singly through the enemy, and escaped amid a shower of darts. By this time Marius, who had routed the cavalry, came to the relief of that division of the army which was said to be giving way, and by his presence helped to complete the victory."

* It is said that the loss of his kingdom, and this last disgrace of being chained to the wheels of the triumphant car, and dragged as a spectacle of slavery through the streets of Rome, destroyed his mind; and he died a maniac.

Sallust's powers of description are strikingly displayed in these short paragraphs. They develope, too, the highly dramatic character of his composition. The picture of Jugurtha, exhibiting his bloody arm, and appalling the Romans by the exclamation that he had slain Marius, is exceedingly grand; and the appearance of Sylla on the spot, just as the Romans, in their consternation, were about to give way, adds greatly to the magnificence of the scene. The revulsion, too, of Roman valor, and the rapidity with which the bewildered soldiers concluded to charge instead of fly, is magically exhibited by that dramatic stroke of the pencil which presents Jugurtha "enclosed on the right and left by the Roman horse—when, by a desperate effort, he broke singly through the enemy, and escaped, amid a shower of darts."

The reader will remember that Marius superseded Metellus in the command, and, may be curious to know by what means the war was brought to an end, and in what the policy of Marius differed from that of Metellus. It does not appear that Marius prosecuted the war with more energy, or even with more success, than Metellus. Yet, he fought against the combined powers of Jugurtha and King Bocchus, and defeated the allied kings in two great and well fought battles. But the truth is, Jugurtha was not conquered. His people were worn down by the long continuance of the war, and Metellus and time had done for Marius what Marius could not have done for himself.

We have already said that Sylla's star arose in this war. Sallust's account of this extraordinary man is the clearest and best of any we have met with, and being brief, we here insert it.

"Sylla was descended from an eminent patrician family; but the lustre of which was almost wholly obscured by the degeneracy of his later ancestors. His mind, beyond question, was of a superior cast; and it was cultivated by a perfect knowledge of Greek and Roman learning. Fond of pleasure, but still fonder of glory, he was in the intervals of leisure addicted to luxury; but he never suffered pleasure to encroach on weightier concerns, nor to usurp an undue ascendancy, if we except the occasion of his divorce, when even decency gave way to superstition and luxury. He was eloquent, artful, easy and obliging in his friendship; yet highly capable of disguising his real designs; liberal of every thing, especially of his money. He was indeed the most fortunate of men, before his success in the civil wars; yet his fortune never surpassed his merit; and by some it has been made a question, whether he was more brave

than fortunate. As to his conduct after the civil war, I know not how it is to be recounted, whether with greater shame or horror.

"When Sylla went into Africa, and had joined Marius in his camp, though he was before wholly unacquainted with the military art, yet in a short time he became a very able officer. He was, moreover, very affable to the soldiers; ever ready to grant them favors; unwilling to receive benefits himself, but more forward to repay them than if they had been a debt of money; would never receive any returns for the favors he bestowed, but rather aimed to attach mankind to him by his obliging conduct. He often entered into conversation with the common soldiers, talking sometimes jocosely, sometimes seriously; was with them on every occasion, in their marches, in their works, and in their watches; nor did he, in the mean time, wound the character of the Consul, or any other worthy person, according to the base practice of those who are actuated by ambition; striving assiduously to suffer none to surpass him in counsel or action, in both which he excelled most others. By this conduct and these qualifications, he was in a short time greatly beloved by Marius and the whole army."

Sylla greatly distinguished himself in the pitched battles with the allied kings, and afterwards, in conducting the negotiations with King Bocchus, he exhibited matchless powers of diplomacy. This negotiation, however, was nothing more nor less than the concoction of a perfidious plot, by which Jugurtha was be given up to the Romans;—nevertheless, the bringing it to a successful issue required the highest efforts of diplomatic skill. By his eloquence and art, Sylla prevailed on Bocchus (who was Jugurtha's brother-in-law) to surrender up the Numidian king, which was accordingly done in the following manner: measures were concerted, between Sylla and Bocchus, for carrying on the semblance of a negotiation for peace, and a time and place appointed for all the parties, Bocchus, Sylla and Jugurtha, to meet for the conference.

"When the day dawned, and intelligence was brought of Jugurtha's approach, Bocchus went forth to meet him, attended by Sylla and a few of his own courtiers, under pretence of doing him honor, as far as a small eminence, in full view of the troops who were posted in secret. The Numidian prince, according to agreement, came wholly unarmed, with many of his friends and dependants; and immediately, on a signal given, those who lay in wait to seize him, rushed forward and surrounded the place. All his attendants were put to the sword, and he himself delivered over in chains to Sylla, who conducted him to the camp of Marius."

Thus ended this extraordinary war, in which perfidy accomplished what arms had failed to do. In its history,

many lessons are taught, not the least important of which are: that an invaded people, however weak and pusillanimous, may, out of mere stubbornness, for a long time, withstand the most powerful of armies; that a victory may be more disastrous to the invaders than a defeat to the invaded; and that the winning of many battles is not the breaking of the spirit of the nation. These are the lessons of this Priestess of the past, and from her Delphic throat she exclaims:

“Ne sperne meæ præsagia linguæ.”

• A few remarks on the prospects of peace with Mexico, may not be inappropriate here. In another place we have quoted a line from our author, Sallust, that “*it is easier to begin war than to end it.*” The same writer adds: “those who begin the war do not always have the *power* to make peace.” This latter reflection is especially forcible as applied to republics, where power is constantly changing hands, and where the administration which begins a war may be superseded and the powers of government transferred to a party of opposite opinions and policy. The reader will remember that two treaties were made with Jugurtha by the Roman generals, each of which the Roman Senate refused to ratify, upon the plea that the Roman negotiators had acted with corruption and bad faith, under the influence of Jugurtha’s bribes.

The great difficulty of making a peace with Mexico, is evident to all reflection, from the fact that there is really no legitimate power, in that government, with which a binding treaty may be effected. So the matter may end, at last, in the curious anomaly of making a government and then negotiating with it.

In the war against Jugurtha, the great aim of the Roman general was the capture of the king. This done, the war was at an end. But a peace with Mexico does not depend upon the capture of any one man. In that country, the defeat of one party is the success of another. The defeat and capture of Santa Anna, instead of ending the war, would but add vigor to the energies of the party which is now opposed to him. We all know that republics are full of aspirants. Historians agree that republics furnish more great men, and especially, more great commanders, than monarchies. This truth is illustrated by the democratic

idea of *rotation in office*. The single republic of Carthage furnished more great commanders, during the period of her existence, than all the other states and kingdoms of Africa : because the road to distinction was open to all men. Mexico is called a republic. There, as here, the fall of a great leader carries his party with him, and makes way for the coming in of another party, whose freshness invigorates, and imbues with the inspiration of its own recent successes, every thing it touches. Hence, it is difficult to subdue a republic or to drub a free people into terms. Whether the people are free or not, if they think themselves free, it is enough : for it is the *IDEA of liberty* which nerves the soul, and makes the spirit stubborn : and, indeed, *fanatical liberty*, when opposed, has been found to partake of a wild, frantic solemnity of resistance, which renders it more obdurate than the spirit of *real freedom*. Many Indian tribes have been annihilated, but not one ever fairly conquered or subdued.

It is easier to negotiate with a king than with a republic, because the former has a *single*, the latter, a *multifarious* HEAD. Union of council is essential to a peace negotiation ; and what is so difficult to find, in a republic torn to pieces by disastrous defeats, as union for peace ? When liberty is distracted it knows no impulse but resistance ; and this resistance grows more terrible from the very confusion which surrounds it : as a snake, when blinded by its poison, strikes with more abandoned rashness.

Defeat but exasperates a free people, and desperation adds vigor and energy to their fiery, but solemn and sullen resolves. Defeat, necessarily attended with the loss of gallant men, has the double effect of inspiring the mind with the necessity of renewed exertion, and with revenge for the fallen ; Bunker's Hill will illustrate this truth. And the up-rising, god-like spirit of the Romans, after the terrible overthrow which they met with, at the hand of Hannibal, on the field of Cannæ, sufficiently illustrates the re-inspiring influence of disaster upon a free State ; for, as Varro approached Rome with the remnants of his army, which he had collected together for the purpose of defending the city, " the SENATE went forth to meet him, to *congratulate him that he had not despaired of the republic*." How universal is the fitness and application of that immortal thought :

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Connected with these reflections on the difficulty of subduing Republics, is the more melancholy thought, that their Governments, as all history shows, fall, not by foreigners, but by their own hands. They contain the germ of mortality; and uprear to the ripening sunshine, those deceitful flowers—never so beautiful—whose seed, though scattered by the winds of liberty, produce nothing but pestilence and death. *Success* in war is one of those deceitful flowers.

An honorable peace is the object of the present war. What have we done for peace since the war began? Our diplomatic efforts up to this period, have been signal failures. Ampudia deceived and baffled us at Monterey; so that many distinguished men, (Baily Peyton amongst others,) predicted that there would be no more fighting. The *offers* of peace, from our Government, are mere *ostentations*, in the eyes of the world. We have not been *offering*, but *thrusting* the olive branch! The red plume and the sharp sword flash and gleam by its side; and clouds—not of a peaceful sky—but of burning powder, envelop it! In the vigorous perspicuity of Mr. Benton's phrase: "The army takes an attitude and an organization, to give *EMPHASIS* to negotiation;" certainly a most practical travesty of the great maxim of personal urbanity: "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*"

General Scott's letter to Santa Anna, proposing the armistice, is not the least extraordinary feature of the diplomacy of the Mexican war. In contemplating this armistice, our mind recurs irresistably back to that portion of this article, which refers to the celerity which characterized the movements of the Duke of Marlborough, and to his memorable exclamation at the storming of the Shellenberg, "*that every hour which the enemy had to work upon their fortifications, would cost him a thousand men.*"

It is difficult for us, at this great distance, to see and know the circumstances which surrounded Gen. Scott, and which dictated this proposition; nevertheless, the pause seems to have been most unfortunate for our gallant army. The uses of a great victory were thrown away! When did such a pause ever prove otherwise than fatal? Did not Hannibal lose all the labor of crossing the Alps, and all the uses of a great victory, by the *merriment of a single night*, when he should have been storming the gates of Rome?

When Hidalgo paused in view of the city of Mexico, and reflected day after day, upon the propriety, and the probable result of an attack, his mind became relaxed by meditation, and the SPIRIT OF WAR suddenly departed from him! Had he continued to advance in the flush of his extraordinary successes, the city must have fallen before him;* but in this PAUSE, the silent whispers of superstition filled his mind with doubts, bewilderments and confusion; and mayhap his veneration for the beautiful city of the Aztecs—growing higher and warmer as he contemplated its towering cathedrals, inspired his mind with a sort of religious awe, which unnerved him, and caused him to retreat! But who can tell the feelings, or divine the reflections of a conqueror, when he plants his standards, and spreads out his army, beleaguering a great city—a city like Mexico, whose towers are fortresses *manned with sacred images!* and whose ideal beauty is the harmonious blending of antiquity and youth?

But dropping the subject of peace negotiations, how grand is the contemplation of our arms! The history of the world cannot parallel our victories. The age of chivalry has returned; and FAME with its burning tongue has diffused the magnificent thought of glory, through the inspired intelligence of our army, so that every man fights as if he were striving to pluck from “dangerous precipice,” the glittering flowers of immortality for his own especial use.

And in the contemplation of the officers of this war on both sides, how singularly do we contrast with the enemy? Where are the Mexican Generals who began this war? Certainly, not dead! But accused—in prison—disgraced! While in our camp, not a shadow of disloyalty, to the great head of our Government, THE PEOPLE, rests upon a single officer of our army! The first man in the beginning of this war, is the first still! And surely that must be a marvellously bright FAME, whose lustre remains undimmed by that brilliant series of victories which have lighted our army on its bloody way, from the placid waters which beat around the Castle of Ulloa—by the heights of Cerro Gordo—through Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec—

* See Southern Quarterly Review. No. xxiv. October, 1847. Article—Mexico. p. 363.

even to the fabled Halls of the Montezumas. But we are touching upon the uses of history and must pause.

We have said nothing of this work of Sallust as a mere literary production; it is a part of the great mosaic-work of ages, embedded as a precious jewel in the circle of two thousand years.

The historian who writes for posterity, has a different task from him who pens the exciting narration of a battle for the present time. While the battle is fresh, and the actors, from the chief to the private, are supposed to have living friends who look with eagerness to the history of the occurrence, every little incident should be noted. This alone, will serve the purposes of such a narration, and convey the *news*, so to speak, to the eyes and ears of all; but after this, should be preserved only those prominent incidents which are essential to illustrate the character of the chief actor, the condition of the state and the results of the victories and defeats. This seems to have been Sallust's rule, for he despatches, in four periods, a great battle, which is nameless, thus :

"During this irresolution, Metellus on a sudden appeared with his army. Jugurtha improved the little time he had to draw up his men in order of battle; after which the combat commenced, and was maintained for some time in that part where the king commanded in person; but the rest of the army was routed and put to flight on the first encounter. The Romans took all their standards and arms, with a few prisoners. The swiftness of the Numidians, indeed, in all their engagements with the Romans, was more serviceable to them than their arms."

This brevity would be intolerable to those who lived when the event occurred. But it is all that posterity wants, and as much as can be well crammed upon her already crowded shelves. The multitude is greedier than posterity; you cannot gorge the insatiate maw of the one; but the other easily "*surfeits*," and "*so dies*" many a "*moving accident by flood and field*."

Who is to write the history of the Mexican war? Certain it is, there will be no Sallust to do that. The sententious brevity which shapes the breathing period and makes it worthy of immortality, is not the characteristic of this age. If we had to select the writer of the history of this war, we would point to the author of General Taylor's despatches, as the man. Xenophon, Thucydides, Cæsar and

the Archduke Charles, wrote the history of their own wars; but we trust that *this* may not be the history of a *retreat*, and that the military powers of General Taylor may not be subjected to that severe test which distinguished Xenophon and Suawaroff, and threw a dark shadow, as from a burning city, upon the otherwise brilliant career of Napoleon.

Prof. P. M. Miles

ART. II.—*A Grammar of the Turkish Language; with a Preliminary Discourse on the Language and Literature of the Turkish Nations; a Copious Vocabulary; Dialogues; a Collection of Extracts in Prose and Verse; and Lithographed Specimens of various Ancient and Modern Manuscripts;* by ARTHUR LUMLEY DAVIDS, Member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, &c., &c., &c. London. 1832. 4to.

THE Turkish is not destined, perhaps, to throw any very valuable light upon philological researches; but it is a tongue certainly worthy of notice on account of its intrinsic characteristics. Harmonious as the Italian, sonorous and stately as the Spanish, majestic as the Latin, and complicated in its structure as the German; it captivates the ear with its noble and euphonious flow, and affords to the intellect an earnest and active exercise in its acquisition. It is true that it can present no literary treasures to lure on the scholar in his researches; no grave and imaginative romances, like the Arabic; no flowing and noble epics, like the Persian; no astonishing and magnificent poems, like the Sanscrit; but, although it cannot boast a beautiful "Antar," or "Thousand Nights and One," a splendid "Shah-Namèh" or "Gülistàn," nor a grand "Mahabharat" with its glorious episodes, it may claim attention for its humbler features of most philosophical structure in its grammar, and of the most perfect euphonious system which can be desired. It is not our intention to say any thing of its value to the merchant or traveller, nor of the curious position of the empires in which it is the language of court, viz: the Turkish and Persian, the former of which, especially, pos-

sees now so singular an importance in European politics. But we shall offer some remarks upon the language itself, as a literary curiosity.

The diplomatic relations of European courts with the government of the Sultan, have produced many works facilitating the acquisition of Turkish; among which, for practical purposes, the grammar of Jaubert, and the more perfect one of Redhouse, with the last edition of Bianchi's Lexicon and his Dialogues, are perhaps the most useful. Viguier's grammar is essential for a clear comprehension of the euphonic system; and Mininsky's fables are too well known to require our feeble tribute of praise. The grammar before us, (Davids') is of exceedingly little practical use; but as a literary performance it is a very remarkable production.

It was compiled by a young Israelite of England, merely from his literary acquaintance with Turkish; who possessed most extraordinary attainments and died at a very early age, before the costly diamond ring reached him, which Sultan Mahmoud bestowed as a compliment for the composition of this grammar, which is dedicated to that sovereign.

The work commences with a preliminary discourse, of seventy-eight pages, in which young Davids' extensive oriental erudition is displayed in a very interesting manner. He begins by tracing the origin of the term Tartar, applied to the nations of Central Asia; and remarks,

"This appellation, unknown to most of the people to whom it is applied, is a corruption of the Oriental *Tatar*, the designation of a tribe, derived, according to Abulghazi and other Mohammedan authors, from a prince of that name, who, with his brother, Mongol, was descended from the race of Türk. Some of the Eastern writers have derived the name *Tatar*, from a river, on the banks of which was the original seat of this tribe; but all coincide in employing the term as the designation of a particular body of people, and not as that of a race. The alteration of this name into Tartar, by the Latin writers of the thirteenth century, appears to have arisen from the similarity of its sound to their own Tartarus: the corruption being rendered somewhat appropriate by the terrors which the incursions of Tchingis Khan and his descendants excited. The term Tartar is, therefore, not only vague and indefinite, but also improper; and can only be compared to the equally undistinguishing *Frank*, by which, as if actuated by a desire of retaliation, the Orientals designate the various nations of Europe.

"In reducing to its proper compass so extensive an appellation, physiology and language must be our guides: each of which will enable us to draw a strongly marked line between the race of Mon-

gols and that which has been termed Caucasian. To the former, admitting the greatest extent we can allow the name, the appellation of Tatar must be confined; to that part of the latter which is the subject of this essay, we apply the more comprehensive name of Turks."

He then proceeds to give the Eastern, (Chinese as well as Mohammedan,) traditions, respecting the origin and early history of the Turks; and adds very curious information respecting their early alphabets and literature. The earliest Mohammedan writer from whom any account of the Turks is to be obtained, is Rashid-ed-din, in his work entitled *Djemaü Altavarikh*. In which, however, there is so much uncertain tradition commingled with matter extracted from archives of state, as to render it next to impossible to separate the true from the fabulous. The origin of the Turkish race is nevertheless ascribed by Mohammedan writers, says Davids, to a son of Japhet, named Türk; to whom, as the eldest-born, according to them, of that patriarch, they give the name of *Yafet Oghlan*, or Son of Japhet; calling the patriarch himself *Aboul Türk*, Father of Türk; while some award the right of primogeniture to the brother of Türk, viz: *Tchin*, the primogenitor of the Chinese.

The Chinese annals notice the existence of a nation of Tartary, about the era assigned by Mohammedan writers for the commencement of the empire of the Turks: that is to say about 2436 years before the Christian era.

Mr. Bailly's ingenious and singular theory, that from the plains of Tatary had proceeded the arts and civilization of the world is well known; (see his *Lettres sur l'Atlantide de Platon*, &c.) and, according to Mohammedan writers, Oghuz, the eighth descendant of Türk, founded an extraordinary kingdom in the heart of Tatary. He extirpated idolatry and established a pure theism; was successful in defeating his father, who endeavored to capture him while hunting, and called the friends who came in to his assistance in that emergency, by the name of *Ouigour* or "auxiliaries." In the reign of the thirteenth descendant of the renowned Oghuz, this powerful kingdom was destroyed, and the remnant of its people were shut up for 450 years in a valley whither they had taken refuge; until, having again, during that period, become a powerful nation, they sallied forth, and entered anew upon a career of conquest. After this

period, the Chinese, Mohammedan, and Byzantine annalists substantially agree in their accounts of the Turks.

In the year 569, A.D., their Hhahn, (Khan,) Dizabul, received an embassy from Justin II., for an account of which, and the Roman envoy's astonishment at the grandeur of the Turkish encampment, we may refer to Gibbon, but more particularly to his authority, Menander.

It is not long before we find this kingdom divided, and the Oriental and Occidental Tatars constituting independent and hostile powers.

Of the language and literature of the Ouigours—says Davids—we have more traces than of any other ancient nations of Tatar; both Chinese and Mohammedan authorities concurring in representing them as a literary people, and possessing from an ancient period an alphabet which seems to be the original source of most of the alphabets of Tatar. M. Remusat's theory, that the Ouigour alphabet was derived from the Syriac, is entirely unsupported by Syriac or Chinese authorities; and it is highly improbable that the twenty-two letters of the Syrians should have become but fourteen in the hands of the Ouigours, which fourteen were subsequently augmented to sixteen. There is no trace of any influence of Syriac upon the Ouigour dialect; and it is most probable that the *Zend* and Ouigour characters had a common origin. This is a matter, however, of mere curiosity, although Davids has discussed it at length in a satisfactory manner; and we will add the following extract respecting the writing of the Mongols:

“Prior to the reign of Tchingis Khan, the Mongols had no letters; but that Prince after the conquest of the Ouigours, ordered them to teach the nobility and chiefs of his people their alphabetical characters; and from this we may date the adoption of the Ouigour alphabet by the Mongols and Mandshus, who finally made some additions and alterations, to suit the nature of their language.”

Very little has been preserved of the ancient literature of the Ouigours; the few manuscripts in that dialect found now in Europe, having been written subsequently to their adoption of the Mohammedan faith. The oldest extant manuscript is not of earlier date than the 10th century; although the Chinese annals leave no doubt of the existence of a very ancient Ouigour literature.

We pass over much well condensed matter in Davids' Essay, respecting the history of the Turkish tribes, and the

rise of the present dominant race of the Osmanlis; and present the following extract respecting the language.

"The language of the Turkish race, which is at present spread over so extensive a portion of the earth, is spoken by nations for the most part independent of each other, of very different grades in the scale of civilization, and whose relations with surrounding people have differed according to their relative positions. The Turkish language, acted upon by such varieties of situation, at present consists of ten divisions or dialects; the Ouigour, the Jaghataian, the Captchak, the Kirghis, the Turcoman, the Caucaso-Danubian, the Austro-Siberian, the Yakoute, the Tchouvache, and the Osmanli. These divisions of the Turkish language comprise all the dialects which at present are known to exist; and one or other of these is spoken by almost every nation between the Mediterranean and the frontier of China—between the utmost extremity of Siberia, and the borders of India." "In the widely-extended dominions of the Sultan, throughout the greater part of Tatary, and the extent of Siberia, the Turkish language in one or other of its dialectical variations, is the mother tongue of the inhabitants; and whether the relations of diplomacy, the transactions of commerce, or the inquiring eye of science prompt our intercourse with these countries, a valuable and almost indispensable requisite, is a knowledge of the Turkish language."

Again denying ourselves the pleasure of transferring much most valuable and rare information from Davids' pages, respecting the literature of the various dialects, we must add his record of a melancholy piece of vandalism, and then take up the dialect to which his grammar is devoted, the polished Osmanli, or the language of Constantinople, and of the superior classes of the inhabitants of Turkey.

"The power of the Princes of the House of Tchingia, enabled them at various periods to procure large collections of valuable manuscripts in the different Asiatic dialects; and the Kied or Monasteries of the Lamas, so numerous in Tatary, frequently became the depositories of these literary treasures. A prince named Ablai, who had amassed a vast quantity of Oriental Manuscripts, bestowed them on one of these monasteries, which was named from its founder, Ablai-yin-Kied. This monastery was situated a short distance from the Russian frontier, and was known to exist until a late period. The peaceful inhabitants were at length obliged to abandon their treasures; and the place was for some time deserted, until the barbarism of Russia effected its total destruction. M. Sokolof, a young naturalist, found the place in the possession of a squadron of Russian cavalry; and among the ruins he was only able to discover a few torn and scattered leaves, which, strewed along the damp ground, were half obliterated. Some of these fragments in Mongol, Tibetan, Sanscrit, and Ouigour—some printed, some written in letters of gold on a paper of blue ground—are still preserved in the cabinets of the

curious, and are the only relics of this valuable library, the latest that existed in Tatory, and perhaps the most magnificent."

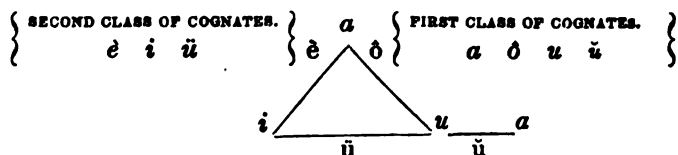
The present masters of Turkey neither denominate themselves Turks, nor their language Turkish. Turk, in their estimation, is the appellation of a barbarous tribe, and they glory in the epithet of Osmanlis, while they consequently term their tongue the Osmanli language. Before reverting to Davids' pages, we shall present some independent researches of our own respecting this beautiful and noble tongue, the philosophical simplicity of whose grammatical forms is perhaps unrivalled.

The entire inflection-system, of noun and verb, is regulated by a few euphonic principles as beautiful as they are natural. Once possessed of these, you have a key to the pronunciation of the whole language, and a certain guide to the forms of tenses and cases.

The entire euphonic-system, springs from a few elementary and natural principles based in the very nature of articulation, and hence all but axiomatic, which like a vital life pervade the whole language, and make it a compact organism. The origin of subordinate vowels has been admirably illustrated by Nordheimer in his incomparable Hebrew Grammar; a work which for philosophical structure will bear comparison with any other of the kind, and which in our judgment, as a grammar, is far superior to De Sacy's Arabic and Bopp's Sanscrit grammars, noble as they are. Taking Nordheimer's theory as the basis of our remarks, we will endeavor now to exhibit a development of the euphonic-system of the Turkish.

The fundamental vowels of all speech are the broad, clear, simple ones, formed by the widest and most simple opening and action of the organs of enunciation. Thus, the mere opening of the mouth, (which must be the first process in enunciation, naturally,) gives, when an articulate sound is emitted from the open organ, the vowel *a*, that is, the sound of *a* in *ah!* or *bar*. The next simplest modification of the organs of speech, to produce another articulate sound, when thus put in motion, is narrowing the opened mouth, so as to give it its greatest horizontal dilatation, when the sound *i* is emitted, i. e., like the Italian *i*, or *ee* in the English word *meet*: these simple vowel sounds being of course produced merely by emitting the breath audibly, without modifying it by the tongue. And the only remaining simple modifi-

cation of the mouth to produce a sound merely by emitting the voice audibly, is the still further change by which the lips are brought together by protruding them, so as to give the sound *u*, that is, the sound of the Italian *u*, of the French *ou*, or of the English *oo* in *moon*. From these three fundamental sounds, all the other vowels are derived. Thus, the sound evidently intermediate between *a* and *i* is *ê*: i. e., like the French *ê* in *frère*, or the English *a* in *mare*, or sharpened by accent, *é*, like the French *é* in *vérité*, or the *a* in *may*. The intermediate sound between *a* and *u* is *o*, i. e., like *o* in the English word *no*. The intermediate sound between *i* and *u* is *ü*, which, in Turkish, has a sound nearly resembling the French *u*, and sometimes, somewhat like the purely combined sound of *i* and *u*: that is, like the sound of the English word *yew*. There remains, then, in Turkish, the vowel sound *ü*, i. e., like *u* in the English words *tub*, *but*: which may be regarded as an intermediate sound between *u* and *a*. Thus it is seen that the intermediate or subordinate vowels are complex, arising from the combination of the three simple or fundamental vowels, and hence we may arrange a view of these sounds thus:



The vowels on the left side of the triangle are made by dilating the mouth horizontally; those on the right, by contracting it by protrusion, (horizontally); and the intermediate vowels by a less degree of dilation or contraction. *E* is formed by a less degree of contraction than *i*; *ô* by a less degree of contraction and protrusion than *u*; *ü* partakes of both the dilation which helps to form *i*, and the contraction by protrusion which helps to form *u*; and *ü* requires a less degree of perpendicular opening than *a*, while it evidently springs from the incipient formation of *u*.

This scheme enables us easily to classify the vowels: those formed by horizontal dilation belonging to the same category, or being cognate; and those formed by contraction being cognate. Hence, *ê*, *i*, *ü* are one class of cognates; *ô*, *u*, *ü* are another. *A* assimilates most with the latter

class : because it is closely connected to them by the very slight modification of the open mouth producing it, which is required to form *ü*.

Thus we have a regular gradation of vowels, commencing from the simplest and most open, according to the different degrees of modification of the mouth required for their enunciation.

In the sequence of vowels for the sake of euphony, the first and most obvious principle is, that like will be followed by like ; that a vowel will prefer to be followed first by the same vowel, and then by those nearest its own nature or formed by the least modification of the position of the mouth used for its own enunciation. Observation of this principle will show at once, that *a* will be followed naturally first by *a*, then by *ä*, as this vowel requires less modification than any other of the position of the mouth used in uttering *a* ; next, on the same principle, by *e*, and so on. In like manner *ü* will be followed by *a* in preference to another vowel, when not followed by *ü* itself.

It is thus easy to see, what will be the natural order of sequence ; and that vowels of the same class, or cognates, will follow each other, in preference to being followed by the vowels of another class.

The first natural train of sequence, then, according to these principles will be,

a followed 1st by *a*; 2d by *ä*; 3d by *e*; 4th by *ö*; 5th by *u*.
i " 1st by *i*; 2d by *e*; 3d by *ü*.
u " 1st by *u*; 2d by *ö*; 3d by *ä*; 4th by *a*.

Then of the intermediate vowels, the sequence will be,

e followed 1st by *e*; 2d by *i*; 3d by *ü*.
ü " 1st by *ü*; 2d by *i*; 3d by *e*.
ä " 1st by *ä*; 2d by *a*; 3d by *ö*; 4th by *u*.
ö " 1st by *ö*; 2d by *u*; 3d by *ä*; 4th by *a*.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that these euphonic principles do not regard the relation of independent words, (although there is something of the sort introduced into Turkish composition,) but the internal relation of vowels in the inflection of words.

We find that in Turkish inflection, the genius of the euphony of the language, gives the preference to the *second* sequent vowel, according to the preceding trains of se-

quence; i.e., *a* is followed generally by *ü*; *ô* by *u*; *ê* by *i*; although very often we find the most perfect analogy of euphony observed, by vowels being succeeded by the same vowel, as *a* by *a*; *i* by *i*; *u* by *u*; *ü* by *ü*; and rarely do we find the more remote sequences employed, as *a* followed by *ô*, or *ô* by *ü* or *a*; while the cases are still more rare, (and can be moreover explained,) in which the euphonic sequence being wholly disregarded, a vowel of one class of cognates is followed by a vowel of the other class.

To avoid hiatus in inflection, or in affixing a post-positive, one simple method uniformly prevails, viz: the insertion of *y*; which partaking of the nature of both vowel and consonant seems peculiarly appropriate for such a purpose.

From the character of the words composing the language, there is but one euphonic consonant-change to be noticed; viz: *k* in nouns and participles, [and in the word *yök*,] when preceded by *a*, *ô*, *u*, or *ü*, and followed in inflection by a vowel, is softened into *gh*, uttered as a soft palatal; and if in the same position it is preceded by *ê*, *i*, or *ü*, it is softened into *y*.

In applying this euphonic-system to inflection, it must only be borne in mind that the last vowel (in the nominative of nouns, or the verbal stem,) regulates the succeeding vowel according to the following table:

a is followed by *ü* [In some verbal forms *i* is followed by *ê*.]

<i>ê</i>	"	"	"	<i>i</i>	
<i>i</i>	"	"	"	<i>i</i>	- - - <i>ê</i>
<i>ô</i>	"	"	"	<i>u</i>	
<i>u</i>	"	"	"	<i>u</i>	
<i>ü</i>	"	"	"	<i>ü</i>	
<i>ü</i>	"	"	"	<i>ü</i>	

All now, which is necessary in order to decline every noun in the language, is to know the case characteristics, and the formation of the plural, which are both added to the nominative. Nothing can be simpler. The characteristic of the GENITIVE is *n*, (or if the Nominative end in a vowel, *n—n*.) with such vowel before the *n*, (or between the *ns*.) as the above table will determine.

The characteristic of the DATIVE is *a*, if the last vowel of the Nominative be one of the first class of cognates, [*a*, *ô*, *u*, *ü*.] And *y* is inserted before the characteristic, if the Nominative end in a vowel..

The characteristic of the ACCUSATIVE is merely such vowel added to the Nominative as the table will determine; and *y* inserted before it, if the Nominative ends in a vowel.

The characteristic of the ABLATIVE is *dan*, if the last vowel of the Nominative be of the first class of cognates; or *den*, if the vowel be of the second class.

The NOMINATIVE PLURAL is formed by adding *lar* to the nominative singular if its last vowel be of the first class of cognates; or *lër*, if that vowel be of the second class. And the other cases of the plural are formed from this nominative in *lar* or *lër*, precisely as the cases in the singular are formed from the Nominative singular.

A few examples may not be entirely superfluous. Take then, the noun *at*, (which signifies *horse*.) By comparing its inflection with the table given above, the rules just laid down respecting the formation of the cases will be clearly exemplified.

	SING.	PLUR.
<i>Nom.</i>	<i>At.</i>	<i>Atlar.</i>
<i>Gen.</i>	<i>Atün.</i>	<i>Atlarün.</i>
<i>Dat.</i>	<i>Ata.</i>	<i>Atlara.</i>
<i>Acc.</i>	<i>Atü.</i>	<i>Atlarü.</i>
<i>Abl.</i>	<i>Atdan.</i>	<i>Atlardan.</i>

Example of a noun whose nominative ends in a vowel;
Baba, Father.

	SING.	PLUR.
<i>Nom.</i>	<i>Baba.</i>	<i>Babalar.</i>
<i>Gen.</i>	<i>Babanün.</i>	<i>Babalarün.</i>
<i>Dat.</i>	<i>Babaya.</i>	<i>Babalara.</i>
<i>Acc.</i>	<i>Babayü.</i>	<i>Babalarü.</i>
<i>Abl.</i>	<i>Babadan.</i>	<i>Babalardan.</i>

Example of a noun whose last vowel is of the second class of cognates; *Gül, a Rose.*

	SING.	PLUR.
<i>Nom.</i>	<i>Gül.</i>	<i>Güllër.</i>
<i>Gen.</i>	<i>Gülün.</i>	<i>Güllërin.</i>
<i>Dat.</i>	<i>Gülè.</i>	<i>Güllèrè.</i>
<i>Acc.</i>	<i>Gülü.</i>	<i>Güllëri.</i>
<i>Abl.</i>	<i>Gülden.</i>	<i>Güllërdën.</i>

The characteristics of the possessive pronominal-suffixes

are attached to nouns upon the same principle of euphonic sequence laid down above. For example ; *m* is the characteristic of the first person singular, possessive. Hence to a noun whose last vowel is *a*, it will be affixed (see the foregoing table,) by *ū* ; thus *Kitab—book* ; *Kitabūm—my book*. And then the noun with the suffix thus attached, may be declined precisely as though that form was a primitive nominative ; but for the plural the suffix is added to the plural form of the simple noun, and then regularly declined.

It would require too extended a dissertation to show how these same euphonic rules pervade the whole language ; for to do so, it would be necessary to develop all of its grammatical forms. But we will proceed to notice the very curious mechanism of the verb, which constitutes one of the most singular beauties of the Osmanli tongue.

The infinitive characteristic of all verbs is *mak* or *mek*. If the last vowel of the verbal stem, (i. e., that part of the verb which precedes this termination,) belongs to the first class of cognates, then the infinitive characteristic is *mak* ; if that vowel belongs to the second class, then the infinitive is in *mek*.

This infinitive serves as the basis for the formation of passive, negative, impossible, causal or transitive, reciprocal, and reflexive voices ; which are constructed merely by the insertion of certain syllables before the characteristic of the infinitive ; the vowels of which syllables are determined by the last vowel of the verbal stem, according to the table already given. These different forms can also be combined, by inserting together the characteristics of different voices ; and hence by a very simple contrivance, an extraordinary degree of variety is obtained, and much circumlocution is obviated. We will illustrate this by an example ; premising that in the following forms, *mē* is the negative sign ; *ē**mē* the impossible ; *dir* the causal ; *il* the passive ; *in* the reflexive ; and *ish* the reciprocal.*

FORMATION OF THE VOICES OF THE VERB SEVMEK.

Sevmek,	To love.
Sevmemek,	Not to love.
Sevēmemek,	To be impossible to love.
Sevdirmek,	To cause, or make one love.
Sevdirmemek,	Not to make one love.
Sevdirēmemek,	To be impossible to make one love.
Sevilmek,	To be loved.

memek,	Not to be loved.
mèmek,	To be impossible to be loved.
irmek,	To cause one to be loved.
irmèmek,	Not to cause one to be loved.
irèmèmek,	To be impossible to cause one to be loved.
nek,	To love one's self; to rejoice.
nèmek,	Not to love one's self, &c.
mèmek,	To be impossible to love one's self, &c.
irmek,	To make one's self loved, &c.
irmèmek,	Not to make one's self loved, &c.
irèmèmek,	To be impossible to make one's self loved, &c.
nek,	To love each other.
nèmek,	Not to love each other.
mèmek,	To be impossible to love each other.
irmek,	To be mutually loved.
irmèmek,	Not to be mutually loved.
irèmèmek,	To be impossible to be mutually loved.
irmek,	To make one love another.
dirmek,	To cause to be mutually loved.
dirmèmek,	Not to cause to be mutually loved.
dirèmèmek,	To be impossible to cause to be mutually loved.
irmèmek,	Not to make one love another.
irèmèmek,	To be impossible to make one love another.

These voices may be regularly declined, moreover, in the various moods and tenses. The language is very rich in tense, participial and gerundine forms. I will give an example of these two latter classes of forms from the verb exhibited above.

<i>Infinitive,</i>	Sevmek,	To love,
<i>Verbal Participle,</i>	Sever,	Loving.
<i>Adjective Participle,</i>	Seven,	One loving.
<i>Gerundive, implying by force of,</i>	Sevèrèk,	By force of loving.
<i>Gerundive,</i>	Sevmè,	The loving, (or act of loving.) }
<i>Infinitive,</i>	Seviss,	Loving.
<i>Participle Declinable,</i>	Sevdik,	Had loved, (that which one had loved.) }
<i>Participle Absolute,</i>	Sevmish,	Have loved.
<i>Participle,</i>	Sèvèdjek,	Will love, (that which one will love.) }
<i>Gerundives, {</i>	Seviadjè,	Whilst, until, or in loving.
<i>Gerundives, {</i>	Sevdiktchè,	Whilst, or as often as loving.
<i>Gerundives, {</i>	Sevèli,	Since loving.

It may also be conjugated interrogatively, by the aid of the interrogative particle. The tenses are formed from the above participles by the help of the auxiliaries, whose vowels are regulated by the last vowel

of the verbal stem to be conjugated, according to the euphonic table we have so frequently alluded to. There are also two substantive verbs, (to be,) one of which stands as an auxiliary; the other expresses existence. And the whole system of tense-formation is simplified by considering the characteristics of the voices when inserted, as a component part of the verbal stem, and so proceeding to form the tenses as they would be formed from the simple root, after dropping the infinitive characteristic: viz, *mak* or *mek*.

By the insertion of the particle *yo* before the personal terminations in the present and imperfect indicative, the time may be defined as the present moment now passing, or fixed to a specific period of time passed. The compound tenses are exceedingly numerous and curious in their structure; and the Osmanli is distinguished by a peculiar set of tenses, which may be called dubitative, and which clearly define, without the necessity of circumlocution, the difference between positive, absolute knowledge on the part of the speaker, and mere belief, supposition, opinion or hearsay.

But, indeed, unless we gave an entire view of Turkish grammar, it would be impossible to explain the exceeding regularity of its formations, and the simplicity imparted to them by the universal prevalence of the euphonic system. As in nouns, so also in verbs, it enables one, with the knowledge of tense formation, or of one paradigm, to conjugate and decline every verb in the language. For example, knowing that the first present (indicative) is formed by the union of the present verbal participle with the present of the auxiliary substantive verb, and knowing that the characteristic of the first person singular of this latter, is *m*, we know from the euphonic table that the first person singular of the tense in question, of the verb *sevmek* must be *sevèrim*; of the verb *bakmak*, (present verbal participle *bakar*,) *bakarım*; and so on.

David's well remarks:

"The dialect of the Osmanlis is the most polished of all the Turkish idioms—rich, dignified and melodious; in delicacy and nicety of expression, it is not, perhaps, surpassed by any language, and in grandeur, beauty and elegance it is almost unequalled. The perfection and regularity of its derivation, and the facility with which it may be performed, render it extremely [well] adapted for colloquial purposes. The addition of a letter or syllable makes the verb passive, negative, impossible, &c., &c." "The derivation of the other parts of speech is not less regular: agents, nouns of action, local-

ity, possession, gentile or patril names, adjectives, and adverbs, are equally formed by the addition of a particle to the primitive noun or verb." "In following the natural division of gender, the Osmanli has obviated that difficulty which the French and many other languages present to a foreigner, by the employment of arbitrary genders: and the agreement of the adjectives with either masculine, feminine, or neuter nouns, without undergoing any change, greatly simplifies and facilitates the construction of sentences." "But the most singular feature in the Osmanli, as in all other Turkish dialects, is the inversion of phraseology which pervades the language; the sense of a passage, suspended throughout by the employment of the numerous participles, is determined by the verb which concludes the sentence; the prepositions are subjoined, instead of prefixed; and in construction, the governed precedes the governing. These peculiarities give a gravity and picturesque effect to the periods of a Turkish composition, which add greatly to the dignity and expression of the language."

The Turkish is so greatly enriched by the adoption of Arabic and Persian words, and even phrases and idioms, that without a considerable knowledge of these tongues, one can scarcely be considered as well acquainted with the Osmanli dialect. A learned Osmanli, or a diplomatic functionary, would speak a style of Turkish almost unintelligible to one who was merely acquainted with the ordinary colloquial dialect; and to such an one Turkish books and documents are a sealed letter. Indeed, it is quite an art to read even the *hand* in which Turkish documents are ordinarily written; as any one may easily conceive, who will compare with the fairly printed character of an Arabic book executed in Europe, the written character of a Firman, which any one who has travelled in the East can furnish.

Many Greek, Italian, and other European words have become incorporated into modern Turkish, and there are not wanting traces in the language of its original neighborhood to the Chinese. Sir William Jones' well known summary of the relative qualities of Persian, Arabic and Turkish, deserves to be borne in mind. He says: "*suavitatem Persica, ubertatem ac vim Arabica, mirificam habet Turcica dignitatem: prima allicit atque oblectat; altera sublimiùs vehitur, et fertur quodammodo incitatiùs; tertià elata est sanè, sed non sine aliquà elegantia et pulchritudine. Ad lusus igitur et amores sermo Persicus, ad poemata et eloquentiam Arabicus, ad moralia scripta Turcicus videtur idoneus.*"

Many of the Turkish sovereigns have been liberal patrons of literature; and Constantinople abounds with colleges and libraries, which owe their foundation to royal munificence. Two universities, one consisting of six, the other of sixteen colleges, owe their existence to the conqueror of Constantinople; who, learned himself in the languages of Asia and Europe, encouraged the scholars and artists of Italy, no less than the poets and liberati of Persia and Arabia. The present Sultan Abdool Mèdjid, fosters a Medical College founded by his remarkable father; has established on a magnificent scale, a Polytechnic school; and has already laid the foundation of a grand University upon the plan of those of Europe. These institutions are open to all classes of his subjects, Christian as well as Mussulman; and he deserves the highest encomiums for his noble efforts on behalf of education, and of the most perfect religious toleration. Last year he promoted a young officer in the army for a treatise on Arabic grammar; and appointed a commission to prepare a standard grammar and lexicon of the Turkish. Among all his subjects, the Armenians are doing most for the promotion of education; and this interesting and intelligent people, with their strange language, might have formed the subject of another article in this Review, if we could have summoned courage to treat a subject which ever reminds us of the sudden and most bitter disappointment of the longest and dearest cherished hopes. Ah! happy are ye, who know not the full meaning of that "*res augusta domi*," which with a more potent decree than the prohibition of the Inquisition, checks your researches, closes your books, and sternly calls you from pursuits, to which the intuitive voice of taste, habit and ability would urge you on! With no fostering Mécénas to rejoice in the progress of literature no less than in the scholar's gratitude, we must resolutely close our scanty modicum of Eastern books; sigh farewell to the beautiful "city of the Sultans," where alone our plans commenced, could hope to mature; and having seen our hopes just bud, must let all wither and die, which can only bloom and ripen in Eastern climes; and losing the vain labors cut short too soon, must turn to other departments, for which we are unfitted by the past, and in which we have little hope for the future, and leave to happier hands the work for which perchance we might after all have proved inade-

quate. How many streams of noble munificence flow with rich benefits to commerce, to physical improvements, to long established institutions; but bear not on the poor and panting scholar, to lands where he may reap exhaustless treasures, nor roll him back to his own, where he may dispense and employ his garnered-up harvest! The mere overflowing drops of those swelling streams, unreckoned, unnoticed in their abundant course, would fill his heart with gladness, as they made possible the accomplishment of now hopeless plans, and placed within his reach, sources of learning, which now he must behold from afar with a despairing sigh; but none gather those drops into the humble rill which, led beneath the scholar's bark, would more than suffice to float him to his yearned-for haven. But he has rewards, consolations, silent and solitary though they be, which afford the prouder enjoyment, because they are independent of fostering care or worldly recompense. It is only when he must quell his aspirations, abandon his pursuits, and bid farewell to his destroyed hopes and plans of study and usefulness; only when the preparation of his fairest years is destroyed,—a preparation all lost, for it has not fitted him for the new course upon which he is driven, that, mourning over those broken hopes and aspirations, there will be wrung from him an echo to the sentiment of the Arab poet—"what sepulchre shall they possess but this breast!" How many are there, whose hopes and aspirations lie thus entombed in their bosoms, sighing in vain for the fostering hand which will give them life and realization! Oh! is there no orator, no sage, no bard to incite us with trumpet tongue, and arouse us to emulate in the encouragement of literature and art, many of those governments of Europe, which we more than emulate in all else that is noble? When shall *we* send forth the young and ardent, merely because they are prepared to profit by our munificence, that they may ripen their scholarship and enlarge their learning in other lands, and return to honor our generosity in our literary institutions?

Deem not that we have forgotten, or are carried away from our subject; the Sultan of Turkey surpasses us in this; he rewards the man of letters; he sends scores of young men to England and France, to profit by all which those countries can afford; and he creates professorships, and sends forth men to qualify themselves in Europe for the discharge of the functions pertaining to those chairs.

If something of the kind has been done by the munificence of some private individuals or of some institutions in the Northern States; how wide is the field—how loud is the call for similar encouragement at the South! Why should not our institutions of learning be filled by our own men? And why should we not, like the Turkish Sultan, prepare men for every department which those institutions require?

We have heard of no Southern institution in which there exists a chair of literature, from which might proceed a guidance or direction to the literary researches of the student; furnishing a course of instruction which would give a systematic outline of literary history, and would bring before the student the chief works worthy of his attention in various departments, furnishing him with the researches of the professor in a field which none could but partially explore, as well as with principles and facts which might not only guide, but suggest new trains of future investigation.

It is evident at a glance, how wide a range of the most important and interesting topics such a course would embrace, and what ample scope it would afford for instruction of the most useful and philosophical character. Suppose, for example, that the professor should give notice of a lecture, or series of lectures upon some particular production of genius. Let us say, upon one of the Grecian Dramas. He would here have an opportunity of giving a sketch of Grecian Drama, of the historical and political condition of Greece, as connected with the age of the production in question, and of a philosophical view of those circumstances in the political and religious institutions of Greece, which conduced to the development of national genius, and to the peculiar forms in which it was manifested; besides delivering important principles of what may be designated by the comprehensive title of *Æsthetics*. Or should his subject be the grand Epic of the Shah-Namêh, or one of the magnificent episodes of the Mahabharatah, it is easy to perceive how much valuable and interesting information might be imparted with regard to Persia and India. Nor is it necessary for us to suggest the advantages which might accrue from these lectures being made, from time to time, public to all of the community who might choose to hear them.

According to our conception of what such a professorial

chair should embrace, it would be necessary that its occupant should be qualified not only to explore the literature of the classical and chief modern tongues of Europe; but also of the Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Armenian, and if possible also of the Sanscrit languages. The patronage of a government, or even of a few wealthy individuals, could enable one already partially prepared, to complete his preparation and to collect materials in the shape of books and manuscripts, for such a chair, by a few years residence in Europe, and especially in the East; when we might not only expect the return of such patronage in the fruits of the lecture-room, but also in the production from time to time, of such works as might enrich and reflect enduring credit upon our national literature.

We might indefinitely extend this article, were we to enter upon an account of Turkish literature; but we must content ourselves with remarking that they have not been unmindful of the literature of the West. A Turkish version of Plutarch's Lives was made by command of Mohammed II. In the reign of Soliman I, the Commentaries of Cæsar were translated; Aristotle and Euclid assumed a Turkish garb; and Mustafa III, caused to be translated "the Prince" of Machiavel, not omitting to annex the "Anti-Machiavel" of the King of Prussia.

Krusinski's Journal, the works of Boerhave, Sydenham, Bonnycastle, Vauban, Lafitte, Truguet, Laland, some unpublished manuscripts of Cassini, and numerous other works of western Writers have been translated; and many of them have been published by the Imperial Press. At the present moment, a commission is engaged in translating and adapting to the Turkish Empire, the celebrated Commercial Code of France, which has been adopted by so many of the European States.

The historical writers are frequently remarkable for the elegance of their style, and the justice and freedom of their reflections. We will present the reader with Davids' excellent version of a very curious passage from the prince of Turkish historians, Saad-ed-din, the historiographer of Murad III. It is an account of the siege of Constantinople, taken from the *Tadj al Tavarikh*, or "Diadem of History."

"The besiegers and besieged pursued their labors: they were under arms from break of day until the sun, the golden-winged bird

of heaven, ceased to be visible in the horizon. At length the Moslems placed their cannon, of which we before spoke, in an effectual position, and threw up their entrenchments. It was to the Arabs and Janissaries that the Sultan confided this work. The gates and ramparts of Constantinople soon became like the heart of an unfortunate lover—they were pierced in a thousand places. The flames which issued from the mouths of these instruments of warfare, of brazen bodies and fiery jaws, cast grief and dismay among the miscreants. The smoke which spread itself in the air and ascended towards the heavens, rendered the brightness of day sombre as night, and the face of the world soon became as dark as the black fortune of the unhappy infidels. In liberating the arrows like ambassadors from the bows, the enemies, without guardian angels, were made to hear the information conveyed by the sentence of the Koran—‘whosoever ye be, death will overtake you.’ The balistas incessantly projected stones towards the rash defenders of the towers and walls, who experienced the effect of the menaces of the Holy Book—‘you shall beat them with stones, which contain the sentence of those they reach.’ They were sent to the profundity of hell, to confirm the decree of the Judge of the Tribunal of Fate. Nevertheless, the bullets of stone from the artillery of the infidels overturned the bulwarks of the existence of numerous Moslems, and the field of battle was filled with martyrs. Two great vessels, whose elevated masts towered toward the heavens, came on the part of the Franks, full of artifice and worthy of hell-fire, to bring succor to the Greeks. The miscreants who were on board these vessels threw themselves into the place, and strove to fill up the gaps and breaches with which the fortifications were covered, and to repulse the warriors of the faith. The besieged, confident in this passing success, like a tortoise who quits his shell, showed their heads beyond the ramparts, applying themselves to vociferating reproaches on the Moslems. It was then that those among the chiefs of the empire who agreed with Khalil Pasha, sought to persuade the victorious monarch of the impossibility of gaining Constantinople, and the necessity of making peace and departing; but this hero, who had a natural aversion to timid and indiscreet counsels, disdained the perfidious advice of these men, who taught evil. With firm foot in the place of combat, the Moslems, according to the advice of the faithful ulemas and sheiks, continued to precipitate into the pit of death, great numbers of the rebels against heaven, who defended the place. The Doctor Ahmed Kurani, the Sheik Ak Shems-ed-din, and the Vizir Zaglus Pasha, who partook of the sentiments of the Sultan opposed peace and conciliatory measures, saying, that to withdraw their hand from the lapet of the robe of victory would not be fulfilling the resolutions they had made, and, relating to the troops the promise of the prophet—‘Greece shall be conquered’—pointed out to them how necessary it was to use all their efforts to verify his sentence—‘the greatest combat is that which will take place at the siege of Constantinople’—and the Moslems, prepared to abandon life in the sight of religion, night and day illumined the field of battle with the lightning of their swords; yet the Beauty, enchantress of victory, did not display her radiant countenance. The prudent monarch assembled the chief of

his warriors, and thus addressed them: 'This side of the place is rendered impregnable by the depth of the fosse, strengthened by every possible means of defence: we cannot, without excessive loss, cross this fosse, and the courier of thoughts cannot even surmount the solid ramparts beyond. The walls encircle the city on three sides: if we only attack it at a single point, we shall have great difficulty in conquering; besides, victory would cause the destruction of a great part of our people: we must, therefore, find some means of attacking the place, by sea.'

"An immense chain was extended across the strait which separated Constantinople from Galata, which rendered the passage of vessels through it impossible. To find an expedient against this, the chiefs in vain made the coursers of thought traverse the desert of reflection, till, at length, the conquering king of the world conceived the design of drawing the vessels of the Moslems from the fortress which had been built, and to bring them as far as the port behind Galata. Although the execution of this project must be put among the number of things almost too difficult to be accomplished, yet, by divine assistance, it was performed with ease. By the surprising skill of their best mechanics, the Moslems were enabled to draw their vessels, large as mountains, out of the sea upon the land; and having rubbed their keels with grease, they made them glide along the earth, through hill and vale, and launched them on the waves which bathed the ramparts of the city. They afterwards set up a bridge upon these vessels and formed intrenchments on them.

"The priests had been incessant in their endeavors to sustain the courage of the besieged, at the same time that they consoled them. 'The taking of Constantinople is impossible,' said they, 'for the astrological predictions of our books show that our city can never be conquered, except when a king shall make his vessels traverse the land, with sails displayed.' But when this wonder was presented to their eyes, they knew that their ruin was accomplished: the words expired in their mouths, and the fire of despair gnawed their hearts. The unclean emperor, having learned that the fortifications which were on the side of the sea were also attacked, was nigh losing his reason: nevertheless, he reinforced the guard who held that place, and applied himself to repair the walls, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; but the Grecian soldiers not being sufficient for this purpose, he ordered the Frankish army to repair the ramparts situated to the south of the Adrianople gate. The principal Greeks were indignant that the guarding of this place had not been confided to them, who had the greatest interest in defending it, and that it should be left to strangers. Thus discord insinuated itself among the besieged, which occasioned wrong orders to be given for the direction of the troops of error. The Osmanlis were not long in perceiving this, and, regarding their lives as merchandize of a vile price, mounted to the assault with intrepidity, by the breaches which were to the south of the Adrianople gate. They got beyond the ramparts, when the advance-guard of darkness appeared from the western horizon; and soon the stars of night were witnesses of the superiority of the brave Moslems. On this, the just and valiant monarch commanded his victorious army to put lanterns or lighted

tapers on the heads of pikes and lances, and until the planet of the fourth heaven should cast his rays upon the earth, to continue the combat, in order to give no repose to the despicable infidels, nor to allow them time to repair their breaches. According to the imperial command, the light of the flambeaux and lamps illumined the front of the city and its environs, which became like a plain covered with roses and tulips. The Moslems, in this night, united the double merit of combat and prayer. With the blood of the martyr they purified the stain of their sins. Soon the sun shone forth from the western darkness, and, having put to flight the legions of stars by the arrows and darts of his rays, the crafty general of the Franks mounted the ramparts, in order to repulse the cohorts of the faith. At this moment a young Moslem, taking the cord of firm resolution, threw himself like a spider upon the walls, and having vigorously employed his sword, like the crescent moon, at one blow sent forth the soul of the infidel from his body, like an owl taking flight from its impure nest. On beholding this the Franks hurried themselves into the road of flight, and, like an impetuous torrent, they hastened towards the sea to regain their ships. It was then that the Moslems, binding around them the girdle of ardor, and like the lion in pursuit of his prey, disregarding the rain of arrows, stones, bullets and shots continually pouring on them, crowded towards the breaches, assured that they were the gates of victory. 'The dust of the combat was raised even to the skies, and, covered the vault of heaven as a veil.' The swords reposed not an instant; the darts and arrows incessantly pierced the breasts of the rebel troop. The Ottomans soon raised the standard of victory on the walls of Constantinople, and proclaimed with the free tongues of their swords, the Surats of 'Triumph' and of 'the Ramparts.*' The defence of the place slackened, and the good news expressed in the words of the Koran—'Verily our army shall obtain victory!'—gave confidence to the Mussulman troops, and filled them with holy enthusiasm. The Greek emperor, however, surrounded by his bravest soldiers, was in his palace, situate to the north of the Adrianople gate; he sought to defend the avenues against the Moslems warriors, when suddenly he learned that those who raised the excellent standard of the holy word had gained the interior of his palace. He knew then that his good fortune was reversed; grief overcame him and he hastened to fly from his habitation. While regretting his unhappy fate, this man, whose abode was soon to be the shades, exclaimed, 'Where is a place of refuge?' [Koran, Surat 75.] He discovered a few of the faithful, who, full of confidence, were occupied in pillage. At this, the fire of hate filled his dark soul, and, rushing upon these unsuspecting Moslems, his scythe-like sword gathered the harvest of their lives. One poor soldier of this band, who was only wounded, bathed in the blood which poured from his wounds, and full of anguish, awaited the approach of death. The Greek monarch, beholding this miserable man, raised his sword to take his last breath. In this moment of despair, the wretched man, aided by the divine assistance, dragged this ene-

* Koran, Surats 48 and 85. In Sale's Translation of the Koran, the titles of these Surats are "the Victory," and "the Celestial Signs."

my of the faith from his saddle adorned with gold, and cast him on the dark earth, making his warlike scimeter descend upon his head. This exploit, which solaced the sufferings of the good Moslem, caused those who followed the emperor to fly. With death alone before their eyes, they fled far from the place of conflict; not one remained in the field; none dared put hand to sword.

"In the mean time, the Moslems opened the gates of the city, and the troops, the asylum of victory, who were without, began to enter with the puissant monarch. With his permission, the fortunate troops pillaged the city three days and three nights, feeding the eye of their hopes with the sight of the Grecian beauties. That metal which is a source of misfortune to fools, which gives reputation and pre-eminence to men unknown in the world, was the portion of those who exchanged the wares of this life for the capital of eternal existence. The third day, the heralds of the sublime court made known the will of Mohammed, absolute as destiny: this was, 'That the soldiers should cease from pillage, remaining peaceful, and doing no more injury to any one.' This august command having been executed, the swords were consigned to their sheaths, and the bows to the corner of rest. By the care of the fortunate monarch, the dust of combat was allayed, the sword of war suspended; the arrows were thrown aside, and the bows were broken. By his noble efforts, the profession of the Mussulman faith and the five-times-repeated cry of the religion of the prophet were heard, instead of the detestable sound of the bells. The churches of Constantinople were despoiled of the vile idols which defiled them; they were cleansed from the abominable impurities of the Christian ceremonies. The ancient customs were entirely changed; many temples and chapels of the faithful, by the placing of the mihrab and the pulpit of the faithful, rivalled the sublime Paradise. The luminous rays of Islam dispelled the dark shadows of wickedness."

What a quaint commingling of metaphor and simplicity! The real, old-fashioned, bigoted mussulman displays, without reserve, his hearty and honest hatred of the infidels; but he does not conceal that their city was well defended, hardly won, and given up to the horrors of a three days sack.

There is a story so perfectly oriental in its features, and so appropriate here, as illustrating the eastern estimate of the character of the conqueror of Constantinople, that we will extract it in the language of Davids' tolerably accurate version.

"Mohammed II, being like Jem, a very passionate monarch, severely rebuked his architect for not having built his mosque of the same height as Aya Sophia; and for having cut down the columns, which were each worth the whole tribute of Rûm (Asia Minor.) The architect excused himself by saying that he had reduced the two columns three cubits each in order to give his building more

solidity and strength, against the earthquakes so common in Islam-bol; and had thus made the mosque lower than Aya Sophia. The Emperor not satisfied with this excuse, ordered the architect's hands to be cut off; which was done accordingly. On the following day, the architect appeared with his family before the tribunal of the Kadi, styled Islambol Mòullasu, to lay his complaint against the Emperor, and appeal to the sentence of the law. The Judge immediately sent his officer to cite the Emperor to appear in court. The conqueror on receiving this summons, said—'The command of the prophet's law must be obeyed!' and putting on his mantle, and thrusting a mace into his belt, went into the court of law. After having given the *Salam alèicum*, he was about to seat himself in the highest place, when the Kadi said—'Sit not down, O! Prince! but stand on thy feet together with thine adversary, who has made an appeal to the law.' The architect then made his complaint: 'My lord, I am a perfect master-builder and a skilful mathematician; but this man, because I made his mosque low and cut down two of his columns, has cut off my two hands; which has ruined me, and deprived me of the means of supporting my family; it is thy part to pronounce the sentence of the noble law.' The Judge upon this, thus addressed the Emperor: 'What sayest thou, Prince! Have you caused this man's hands to be cut off innocently?' The Emperor immediately replied—'By heaven, my lord! this man lowered my mosque; and for having reduced two columns of mine, each worth the produce of Misr (Egypt,) thus robbing my mosque of all renown by making it so low, I did cut off his hands; it is for thee to pronounce the sentence of the noble law.' The Kadi answered—'Prince, renown is a misfortune! If a mosque be upon a plain, and low and open, worship in it is not thereby prevented. If each column had been a precious stone its value would have been only that of a stone; but the hands of this man, which have enabled him for these forty years to subsist by his skilful workmanship, you have illegally cut off. He can henceforth do no more than attend to his domestic affairs. The maintenance of him and his numerous family necessarily, by law, falls upon thee. What sayest thou Prince?' Sultan Mohammed answered—'Thou must pronounce the sentence of the law!' 'This is the legal sentence'—replied the Kadi—'if the architect requires the law to be strictly enforced, your hands must be cut off; for if a man do an illegal act which the noble law doth not allow, that law decrees that he shall be requited according to his deeds.' The Sultan then offered to grant him a pension from the public treasury of the Mussulmans. 'No!' replied the Mollah—'it is not lawful to take this from the public treasury; the offence was yours; my sentence therefore is, that from your own private purse you allow this maimed man ten akhtchès a day.' 'It is well!' said the conqueror—'let it be twenty akhtchès a day; but let the cutting off of his hands be legalized.' The architect in the contentment of his heart exclaimed—'Be it accounted lawful in this world and the next!' and having received a patent for his pension, withdrew. Sultan Mohammed also received a certificate of his entire acquittal. The Kadi then apologized for having treated him as an ordinary suitor; pleading the impartiality of law, which requires justice to be

administered to all without distinction ; and entreating the Emperor to seat himself on the sacred carpet. 'Effendi,' said Sultan Mohammed angrily, 'if thou hadst shown favor to me, saying to thyself—'This is the Sultan'—and hadst wronged the architect, I would have broken thee in pieces with this mace ; at the same time drawing it out from under the skirt of his robe. 'And if thou, Prince,' said the Kadi, 'hadst refused to obey the legal sentence pronounced by me, thou wouldst have fallen a victim to divine vengeance ; for I should have delivered thee up, to be destroyed by the dragon beneath this carpet.' On saying which, he lifted up his carpet, and an enormous dragon put forth its head, vomiting fire from its mouth : 'Be still !' said the Kadi, and again laid the carpet smooth ; on which the Sultan kissed his noble hands, wished him good day, and returned to his palace."

We might almost suppose this a story from the Arabian Nights, about the munificent and just Haroun. We fear greatly, however, that the majesty of the law, does not present so imposing an aspect in the Turkish Courts of the present day. Bribery, and the employment of professional false-witnesses, have not yet disappeared before the honest policy of the present Prime Minister ; and in the petty courts, instead of beholding the administrator and guardian of the law, displaying with solemn dignity a fiery dragon, as the dread minister of justice ; one would be ten-fold more likely to find the old Kadi munching a head of cabbage. No doubt, in time, there will be great improvements in the department of administrative justice, as there have been in various other departments ; but we must remember that the present enlightened and reforming government has great obstacles with which to contend, and numerous affairs pressing upon its attention. Mohammedanism, however, constitutes the nationality, the *state-life*, so to speak, of Turkey ; and every one feels and admits that the vitality of Mohammedanism is dying out. Thus Turkey occupies the singular and anomalous position, of being necessitated to decay, by whatever line of policy she may pursue ; for if she endeavors to be stationary and to maintain the old, fixed Mohammedan policy, she must go down by the ever-increasing pressure of Western conflicting civilization ; and on the other hand, every reform which tends to raise her in the scale of civilization and enlightenment, is a fatal inroad upon that Moslemism which alone constitutes her national integrity. Even now her national existence, as a member of the commonwealth of nations, is based in the support and forbearance of the great European Powers. The end

must come,—it requires no prophetic eye of extraordinary penetration to see it,—dismemberment, partition. Meantime, we heartily honor the sovereign, who struggling through every difficulty for reform, toleration, enlightenment, improvement,—may perhaps render his country a noble victim at the last.

And now, farewell, lands of eastern lore ; farewell ye distant and kindly remembered teachers ; farewell strange and beautiful tongues,—disappointed plans and futile hopes ! Stern necessity drives us to other labors ; and perhaps the poor and scanty gleanings of abandoned pursuits, may still cast some occasional, cheering rays upon our weary path, even while they must ever sadly remind us of years which cannot be renewed, and of acquisitions which unpursued, must ever become fainter and fainter ; as the last beautiful tints of sun-light pursue the man, who is destined to descend and labor out life in the gloomy mine,—haunting him with remembered gleams of that glorious world, upon which he must never gaze again, and whose very aspect of beauty will become obliterated from his memory, amidst the long years of his cheerless tasks.

J. W. M.

Ed. J. Pringle, Esq.

ART. III.—*The Miscellaneous Works of Henry McKenzie, Esq., comprising a Memoir of the Author by Sir Walter Scott—the Man of Feeling—Papers from the Lounger—the Man of the World—Julia de Roubigne—Papers from the Mirror.* New-York : Harper & Brothers. 1847.

THE mere re-print of writings that have so much faded out of popularity, as those of McKenzie, may seem but a feeble excuse for making them the subject of criticism ; and it would be admitted to be so, if we did not consider them deserving of a better fate than they have met, and a higher place, at least a more vivid remembrance, in popular literature, than they have received. The reputation of the author is almost exclusively European, and we desire to invite attention to him, because we believe that his works might with great advantage supplant others, having a more extended cir-

culatation here. We will enter immediately upon the subject, by giving an extract, illustrating the style and sentiment peculiar to the author. Let it be borne in mind that it is taken from the middle of one of his novels, and contains the advice given to a son and daughter, preparatory to their entrance upon life.

"You are now leaving us, my son," said Annesly, "to make your entrance into the world; for though, from the pale of a college, the bustle of ambition, the plodding of business and the tinsel of gaiety, are supposed to be excluded; yet as it is the place where the persons that are to perform in those several characters, often put on the dresses of each, there will not be wanting, even there, those qualities that distinguish in all. I will not shock your imagination, with the picture which some men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world; nor warn you against enormities, into which, I should equally affront your understanding and your feelings, did I suppose you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that suspicious caution, which young men are sometimes advised to put on; they who always suspect will often be mistaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide distinction between the confidence which becomes a man, and the simplicity that disgraces a fool; he who never trusts, is a niggard of his soul, who starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives every one his confidence, and every one his praise, squanders the fund that should serve for the encouragement of integrity, and the reward of excellence.

"In the circles of the world, your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not useful; and your attachment won to characters whose surfaces are showy, without intrinsic value. In such circumstances, be careful not always to impute knowledge to the appearance of acuteness, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be mistaken for the force of argument. Nothing is so easy as to excite a laugh, at that time of life, when seriousness is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it; and no wit so futile or so dangerous, as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itself momentous. There are in most societies, a set of self-important young men, who borrow consequence from singularity, and take precedence in wisdom from the unfeeling use of the ludicrous; this is at best a shallow quality; in objects of eternal moment, it is poisonous to society. I will not now, nor could you then, stand forth armed at all points to repel the attacks which they may make on the great principles of your belief; but let one suggestion suffice, exclusive of all internal evidence, or intrinsic proof of revelation. He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of your future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity;—let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose;—would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? would he wrest its crutch from the

hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of that better country to which we trust it will lead; tell us not that it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue."

Now, can he who wrote that, ever prostitute his pen, for reputation or for lucre, to pander to a sickly taste, in the train of which follow pestilence and guilt; or can the heart of him who reads be turned to any thing but good,—springing up those states of mind that ward off all thoughts of ill,—those trains of feeling which drive off guilt, like goblins damned, at dawn of day, and making the heart swell with those softer sympathies, which ensure continual purity, nerve the soul for moments of over-powering temptation, when interested sophistry knowing her easiest entrance, can persuade by arguments which cooler reason would have spurned. The sway for happiness or for misery, our reading exercises, will teach us to select those works which produce a state most conducive to eliminate the healthful and smother the hostile. The early age, the soft infantile form, pliant to the plastic force of all external causes, equally passive whether it be shaped by physical or moral impress, yields us up to be prepared for manhood and the contest of the rough uncaring world, making the obligation religiously binding, imploring by all the sacred prevalence of prayer that such creatures be stamped aright, and nerved by the training to pass through unscathed. The young associate—the companions of early age—the conversation of superiors—even the mother's voice, does not more powerfully leave its impress, nor exercise more tremendous energy, for weal or for foe, than the childhood's tale, which made the young heart gush for very weakness, and the remembrance of which never grows dim.* "In the morn and liquid dew of youth, contagious blastments are most immi-

* Tupper has these lines :

"For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy :
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come.
Even so mayest thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of
evil,

ment." Parents cannot too studiously look to this element in securing their offspring's happiness. Youths, as all powerful society informs us, sin does not so irremediably contaminate; the winds of heaven can scarce visit them too roughly; for, their destiny demands that they go out to assume onerous duty, which is their share. But, "frailty! thy name is woman;" she must be housed in a literary seaglio with more than Eastern watchfulness; let every thing be abhorred that tends to relax the reins of the most scrupulous care; for among these, the perusal of certain works is peculiarly injurious. To them, novels furnish "something to relieve in the killing langour and over-labored lassitude of those who have nothing to do; something to excite an appetite to existence in the pallid satiety,"* which grows by what it feeds on. They are devoured, because they supply excitement, feeding that morbid state which imagination genders; and more than that, they speak to a feeling predominant in human nature—omnipotent love!

* * * "The secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul are bound."

Telling of sentimental damsels and gallant youths,

"How she blushed and how she sigh'd,
And half consenting—half denied."

Or,

"Charged with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive."

Having such for their foundation, these will endure—from the *Cento Novelle Antiche* and the *Hecatomythi* of *Geraldi*,† to the one thousand and one of *J. P. R. James*; from the *Husband of Clitemnestra* and the *Daughter of*

For disposition is builded up by the fashionings of first impressions: Wherefore, though the voice of instruction waiteth for the ear of reason, Yet with his mother's milk, the young child drinketh education."

Prov. Philosophy.

* Burke.

† These are known as the first modern novels, 1350. To which *Boccacio* is said to have been indebted for the materials of his *Decameron*; so the "*Sophonisba*" of *Trissino*, was the first modern tragedy in the Italian language, and *Jacopo Nardi*, the author of the first *versi sciolti* or blank verse.

Leda, to the Rinaldo and Armida of the Jerusalem Delivered; from the Olympia of the Orlando Furioso, to the Alice of Bulwer; all derive their charm from the same principle, and will have consumers. This then, being one of the immutables, let us select such as unite these elements of interest and pleasure, using them but to point the moral and influence the action. Such are McKenzie's, and such are not Bulwer's.* Here we see vice absolutely clothed in attractive garb, weakening the foundations of society, corrupting the fountain heads from which spring morality and order, condemning the labors of a Grotius and a Puffendorf, with not one sacrifice for the good of the whole, or to appease the manes of dead Barbeyrac; guilt prospers; honest virtue is despised; and the hero with no limitation to his every desire, by the early prophesied catastrophe, is lapped in Elysium! Take Paul Clifford, the accomplished rascal—Night and Morning, with Arthur fated to be happy—Maltravers, distilling poison from his triumphant sin,—Sybil Warner, we believe, forming the single exception. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer and the novelists generally, have done more imperceptibly-working harm than the majority of "articulate sounding men;"† one too, silently, but continually increasing, and never to be eradicated. For this, it is scarcely a mitigation that no actual wrong is intended; that it is merely to administer to pleasure, and that such condemnation arises from asceticism. They use no better reasoning than Pomponazo, who, endeavoring to apoligize to the Pope for his heretical works, declared that he wrote only as a philosopher, but submitted to the Church. Apollo is introduced by Boccacini, as declaring, that he should stand excuplated as a man, but burned as a philosopher; upon the same grounds they should be excused and censured. Bishop Butler, in his argument from "Passive impressions and active habits," Stewart, Abercrombie, and Dr. Johnson,‡ equally agree in reproving this interminable poring over productions, that feed the propensity to air-castling, and for the mere imaginary performance of actions.

* Ab uno, &c., we take him as the type.

† γένος μέγιστον ἀνθρώπων. Rather more elegant than Aristotle's definition: "implume bipes latis unguibus."

‡ "Analogy," p. 268. Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy," vol. i. 437. "Philosophy of Intellectual Powers," p. 142, and Johnson's *Raselas*.

the Prophet of the North, the 'Great Unknown,' averts all effects that might arise from his tales of fiction, by facts, the information, the eloquence of style and thought, beauties ever attending; his, are history ornamented, statistics made palatable, skeletons decked up with creature art to represent ideal beauty, just enough of the art to decorate and demand attention—from which we are eased and instructed, and so he carries compensation home. McKenzie bears no resemblance to Scott, but attains the same result by diverse means. We do not know from the whole course of his works, he mentions one curious fact, one that you can set down as addition to the store of knowledge; they are not in the strictest sense novels, but didactic tales; his province is to moral-ize; he avails himself of all the aids to be derived from the afore-mentioned predilection for scenes involving extraordinary circumstances, sympathetic to every heart, but he uses merely to point the steps by which one, un-der, fell, and left her last legacy, her example.*

McKenzie is of the school of Richardson, of Lewis, and of older Novelists. He does not, like Richardson, man-ufacture, by crowding numerous incidents, stringing together sentences which, for their uselessness, are stiff, cold, and frigid,—empty common places and rapid de-velopment, multiplying words and spreading out the matter. With all the excellence of the author of Pamela and Charles Grandison, this is acknowledged. Our au-ther's object, perhaps, and in his style, is not unlike that of Smollet, but the resemblance goes no far-ther. Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Roderick Random and Ferdinand Count Fathom, find not their equals in any of McKenzie's ideas. He was incapable of the coarseness of their humour: Harley, in the Man of the World, is frequently led into as *striking* scenes as either of his personages, but they have a different effect on him. He is as pathetic as Sterne, and sometimes as amus-ing as Sterne had often a touch of the ridiculous,‡ McKen-zie is always mingled with a shade of sadness. We

chap. xxiii of the "Man of the World."

on "Rhetorical Composition."

then sublimely so, e.g. Sir Walter Scott refers to the celebra-tion where the tear of the recording angel blots the profane oath of

are not so absurdly platonic in our ideas, as to shudder at the dashes of the free and lively pencil, nor so morosely austere, as to interdict all works that speak plainly; this we think, depends entirely upon the manner and object intended, which in most cases is sufficiently evident. Byron defends "Cain" by argument drawn from Milton's example; but as O'Doherty replies, the intention makes a vast difference;* Milton's object was pure. Voltaire attempted the same for his works, with about as good reasons.† From their purity of feeling, many can be justly defended, for we contend that novels may be written combining every circumstance to interest and please; take the publications from the writers of Sweden and Norway, which, with a few miserable exceptions, have met with success, and yet are not reprehensible. How compare they with that licentious writer, whose works Parisian grisettes consume, which, by their publication, and wide spread dissemination, have put to flight the power of redress, not merely by out-stripping the modesty of nature, but violating decency itself; standing the infamous example of the freedom of the age, and questioning the too far advance of that bulwark of our rights, the offspring of the Revolution of 1686. Like those of the Italian Aretinus, they are the merest triumph of effrontery, polluting the very precincts of literature and realizing the description of the Roman Satirist in a similar case—*Ingenium velox audacia perdit sermo*. We refer not to those of the Parisian Cooper, which in con-

uncle Toby out of the register of heaven. A flight so poetically fanciful as to be stretched to the verge of extravagance, will illustrate our position.

* We would refer to No. 4, vol. I. of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, for a very fine example of the ingenuity and plausibility of this kind of reasoning, and withal a capital specimen of colloquial composition.

† He was nevertheless so convinced of their strength, that he put his *Pucelle d'Orleans* in the hands of his Niece, (*Correspondance Générale*, iii. 454) the indecency of which, *Ld. Brougham* says, absolutely amounted to obscenity; who refers to *Sir Joshua Reynold's* illustration of the nakedness of the Indian and the Prostitute as putting to flight the flimsy pretexts used by those writers in their defence: and to mythological examples in the *Odyssey*, where the expressions are as simple and as pure as comport with the narration, nothing being liquorishly dwelt on. *Ὡς τὰ πρῶτα μύησαν ἐν Ἡραϊστῷ δωμασίν.* (viii. 269.) And *Ἀυτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐνδοίμῃ παρὰ χερσὶν Ἀφροδίτῃ.* (viii. 345.) Or we may take *Pope's* *Abelard and Heloise*, where a mere story, interesting it is true, but licentiously so, is decked in fascinating verse, whereby to widen its influence.

trast, are replete with delicacy, amenity and fitness.* Would some Juvenal were here to teach us how the seven peaked city fell by those silent underminings which his pen came too late to save; or Boccacio to reprove, but not like him to leave the seeds of ruin where he weeded.† Tales such as these are usually perused by the fairer portion of the community with closed doors, for, like the pirouettes of the danseuse, they can with greater propriety be gazed upon, than spoken of.

"McKenzie was born in Edinburgh." He was intensely a Scotchman! and he that reads would intuitively know it, had he never been informed. There is a distinguishing characteristic peculiar to them, from climatic influence perhaps, or what Prescott, in that admirable criticism on Gomara,‡ calls an impalpable essence, that determines by locality; the effect of some external agency, snow-clad peak, towering cloud-piercing mountain:—nature in her awful sublimity, lifting the soul from low desires and ennobling the feelings to hold nearer communion with herself.§ Like the country of William Tell, "nursing men;"|| or as the "Trophies of Olympic Pisa," and the scope given to the imagination by the sublimity of mythology, modifying the character, and impelling the Greek and Roman to chivalrous daring and deeds of high emprise: so with Scotland, her history, antiquity, prescription, the sound of great names, the deeds of their fathers in the strife with the dominant Southron for liberty and for nationality, yielded to future generations an incitement to similar exertions, to sustain and surpass the reputation of their sires. All these causes may have tended to produce the impression, but so it is, there is a sternness and brawniness, a

* And yet Sue's were lashed with terrible effect, in a late number of the *So. Review*, for the utter absence of these qualifications.

† Petrarch and Boccacio "boldly reprehended the vices, arraigned the conduct of the Roman Pontiff and exposed the Priesthood to contempt." Roscoe's *Leo X.* They were pioneers in the task of regenerating Italy, (and through that the world,) from the thralldom of superstition, and this too, solely by their writings.

‡ "Conquest of Mexico." Emerson in his very fascinating history of modern Greece, refers to an article by Voltaire, discussing these influences; we have seen no mention of it among his writings, or by his Biographer.

§ "High mountains are a feeling," says an English poet. See also Kingslake's chap. in *Eothen*, on the Pyramids.

|| *Βωριανισμῶν*, the epithet in the first Book of the *Iliad* distinguishing Achilles' nativity, exactly applying.

cumbrous organization distinguishing her writers, and giving them what Burke calls a complexional disposition; there is about them a depth, an abstruseness, a profundity strikingly evident; as much so as the slow laborious organization peculiar to the blue-eyed German,* completing their ten thousand bulky tomes per annum,† constant plodders, who make the immensity of the results balance their deficiency in fancy. The Scotch unite more imagination, but even at his approach, levity takes wing, perhaps to his antipodes in manners across the channel. Sheridan with facetiæ and bon-mots; Phillips with elaborate full-dressed finery, or Curran with playful satire, never could have been Scotchmen, or only at the price of expatriation. But the heavy ordnance and giants of the land, John Scotius Eri-gena, old Gordie Buchanan, stern John Knox, Adam Ferguson and Sidney Smith, Blair and Pailey and Dugald Stewart, were *a priori* "nursed by the legends of their land's romance;" or passing still nearer on the stream of time, we recall her historians, Sir James MacIntosh and William Robertson and David Hume and Alison; her physicians, Cullen and James Gregory and Abercombie,‡ and

Thousand others whom I fear to name
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.

These men *must* deduce with geometrical strictness and logical propriety. Begging Mr. Tooke's pardon, they had depth of metaphysics innate, coexistent with them: it was essentially a nascitur non fit; it accompanied them in the cradle, as the strength of the son of Alcmena did. In the words of one of her champions, we hail her

Caledonia, stern and wild!
Meet nurse for "*metaphysic*" child!

And now with these we place McKenzie—he might be recognized as twin brother to either, for his paternal features accompany him and vindicate his birth-place.

McKenzie wrote novels, but they differ as much from the writings coming under that appellation, as Walter Scott's

* "Germania cerulea prole." Tacitus in his account of them, notices many of these peculiarities.

† Menzel says a million volumes are yearly issued from the German Press. See article from Edinburgh Rev. on "Lessing," and one on German Literature in Eclectic Mag. Jan. 1846, p. 126.

‡ Old Burton was a Lancashire man; but he must have dwelt north of Berwick upon Tweed, and Porson and Bentley both.

from those that preceded him. All know how the latter altered the style, manner and substance of novel-writing, and, more than all, of history. He has historized his novels and novelized his histories, and in this, conforming to the dictates of human nature, he first taught modern historians to give a more romantic turn to their productions, instructing them to impart a brighter flush of color to the chimeras of real life, and drawing from dead and naked facts, to philosophize upon them, and with it mingle interest and pleasure. Look at Thierry, in his *Norman Conquest*, after the example of Scott, searching out the profounder springs of action, showing cause and effect and making philosophical deductions,—what produced this, how it tended, and what results it gave rise to. Or take the *Lectures on European Civilization*, by the Minister, M. Guizot, containing no incidents, and, save one or two, upon which the elegant structure is reared, no facts.* He demands and obtains the $\tau\omega\sigma\tau\omega$, and then he is independent of matter; all else is immaterial, intangible, eminently intellectual, nothing but wide-spread, comprehensive, refining generalization. From an examination of various works immediately by, and in connection with, Sir Francis Bacon, we must ascribe it in some measure also as another of the results of his labors. The historians of the nineteenth century seem to apply the inductive method to this species of composition as strictly as possible. How different from that pursued by those of the fifteenth. Contrast Macchiavelli, who particularly excelled, though he resembled Tacitus in his worst features, for abruptness and brevity, sacrificing clearness and good taste; the French De Thou, very accurate in his facts and with a Latinity as pure as that of Erasmus; Castiglione,† who presented an astonishing

*As well as we can remember, about three main ones: 1st. The barbarian inroad upon Rome. 2d. The modification wrought upon civilization by their amalgamation with the Roman. 3d. Religion and the church establishments; unlike the nebular hypothesis, as severally referred to by Sir Charles Vivian in the *Vestiges*, in Alexander Von Humboldt's *KOΣMOΣ*, by Cuvier in his *Fossil Remains and Theory of the Earth*, in M. Brogmarte's *Traité Élémentaire*, in Good's *Book of Nature*, and more recently by Nichol. They account for every thing except the primum mobile. Guizot depends upon that to modify the remotest consequent.

† So much so, that Ascham, in recommending his "*Cortegians*," remarks: "Which book, advisedly read and diligently followed, one year at home in England, would do young gentlemen more good, I wiss, than three years spent abroad in Italy."—*Bringing up of Youth*, Part 1st., p. 322.

amount of information, and Davila also, yet these writers confined themselves to the mere statement. Perhaps in their endeavor to avoid the tendency to etherialize, and in their antipathy to matter of the ancient school, they ran into the opposite extreme.

McKenzie does not possess exactly these peculiarities, yet he varies just as much from the usual form. His writings approximate the essay as closely as possible; there is nothing trifling or light, nothing grotesque or ridiculous: the imagery, if any, is secondary as a mere accident, and they are, for the kind, almost as severe reading as Bishop Butler himself. Let none seek here for excitement, unless he wades through sterner stuff than the trash with which steam now floods our land; there is no jumping to the end to see how things will terminate, or, if this be the object, we would advise that none such attempt it: there is teeming through it food for reflection, counsel sage, and apothegms which strike in every line, creating dissatisfaction when skimmed lightly over, and compelling return to scrutinize far closer, and more thoroughly to read, learn, and inwardly digest. He does not feed sickly sentimentality, nor yet with puritanic repugnance, to moderate cheerfulness, does he 'forbid the play of fancy or proscribe the sound of mirth.' They all melt with the warm glow of christian charity, and point to the great object of mending the morals.

Henry McKenzie was ushered into the world the day that Prince Charles Stewart landed (1745). We are not like the garrulous octogenarian, in every case a laudator temporis acti; but this recalls to our mind that age as more prolific of great men, of great writers, great warriors and statesmen, than any other—greater than the present day: from 1720 to 1780, the reign of the 2d and 3d Georges, the Orleans regency and Louis XV., is what authors call the Augustan age. These were stirring times for Europe; the balance of power was about to be determined; her States were approaching the position they must assume as elements in the political equilibrium to be maintained; she was in commotion and the occasion brought forth men equal to the need; then was the contact of mind with mind, nation with nation; as in the concours of the institute of France, mediocrity was nonentity—genius and talent in every department were demanded, and they responded. Her

warriors, the great Duke of Marlborough,* Eugene, and in America, Washington; in the departments of statesmanship, oratory and diplomacy, Chatham,† and Burke,‡ and Pitt,§ and Fox;|| in that of literature, Addison, Pope, Butler, Gibbon, Johnson, Heine, Clopstock, Rousseau, Voltaire, Hume and Montesquieu;¶ in science, Boerhave, Linnæus, Euler, Priestly, Davy, Black, Cavendish and Franklin; ** then history records her greatest deeds, and then our standard works were made. Ours is the utilitarian age; the forty years of the present century is noticed for elegance, ornament and invention;†† but not, as the former period, for force, strength, depth and endurance. War was the quickening power; the events of '93†† contributed to the residence of this force and prepared us for the ultimate consequence. For now it is peace,‡‡ Anglo-Saxon energy exists||| and it must act on, in quiet or in strife. In regard to the good

* Who never laid siege to a town which he did not take, or fight a battle which he did not win.

† To whom may be attributed "*Copiam Platonis, venustatem Xenophontis, suavitatem Isocratis, vim Demosthenis, propriam et puram subtilitatem Aristotelis.*"

‡ In relation to the French revolution, the "regicide peace" and the trial of Warren Hastings, he was the grandis et tragicus orator—what Cicero said of Sulpicius.

§ Τὼ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων εἶεν αὐδὴ!

|| Like Q. M. Scævola—the greatest orator among the civilians and the greatest civilian among the orators.

¶ We must include Jonathan Edwards, whose treatise on the "Will" ranks as one of the ablest productions of the human mind. A late writer in the English Quarterly Review says, "His gigantic specimens of theological argument are brought as near to perfection as we may expect any human composition to approach."

** To show how he was appreciated, Brougham mentions, that when these two great men, speaking of Voltaire and Franklin, shook hands in the French Academy, one universal burst of applause indicated the feelings of the Savans around. It is also noticed in the life of Mirabeau, that upon the news of the death of the lightning-tamer, the Chamber of Deputies, by an act unprecedented, suspended exercises, and for thirty days wore the testimonials of sorrow.

†† Professor Wilson says for "genius!"

:: No doubt, one may philosophically trace back the repose that ensued upon the flight of Charles X., the three days revolution, and the coronation of Louis Philippe, to the gradual succession of events originating in 1789.

§§ In the sense in which war is here characterized, our contest with Mexico scarcely deserves the name. It is a distant enterprise, the events of which are exceedingly interesting as news, but which scarcely has a perceptible influence on the tone of manners or the course of peaceful pursuits at home.

||| Alison.

effects of a state of commotion in giving rise to such enduring results, we might exclaim with Juvenal (*versus* Messrs. Calhoun and Cobden) *nunc patimur longæ pacis mala*. In these times and among such men McKenzie sprang up, and his features bear the modifying impress. He was articulated to acquire a knowledge of the business of the exchequer, afterwards went to London to study the modes of English exchequer practice, and subsequently filled the responsible office of attorney for the crown in his native place. Here he could enter upon and discuss the most dry and complicated detail—it did not prevent him from pursuing his literary studies, nor force him to bid adieu to them, like Blackstone to his muse, in a valedictory stanza. Notwithstanding the vociferated cry, that one profession requires the sole and undivided attention, let us here append a modest dissent, and say with Dr. Clarke that “it conveys an abominable lie;” it does not, like the single production of the Rhodian Agesander and his sons,† require a life-time—the marvellous fecundity of genius, the eager intellect and continual labor of energetic men, in a life-time of application, can accomplish any thing; each is adjuvant, and adds to the facility for acquiring more; let kindred studies be chosen, or those not diametrically opposed; let them be organized by the trained mind, and, notwithstanding apparent or original multiplicity and chaos, confusion will be absent. Witness Dr. Mason Good, working upon all comprehensive nature herself, and piling up from a “labyrinth of confused detail;”‡ a coherent mass from which all draw: Lord Bacon, filling every office in the gift of the Virgin Queen, and yet tearing down and building up whole systems; Newton, whom the terraqueous globe did not confine, but who, going beyond, bound down to rigorous mathematical law the subtle element, determining the method of fluxions, propounding gravitation and establishing the calculus;§ Leonard Euler, at one time memorizing the *Æneid*, at all times with old History’s minutest fact at his command, producing the theory of the wandering star and the erring

* Preface to Good’s Book of Nature.

† See on account of the Laocoon, by Emmerson in his chapters on the fine arts, from the antiquarian Winkelman—characterized by Pliny as “opus manibus et picturæ et staturæ preferendum.”

‡ Burke.

§ “If the literati of all ages and nations could meet in one assembly, they would choose Sir Isaac Newton for their President,” says a writer.

comet,—with Maclaurin and the elder Bernonilli wresting the prize from the Academy at Paris ;* Cuvier, proving that each department was not only subservient but necessary to all ; Buffon, identical with him ; Arago, the adviser of all France ;† among other living men, there is that greatest of comparative anatomists, Mr. Owen,‡ who embraces the past and the present, anti and post-diluvian ; Lord Brougham, for variety of attainments, is one of the most remarkable of men, the powerful orator and the accurate scholar, intimately acquainted with the lore, both of ancient and modern times. Or passing further back, Cæsar, a general, a statesman, an orator and a scholar, among men, second to Columbus ; Cicero, with his hundred volumes, his extraordinary achievements, his varied perfections ; Varro, of whom saith St. Augustine, “ When I see how much Varro wrote, I wonder much that ever he had any leisure to read, and when I see how much he read, I wonder much that ever he had any leisure to write.”§ Yet they were not, by this means, incapacitated for *business*, so cycled by those priding themselves on paucity or ignorance, but were prominent in all. If diversity were to intimidate such men, as well might the Castilian lawyer despair of a critical acquaintance with the voluminous mass of legislation in the form of municipal charters, Roman codes, Parliamentary statutes and royal ordinances ;|| or Justinian and Tribonian, in that labor of labors, the digests of Roman law, the Pandects, the Edicts, the Novels ; the promptings written in the heart of such men corresponded with the advice written over the school of Isocrates : “ εαν ης φιλομαθης, εες πολυμαθης,”

* Some idea of the universality of his attainments may be obtained from his Letters to a German Princess, 2d vol. Harper's Family Library, where a curious instance is related of his wonderful powers of analysis and abstraction.

† We have just seen the “ American in Paris during the Winter,” by Jules Janin, well known as the exquisite biographer and *Feuilletonist*, in corroboration : “ What a singular, incredible life ! to follow at the same time the course of the planets above, and the movements of popular passions below ; to have one's head in the clouds, by the side of the stars, and one's feet in tumults ; to predict the arrival of the comets, wandering through space, and to suffer one's-self to be led by popular favor, that wind which blows at random....such is the two-fold life of M. Arago.” He is the counselor and oracle of the Frenchman.

‡ See British and Foreign Medical Review, 1845—“ He is one of the hard workers, accomplishing libraries in a year.”

§ At eighty he had written 190 works.

|| Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella.

or reserved its impulse from a conviction of the superiority ever vouchsafed to greater knowledge: "οὐτός μὲν παναριστός ὁδαιὶος πάντα νοῖσιν; the present age *demand*s universality, and he who neglects this is a unit. We now look upon the hoard collected in the gatherings of centuries; classification, generalization and induction grapple it with giant hands, surround, subdue and impress it to use; let him not despair who uses these. In connection with the above and in defence of literary pursuits, we will introduce the argumentative and very powerful essay of McKenzie, to which we invite particular attention.*

"Among the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labors of business, or the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the steady pursuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry which ordinary business demands. The fineness of mind, which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely tempered edge, applied to a coarse and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have successfully achieved. A young man destined for law or commerce, is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and 'dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection the favors of station, and the blessings of opulence, are to be attained; while learning and genius are proscribed as leading their votaries to barren indigence, and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of scepticism, because the general current of opinion seems, of late years, to have set too strongly in the contrary direction; and we may endeavor to prop the failing cause of literature, without being accused of blameable or dangerous partiality.

"In the examples which memory and experience produce, of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by an indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius have led astray, the ill success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the insignificance of those by whom it was endured. If we

* We have since noticed an article in a late number of the *Electric Magazine* for 1846, also sustaining the opinions expressed above. The motto of the author of Charles V. was "*Vita sine literis mors.*"

may reason *à priori* on the matter, the chances I think, should be on the side of literature.

"In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession, by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny as youth conceives it, of attention and of labor, relief is commonly sought from some favorite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time; either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival, by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement has arrived. It may fairly be questioned, whether the most innocent of these amusements is either so honorable or so safe, as the avocations of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, when youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusements will generally be either boisterous or effeminate, will either dissipate their attention or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters, who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loss; but the waste or the depravation of mind is a loss of a much higher denomination. The votary of study, or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first; but the latter will be incurred chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyment.

"In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profession is the road to success and to respect. Without adopting the common-place reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed, that in mere men of business, there is a certain professional rule of right, which is not always honorable, and though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits. A superior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense of honor, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles.

"The moral beauty of those dispositions may, perhaps, rather provoke the smile, than excite the imitation of mere men of business and the world. But I will venture to tell them, that, even on their own principles, they are mistaken. The qualities which they sometimes prefer as more calculated for pushing a young man's way in life, seldom attain the end in contemplation, of which they are not so nice about the means. This is strongly exemplified by the ill success of many, who from their earliest youth, had acquired the highest reputation for sharpness and cunning. Those trickish qualities look to small advantage unfairly won, rather than to great ones honorably attained. The direct, the open, and the candid, are the surest road to success in every department of life. It needs a certain superior degree of ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean and uninformed minds seize on corners, which they cultivate with narrow views to very little advantage; enlarged and well-informed

minds embrace great and honorable objects ; and if they fail of obtaining them, are liable to none of those pangs which rankle in the bosom of artifice defeated, or of cunning over-matched.

"To the improvement of our faculties, as well as of our principles, the love of letters appear to be favorable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind perhaps very different from that which business would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themselves, as that word is used in the language of the world ; yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children, in which numbers are used, familiarize them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes, which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculation of the merchant, and to prompt the argument of the lawyer ; and though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labor. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows, have found from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and to wealth.

"But I must often repeat that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity ; a truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches, and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almost levelled every distinction but that of money among us. The crest of noble or illustrious ancestry has sunk before the sudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands ; but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which used to characterize some of our high-born names, given way to that tide of fortune which has lifted the low, the illiterate and unfeeling, into stations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always resisted the torrent ; but I know no bulwark better calculated to resist it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune ; and there is a certain classical pride which, from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge, nor ennobled by virtue. The *non omnis moriar* of the poet, draws on futurity for the deficiencies of the present ; and even in the present, those avenues of more refined pleasure, which the cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling, opens to the mind, give to the votary of science, a real superiority of enjoyment in what he possesses, and free him from much of that envy and regret which less cultivated spirits feel from their wants.

"In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labors, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were soothed, the mere man of busi-

ness frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy, as one ought, is an easy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very superior accomplishment. This difficulty is much increased with persons, to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertions necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles, in which he, who inherited idleness as he did fortune, from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and mortifications of the 'retired pleasures' of men of business, have been more frequently matter of speculation to the novelist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mined general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labor, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time, is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the man of letters enjoys; while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thralldom of business, only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance or vice.

"But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestows, are chiefly conspicuous, in old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental emotion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment. But to him who has stored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amusement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks and he feels, with that literary world whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is perhaps no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated but not extinguished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our days, in alliance with reason and in amity with virtue.

"Nor perhaps, if fairly estimated, are the little polish and complacencies of social life less increased by the cultivation of letters, than the enjoyment of solitary or retired leisure. To the politeness of form and the ease of manner, business is naturally unfavorable, because business looks to the use, not the decoration of things. But the man of business who has cultivated letters, will commonly have softened his feelings, if he has not smoothed his manners or polished his address. He may be awkward, but will seldom be rude; may trespass in the ignorance of ceremonial, but will seldom offend against the substantial rules of civility.

"In conversation, the pedantry of profession unavoidably insinuates itself among men of every calling. The lawyer, the merchant, ['the planter,'] and the soldier, (this last, perhaps, from obvious

enough causes, the most of the three,) naturally slide into the accustomed train of thinking and the accustomed style of conversation. The pedantry of the man of learning is generally the most tolerable and the least tiresome of any; and he who has mined a certain portion of learning with his ordinary profession, has generally corrected, in a considerable degree, the abstraction of the one and the coarseness of the other.

"In the more important relations of society, in the closer intercourse of friends, of husband, and of father, that superior delicacy and refinement of feeling which the cultivation of the mind bestows, heighten affection into sentiment, and mingle with such connections, a dignity and tenderness, which gives its dearest value to our existence. In fortunate circumstances, those feelings enhance prosperity; but in the decline of fortune, as in the decline of life, their influence and importance are chiefly felt. They smooth the harshness of adversity, and on the brow of misfortune print that languid smile, which their votaries would often not exchange for the broadest mirth of those unfeeling prosperous men, who possess good fortune, but have not a heart for happiness."

McKenzie excelled in each, and his honors have descended to his son, the present Sir Joshua. Among the miscellaneous productions of our author, we mention the *White Hypocrite*, a comedy, and a tragedy called the *Spanish Father*, which was well received, though Mr. Garrick pronounced the catastrophe too shocking for the modern stage. He wrote a memoir on German tragedy and some fine specimens of Gaelic poetry, legendary poems and Highland ballads; enriched the *Transactions of the Highland Society* by an elegant tribute to his friend, Judge Abercrombie, and, like Stewart, wrote an ingenious theory of dreams;* by the persuasion of Lord Melville, he wrote a political tract entitled "*the Proceedings of the Parliament of 1784*," which received the sanction of, and was corrected by, Mr. Pitt, and he prepared a life of the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock, for the support of his widow; but, above all, we desire to see his life of John Home, who wrote a history of the rebellion of 1745, but otherwise well known as the author of the celebrated tragedy, *Douglas*. There were some incidents connected with this that no doubt afforded McKenzie an excellent field for display, as its author was much persecuted, and forced to resign his living for composing such a piece. On which occasion the historian, Robertson, is said

* Stewart wrote his at twenty, and it was incorporated in his "*Philosophy*," published when he was forty. See note to that work.

re given a fine exhibition of his character.* Speaking of McKenzie's Life of Home, Wilson, in his convivial and all conversations, attached to Blackwood's Magazine, expresses our opinion in this strong language:

Buller. What is your opinion of John Home as a poet?
Mr. Wilson. I think nobody can bestow too much praise on Douglas. There has been no English tragedy worthy of the name since it was first produced. 'Tis a noble piece—beautifully and loftily written; but, still, the principal merit is in the charming old story itself. Douglas is the only true forerunner of the Scotch imaginative literature of our own age. Home's other tragedies are all very indifferent—most of them quite bad. Mr. McKenzie should not have disturbed the numbers.

Buller. The natural partiality of friendship and affection.
Mr. Wilson. Surely; and it is most delightful to read his memoir, for its overflowing with that fine strain of sentiments. He is, in fact, 'the last of all his race,' and talks of his peers as they should be talked of. One may differ from his opinions here and there, but there is a halo over the whole surface of his language. It is to me a very pathetic work.

Buller. McKenzie is himself a very great author.

Mr. Wilson. A discovery indeed, Mr. Buller! Henry McKenzie, one of the most original in thought and splendid in fancy and in expression that can be found in the whole line of our writers. He will live as long as our tongue, or longer.

Buller. Which of his works do you like best?

Mr. Wilson. Julia de Roubigné and the story of La Roche. I thought it had been long extinct, till Adam Blair came out, &c. &c."

In the "Man of Feeling," the chapters are broken and fragmentary, with just enough connection to give it a natural bearing, and support the deception of the author's acting in the capacity of editor. The story is filled with heart-rending episodes, all representing the feelings intended to be conveyed, no doubt selected by McKenzie in order to indulge his peculiar turn of sentiment, and give what his style is best suited to express. They are, as it were, soonest producing in men of ordinary sensibilities, a overwhelming, conscience-sickening sense of what they can only admire in others. He portrays an individual, as we should say morbidly, alive to the little sufferings of the more callous pass unheeded, and which in him are the source of the intensest enjoyment; his sympathies apt to weaken, at first glance resembling sentimentality,

"Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the reign of George the Third," &c. &c. "Robertson."

that is of an unhealthy hue, which disgusts ; his was more assimilated to goodness, a goodness which, in its yielding simplicity, in a male, is perhaps blameable—for he was always inclined to look at the most favorable side, and, until acts proved the reverse, gave one credit for more than was deserved, and this was so natural that it frequently subjected him to the imposition of the reprobate with whom he comes in contact ; but his conduct indicates high resolve when occasion demands the bearing of a man. We have no room here for extracts, but will refer to a few of the most remarkable passages : viz., the Interview with the Curate, p. 20 ; Bashfulness and modesty ; the Man of Feeling in love, p. 26 ; the Story of Emily Atkinson, the prostitute, p. 49 ; the Maniac Girl, p. 38 ; and the melancholy death of Harley, p. 96. Neither Richardson nor Marmontel are on the title page ; but McKenzie can open the sacred source of sympathetic tears full as well as they. An objection is made to this species of excitement : it increaseth sorrow, and sorrow involves as well the past as the present ;* it sometimes recalls what might be evaded by sacrifice of feeling ; it opens well-springs long shut, perhaps happy in their closure, and which, by their potency, would let in woes unnumbered ; troubles befall enough and through necessity,—shall we increase their power by indulging sensibility, or blunt their force by closing the avenues of entrance ? But the one bears relation to nobility and gentleness, the other to selfishness and degradation ; this elicits admiration, that demands reproof ; ye are welcome to your sternness and cynicism ; we prefer the sympathies, the feeling heart touched by the softest sorrow, the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense, the electric look, that waking into life each silent spring in unison with suffering, elevates and adorns. Nor do we think one is more weak when danger threatens and resolve is requisite ; it is a moral feeling, and morality has power, as woman, in her weakness exhibits strength, that, by its very impulse, accomplishes what brute force could not avail.

This book was the subject of a remarkable literary theft. A clergyman transcribed the whole in manuscript, copied

* "Sorrow," says Mr. Locke, "is the sense of a present evil," "it involves past and present."

out with interlineations, erasures and corrections, and McKenzie's publishers were compelled to expose him.

Over against this is the "Man of the World." We refer to a few chapters from the beginning, which would introduce some of the personages and exhibit the power of the author. Such was the Father, a man whom "not e'en critics criticised,"

"Who tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

A perfect counterpart to him of Auburn, or the one described by Cowper, or by McKenzie himself in the *Lounger*.* Advice as good as Chesterfield's, or Chatham's, or Mrs. Ellis'. A daughter, rivaling that greatest of her sex, Isabella of Aragon, living in a moral atmosphere that drove afar each thing of sin and guilt.† The son is gradually allured from the paths of innocence and rectitude by the consummate villany and duplicity of Sir Thomas Syndall, who, inferior in the finer traits of character, possessed all the influence to evil attributed to Hastings in the *Last of the Barons*.‡

* * * * * His tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason to perplex and dash maturest counsel.

The brother is ultimately sent to Botany Bay which precedes the destruction of the sister, the record of whose fall is contained in chap. xxiif. The old man goes to his grave broken hearted; the reckless villain by the various triumphs of effrontery, goes on in the accomplishment of his desires, and imitates the crime of Dionysius by concerting attempts against a female, who proves to be his daughter; while the serpent-haired furies of remorse are upon him, he is stabbed by the son of old Annesly, who had returned and was acting on the defensive, thus allowing a moral to be drawn from the development of the characters. We can not say much for any ingenuity or cunningly devised machinery in this work; it is not complicated, and the dramatis personæ are few. The rule of Lord Kames in regard to narration is strictly followed,§ the unity of action is pre-

* *Time Piece*, p. 60. Papers from the *Lounger*, No. 40, p. 122. See also Chatham's Letters to his son and Mrs. Ellis' *Daughters of England*.

† Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella." Description of the latter during youth.

‡ See that remarkable interview between Hastings and Nicholas Alwyn.

§ *Elements of Criticism*, vol. ii, p. 267.

served, each chapter makes a link and produces some image requisite and necessary to the catastrophe, either by advancing or retarding it; the images are distinct and lively, and their completeness transports the reader and converts him into a spectator; the characters are drawn with the accuracy of a Tacitus, the portraits are natural, with not a feature wanting or misplaced, the ideal presence is so finely expressed as almost to appear actual, so little being left to the imagination, that we may notice a great paucity of ornament; the words are suited to the feelings intended to be expressed—McKenzie's forte—a simple unaffected tale of nature. This correspondence of sense and sound may be attained even in prose. Swift did it to perfection; we have noticed one or two not referred to, in which this may be easily observed.

"Still slowly passed the melancholy day
And still the stranger wist not where to stray."

"That relaxation of the languid frame
By soft recumbency of outstretched limbs."

"Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take."

All are acquainted with the more remarkable examples in the writings of the poets; for instance,

"Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum, &c."

In the highly tragic tale of Julia de Roubigné, the destructive catastrophe is produced in a manner too revolting, we should think, for the delusion which even the elasticity of the imagination will allow. It was constructed after the advice of Lord Kames to correct the common fault in plays where the "distress of the piece is made to turn upon the designing villany of the dramatis personæ." In writing most tragedies the principle of Aristotle's definition seems to have been sufficient—"That by means of pity and terror it refines and purifies in us all sorts of passions." A subject best fitted for tragedy according to the author first alluded to, is where a man has himself been the cause of his misfortunes, not so as to be deeply guilty or altogether innocent; the misfortune must be occasioned by a fault incident to human nature, and therefore is some degree venial;

"such misfortunes call forth the social affections and warmly interest the spectator." In this tale the characters are all naturally virtuous, and the catastrophe arises from morbid, though innocent indulgence. In Julia we become deeply interested from her self-sacrificing filial affection, which induces her to marry a nobleman, a man of keen sensibility, fine sense of honor, and withal, jealous and quick in quarrel; she afterwards rather incautiously indulges the revival of an affection previously sacrificed in obedience to the wishes of her father. As Bulwer says, "twas the fatal influence of an affection born of the imagination, sinister, equivocal, ominous,—but irresistible;" and she fulfilled her destiny; comparative trifles aided the confirmation in the mind of the suspicious husband, and they both fall victims to an untoward concatenation of circumstances: the wife through the violence of the husband, and the latter from the effects of his own remorse. All this is conducted in a series of letters written with admirable force and delicacy. They bear no resemblance to any with which we are acquainted. We could not compare them with Lady Mary Montague's, or Pope's, or Byron's, or the elegant womanly epistles of Julia Mannering. McKenzie's are all expressive of the deepest feeling; honor, love and jealousy are the themes, and the action is as strong as the passions are deep.*

In the Papers from the Lounger and Mirror, first read before a society of literary men, that nursery of orators so well described by Lever, we have a series of essays like those in the Spectator, calculated to restrain what Juvenal portrays and condemns.

* * * * saevior armis
Luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur.

He gained from these, the epithet of the Northern Addison. They are more pungent and just as natural and pleasant as Goldsmith's; as eloquent and beautiful for their kind, as the Homilies of the Golden-mouthed Bishop of Antioch.

That we may not like Solis be condemned as a wholesale encomiast, we will strive to be for once anti-laudatory. As the disciple of the old philosophy esteemed science de-

* We will refer among others to Letters xlv. of Julia and Maria, xlvii. xxxix. and Montauban's to Segarva.

graded by application to the arts,—that men must stoop from speculation to practice,—that to be useful was to be vulgar,*—so McKenzie, by his dearth of facts, his absolute want of information, is open to reprehension; he despises material tangible circumstance as much as the immaterialist; there is oftentimes much of a pervading sameness and evenness about his style, that make it too easily recognized,—tiresome for a length of time. Complete as he was in all the munitions of dry and forcible satire, we might reprove his animadversions as too censorious, his asperity for being too blunt, his mercurial and somewhat sarcastic tone of sentiment for being too stern and inexorable. We might wish there was more of the superficial and picturesque graces of narration, more, brilliancy and scintillation; but we dread, with the quaint old Ascham, “that men very quick of wit, be very light of conditions.”† In his more quiet pieces, he often compensates for this deficiency, by profound philosophical analysis, and his plainness moves us more than eloquence,—he speaks in homely guise as nature bade, and there is no monotonous clang;—he does not

Stare and stamp, and strut and storm and straddle,
To show the world—how Garrick did not act.

McKenzie was in his style, what Michael Angelo at the head of the Florentine school was;—muscular form, daring outline and energetic attitude, were harmonized and softened in the graceful productions of the pen or pencil; there was a chastity of design, an appropriate gravity of coloring, displaying a grace and decorum not less interesting than the more obtrusive excellence of others. The Florentine was boldness, the Venetian, splendor, and the Roman, the mean between them. McKenzie was of the latter school, for

Art itself, seemed into nature wrought,
By the transparency of his bright dreams.

He was a man born to wield the sceptre in the realms of passion. As the degree of power with which all the elements of our nature are evoked, is the test of the orator,‡ so it is of the writer, and in this capacity McKenzie is pre-

* Macaulay's "Essay on Bacon."

† Toxophilus.

‡ Preston's Eulogy on Legare.

nt. He does not evaporate in barren flashes or in the exuberance of the older novelists—all is plain, fer-deep, and glowing with power, not the power of a staid fancy, but of a highly wrought conviction. It is something austere with which we can use no facility, and which acts rather on the judgment than upon the passions; it comes in tones of withering irony, but sincere, and the more galling. He struck for principle, and is sustained by conceptions of the highest moral dignity and exalting into a kind of spiritual contemplation, of that imperishable existence which Christianity has shown to us beyond the tomb. There is frequently an delicacy, a refined sensibility impressed in language and adoration breathes; episodes worth more than the whole of Lysippus, valued at their weight in gold; as beautiful as that of the eleventh Æneid. His were among no others than Titus' and Liege's were among pamphlets; with the actness of expression, a force and cogency of persuasion every paragraph teems with advice, every sentence is fraught with feeling; his soul is sent in every lance he strikes; his words leap forth at once to their effect; there is no trifling, no prettiness, no frivolity; for McKenzie for the aliquid immensum infinitumque in literature. We are expiring with the wish of Father Paul to his country, we are so perpetua!

P.

7.—THE GROWTH AND CONSUMPTION OF COTTON.
*from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting
 and notes on the Cultivation, Manufacture and
 Foreign Trade of Cotton. March 4th, 1836.*

COTTON has produced a greater effect upon commerce and the social relations of mankind, than any other agricultural product of the world. Great as have been the effects of steam, in changing the face of modern society and in opening new resources, we sometimes doubt whether

“No Murder,” by Ethan Allen, alias Col. Titus, and the “An-
 État” of the Revolutionist.

cotton has not produced as wonderful and extraordinary results.

We hold it to be a clear proposition, that men to be civilized, must first be clothed. A naked man is necessarily a savage. One of the great obstacles heretofore, to the progress of civilization in the world, has been the difficulty of clothing the barbarian portions of it. The subjugation of barbarian by civilized races, has often been followed by the degradation of the conquerors, instead of the elevation of the conquered, and for the reason that they could not be clothed, and there were no means of furnishing them with that comfort, and with it, the temptations of commerce and the gradual progress of the arts of refined life.

If you can furnish a savage man with cheap clothes, this begets a fondness for dress and comfort, and with that, a desire to trade, and the desire to trade, begets a love to acquire, and the love to acquire, begets industry, and with it property, and property begets a desire to protect it, and this the enactments of law, and law is civilization. Unless you can first give the great masses of mankind the ordinary comforts of life, it is idle and vain to attempt to civilize them. Give them clothing, and you raise and elevate them. Give them the necessaries of life, and you raise their comforts and with their comforts, you raise their virtues. Give man objects around him, dear and worth living for, and you necessarily make him a creature of society and association. Reverse it, and send him forth naked and hungry, and you necessarily make him wild, with nothing to live for.

In this point of view, to the great masses of mankind, the comforts of life, become in fact the virtues of life. Lord Brougham, in one of his fine flourishes on universal education, once exclaimed that he hoped to see the day when every man in England would read *Bacon*. Cobbett replied in his cool and utilitarian style, that he hoped to see the day, when every man in England would *eat bacon*. There is more of philosophy than sarcasm in the remark. The maxims of Dr. Franklin, enlarged and systematized by Jeremy Bentham and his scholars, however short they may fall of embodying all truth, have done much to advance the condition of men.

If it be a Divine injunction to go forth, to subdue and replenish the earth, then it is certainly a duty to feed the

hungry and clothe the naked ; and there is truth in those utilitarian doctrines which affirm that the great masses of society are elevated and virtuous, in proportion as they have the necessities and comforts of life. Not that we would limit the sphere of benevolence to the mere necessities or animal comforts of life. There is, in addition to this, a far nobler sphere, embracing the moral relations of man ; and as he rises higher and higher in the scale of intellectual existence, his horizon becomes more and more extended, his duties more and more enlarged, and his capacity for happiness, immeasurably improved. Notwithstanding all this, we cannot extend the principles and sublime truths, even of the Christian religion, to the great masses of mankind, without first tempting them, with the comforts of life, from the wildness of nature. Hence it is, that in this point of view, the cultivation of cotton becomes, in the hands of a superintending Providence, one of the great means of reforming and Christianizing the world. It is the improvement of labor-saving machinery in New and Old England, connected with the production of cotton, that has done more to advance mankind in the scale of civilization, within the last twenty-five years, than was done in centuries before. It is by the improvement of machinery and the vast production of cotton, that the cheapest clothing has been furnished on a large scale, to the millions of poor, who have heretofore been in rags and the lowest degradation. By extending the blessings of cheap clothing, we have quickened the impulses of the lowest classes in the old world, and given new energy and enterprise to every department of industry, and with it, new hopes and new aspirations.

Wherever cotton has been substituted for hemp and wool, as an article of clothing, those who use it have had more comfort ; and wool and hemp can never be used again, for it will take years to raise the flocks necessary in the one case, and the difficulties of producing and using the other, will prevent its consumption again. So that as cotton extends amongst mankind, it becomes an article of necessity, and is second only to bread. When we reflect that there are large portions of the world who never see it as an article of clothing, and that it is rapidly extending itself into vast regions heretofore but little thought of, we are somewhat at a loss to fix any limits to its uses and to its great

control over modern civilization. Of the population even of civilized Europe, there are one-third now who do not use it at all; and of the one thousand millions of people, supposed to be upon the earth, it may be safely said, one-half never use cotton as an article of clothing.

The production of cotton throughout the earth, may be estimated at near twelve hundred millions of pounds. Of this amount, the United States produce near 800,000,000, lbs. calculating the crop at 2,000,000 of bales, and each bale at 400 lbs. The Secretary of the Treasury, in his report, (Doc. 146, 4th vol. Ex. Doc. 135-6,) estimates the production of other countries as follows, viz: India, 185,000,000 lbs.; the rest of Asia, 110,000,000; Brazil, 30,000,000; West Indies, 8,000,000; Egypt, 25,000,000; the rest of Africa, 34,000,000; Mexico and South America, exclusive of Brazil, 35,000,000, and 13,000,000 lbs. elsewhere. Say that 500,000,000 of people, or half the population of the world, now use this one thousand two hundred millions of pounds, and it would give only a little more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds per head. We think the truth is, that half the population of the earth do not use it, but estimate it at that and the result is as stated. Suppose then the other half finally to become consumers of the article at the same rate, and we shall see that it is not so easy a matter as is generally thought, for production to outrun consumption. This increase of consumption is going on yearly, and as commerce and the improvements of intercourse advance, it will increase in geometrical ratio; and then as nations become more refined and more opulent, its consumption, instead of being two or three pounds to each individual, will reach ten pounds, in the various forms in which it may be used. How vain and ignorant it is to talk of production out-running consumption! Such a conclusion implies that commerce and arts, with their necessary consequences, wealth, comfort and luxury, will be checked in their triumphant progress, and mankind fall back again into barbarism.

The truth is, that there is not a battle that England has fought in India, Afghanistan, or China, nor that France has fought in Africa, nor that the United States are now fighting on the rich plains of Mexico, which will not extend the consumption of cotton, and in the results, finally bless the people conquered. It will, in the progress of time, introduce trade and commerce, and with them the arts and

refinements of life. It is thus that Providence has ever worked upon the destinies of man. When the Lord selected the first born of Egypt as victims to illustrate his power and vindicate his decrees, and left his bloody sign upon the lintels and side-posts, that the destroying Angel might pass over his chosen people, this visitation of an awful dispensation, was but a part of His Providence in working out the redemption of Israel. And when, in modern times, He chooses to make the tracks of civilization upon the bloody fields of conquest, it is but to rouse a barbarian people from their stupor and indolence, and quicken a worthless and profligate mass with new enterprise and life, and fit them for that great day of universal light, peace and happiness, which He has promised for mankind in the millennium. It is by war that you control an ignorant or barbarian people, and then by commerce and trade with them, you introduce the comforts and arts of civilization.

Of the one thousand two hundred millions of pounds of cotton raised in the world, Great Britain consumes and manufactures about 400,000,000 lbs. ; India, China, and the rest of Asia about 240,000,000 lbs. ; the United States, 200,000,000 lbs. ; France, 90,000,000 lbs. ; South America and Mexico, 30,000,000 lbs. ; Germany, 40,000,000 lbs. ; Turkey and Africa, 50,000,000 lbs. ; Spain, 10,000,000 lbs. ; Prussia, 30,000,000 lbs. ; Russia, 5,000,000 lbs., and 25,000,000 elsewhere. The continental countries of Europe have been increasing their consumption very rapidly in the last three years. The one thousand two hundred millions of pounds at 10cts. would be \$120,000,000. And estimating what it is exchanged for at the same only, we have \$240,000,000 worth of commerce and trade, that it creates annually, besides the manufactures that are made from it. The value of cotton manufactures in Great Britain annually may be put down at \$190,000,000 ; in the United States, at \$60,000,000 and in France, at \$90,000,000. The reason why France is estimated so much higher than the United States, although not using as much of the raw material by 100,000,000 lbs., is that her manufactures are much finer and more costly. These general estimates show the magnitude of the interests connected with cotton, and the vast amount of capital and labor it gives employment to throughout the world.

In 1821, there were only 170,000,000 lbs. grown in the

United States, and South-Carolina produced fifty millions of that. Previous to our revolution we raised not a pound for exportation, and in 1784 a Yankee vessel arrived at Liverpool with eight bags of cotton, and was immediately seized by the custom house officers, because they believed that even that small amount could not be the produce of the United States. In 1791, the amount of cotton produced in the world was 490 millions of pounds, and of that amount the United States raised then only two millions of pounds, and in 1844 there were raised one thousand two hundred millions of pounds, of which, the United States produced (1844 being our largest crop) 820,000,000 lbs. The Southern people have been held up before the world as wanting in enterprise and industry, but there is nothing in the records of agriculture upon this earth to equal this magnificent and triumphant development of the resources and increasing industry of a people who are, as it were, but in their infancy. The gorgeous and eloquent eulogy which Burke pronounced in the House of Commons in 1775, on the people of New-England for their daring and hardy enterprise in the whale fishery, presents a picture of successful energy far less imposing than this of the gigantic strides which four or five of the Southern States, smallest in population, have made in a few years towards gaining control over the commerce and wealth of the world.

As far as agricultural industry is concerned, there is nothing like it in the history of man. We do not see the marks of this industry exhibited as it is in other sections, upon painted houses and paved streets, with their busy throngs of people; but it is seen in the peaceful and quiet walks of the country, where the husbandman toils over the most extensive fields under the best regulated agriculture known. Compared with other and more populous countries, those who are engaged in the culture of cotton are a mere handful of men, and yet we know of no cultivators of the soil who have produced such wonderful and extraordinary developments in so short a period. It is all sickly cant and pharasaical whining to talk about domestic slavery causing a people to degenerate. Inured to exposure and to danger, their whole police regulations train them up to a military organization. It is a school for the manly and heroic virtues. It is not slavery that will make masters weak; but the want of spirit to defend their rights, if need

be, with the sword, will make them sink down into imbecility, the pity and contempt of the world.

We here take occasion to say, that those who suppose the masters who live in the cotton region of the South, are indolent and luxurious, labor under a great mistake. There are no capitalists in these United States who take as little ease to themselves. There are no capitalists in any part of christendom who are so full of energy and constant and devoted attention to business. The truth is, a cotton plantation soon becomes a dead expense unless it is managed with great care and energy. Those who own slaves are forced to a system of sleepless activity, or the expenses of their labor will soon consume all the profits and sink the capital. The wealthy men of the North can take their ease. They have their property in stocks, in incorporated companies, in town houses, lands at rent, in bonds and money at interest. Not so with the slaveholder. He is the active guardian of human beings, dependent upon his personal attentions. Those who make up the principal part of his capital are daily consumers, whether propitious seasons come or not. He is engaged in a system of cultivation and a production that requires more science than any other system or production known. All this necessarily makes him active and full of energy. Those who form an idea of the habits of our cotton planters from the specimens furnished at the watering places and in the cities of the North, where some of them travel during the summer months, have but a very inadequate conception of the great mass of our people. We too, in like manner, have but a very narrow and contracted knowledge of the wealth and luxury of the North, from the Yankee pedlars and shopkeepers who swarm through our country after the first frost. They overrate our wealth, indulgence and luxury, and we underrate theirs.

Amongst the wealthy classes of the North, there is far more luxury and ease than amongst the same classes South. Let any man visit those superb edifices in New-York, around Lafayette or Union place, or the princely palaces of Boston or Philadelphia, and see the Oriental luxury with which they are furnished; let him visit the villas that adorn the banks of the Hudson or the Delaware, whose inmates pass their days upon ottomans and their nights upon downy couches covered with Persian purple, and he will see how

plain and moderate is our style and luxury compared with theirs.

We speak now of the capitalists of the South, whose property is invested in land and negroes. We know there are some amongst us whose accumulated capital is invested as it is at the North, in stocks, houses at rent and lands, and these, of course, have the same indulgence and ease as that class of capitalists have every where. And there are also amongst us those who have inherited a large property in slaves, who take their ease; but, rest assured, they are but spending what their more active and thoughtful ancestors have acquired, and it will take but a few years for their agents and negroes to consume all they are worth. These are but exceptions to the general rule.

The lot of the Southern slaveholder is one of incessant activity and carefulness. Without these he must sink his fortune in time, no matter how great it may be. Let it be remembered that the greater part of the cotton of our country is produced by farmers of but moderate capital. We would say that more than half of the cotton of the United States is produced by farmers who work less than fifteen hands, and no man who works only that number, if he has a family, can take to himself any indulgence worth speaking of.

Much is said of the luxury of the South, and some people seem to think the Southern planters spend their days and nights in high living and costly indulgence. This might have been the case in colonial times, when our enterprise was not stimulated by independence and self-government, and when we were fostered by the patronage and bounties of a monarchy, in order to strengthen a luxurious court in the mother country. True, many of the country seats of our planters might, at that period, have vied with the luxury of Hortensius or Lucullus. Even as far north James river, Berkley, Brandon, Maycox and Westover stand as monuments of prouder and richer days, when many of our planters received their education in England, and with it, caught the manners of a court. But things have now changed. We are educated at home. Nor is our trade to be confined to the mother country alone. The commerce of the world is open to us, and whatever there is of grand, gainful and inviting in the enterprises of all nations, we claim an interest and a share in all. This it is that stirred

up the energy and developed the resources of the noble region devoted to the culture of cotton. This it is that has stimulated every nerve and placed us where we are, struggling for control over the commerce of nations, and with it, to hold the sources of power in modern times.

True, we have heretofore been pressed down by unjust exactions, and made to labor, that others might be enriched at our expense ; but even that has not destroyed the elastic and recuperative energies of the people on whom it has borne so heavily. If we are but true to ourselves, there is no power that can keep us down. Give us the free markets of the world, with unrestricted trade—let there be no unjust burdens imposed by government on our labor, under the stupid and exploded idea of protection, and we need ask no favors. If we have the spirit to meet all contingencies that may arise like freemen, then, fanatics and demagogues may expend their breath with as little harm to us as honor to themselves.

There can be no reflection more pleasing than for the cotton planter to know that he is engaged in the production of an article, which, next to food, is calculated to carry more comfort to the poor and the suffering than any other product of the earth. He is not engaged in serving the indulgence of the sensual in an article of mere taste and luxury, but he feels conscious he is ministering to the comforts and the wants of man, and he lives and prospers as man becomes civilized and refined, and, instead of catering for the appetite of the degenerate and depraved, the very consumption of what he produces elevates the great masses in the scale of existence. So that the slaveholder of the South, traduced and abused as he is by the ignorant, is, in fact, a great instrument in the hands of Providence, to regenerate and improve the world. Destroy slavery in the South, and you would instantly, not only bring wretchedness and degradation upon millions of human beings, but you would throw back mankind incalculably in the race of progressive civilization.

It is the patient industry of New and Old England, together with the wonderful improvements in machinery, combined with the slave labor of the South, regulated by intelligence, that is now doing more for the comforts of mankind and elevating the poor and the weak in the scale of society than all other causes put together, for the last

century. Our interests are intimately blended and we are mutually dependent upon each other. If we move together in harmony and peace our career of prosperity will be grand and sure. If the unnatural enmity which a few desperate people are endeavoring to create in New-England and the Northern States against us and our institutions, should ever succeed in dissevering our interests, humanity every where will have reason bitterly to grieve over a consummation fatal to the well-being of men.

Many who engage in this war against us get their prejudices so excited that they suppose we are weak and have no sources of support or wealth but the product of cotton alone. And we have seen calculations made by distinguished Northern members of Congress, in which they put down our whole product as nothing but cotton, and then enter into a minute and laborious calculation of every thing raised or manufactured, for instance, in Massachusetts, and make that result a criterion by which to judge of their industry and nett income, and contrast it with our decay and imbecility. Even Mr. Webster has indulged in something like this calculation and contrast on one or two occasions. In that calculation they take it for granted we raise not a dollar's worth of food or anything else, but have to pay for it out of cotton; and they do not calculate the cost of the raw material they work up into their manufactures, and for which they pay other States, and which, as well as bread-stuffs for their laborers, ought to be deducted from the apparent income, so as to leave the true nett result. In the Senate, February 3d, 1832, Mr. Clay spoke of the South, or at least a portion of it, as "too poor to live and too proud to work"

We all know, in the South, that the census which is taken every ten years by the Federal Government, furnishes no very correct standard by which to estimate the productions of our people, as we are a sparse population and exceedingly careless in giving in our returns, and in fact many have a prejudice against it. Yet notwithstanding all this, the census is the only authentic document of a general kind that we can refer to. We will take South-Carolina, for instance, as represented in that very defective document and we find the following as the result of her general industry, leaving out a great many small matters which are not calculated or valued in the return and which we are

unable to put down at all. South-Carolina at the time the census was taken, had a population of 594,399, and we suppose her productions may be taken as a fair sample of the productive industry of the Southern States.

Amount and value of the annual products of South-Carolina, according to the census of 1840.

1. Wheat,	963,162 bushels,	at \$1 10,	\$1,155,796 00
2. Corn,	14,987,474 "	" 80,	11,989,979 20
3. Potatoes,	2,713,425 "	" 70,	1,499,397 50
4. Rye,	49,064 "	" 80,	39,251 20
5. Oats,	1,486,208 "	" 62½,	774,259 00
6. Barley,	3,794 "	" 1 00,	3,794 00
7. Buckwheat,	85 "	" 1 00,	85 00
8. Rice,	66,887,244 lbs.	" 4,	2,676,487 76
9. Cotton,*	91,000,000 lbs.	" 10,	9,100,000 00
10. Hay,	25,729 tons,	" 10 00,	257,290 00
11. Tobacco,	69,524 lbs.	" 10,	6,952 40
12. Silk,	4,792 lbs.	" 10,	479 20
13. Sugar,	31,462 lbs.	" 10,	3,146 10
14. Wool,	299,170 lbs.	" 30,	89,751 00
15. Orchard products,	-	-	52,275 00
16. Family Goods produced,	-	-	930,703 00
17. Gold,	-	-	37,418 00
18. Domestic Salt,	2,250 "	" 50,	1,125 00
19. Granite and marble,	-	-	3,000 00
20. Poultry,	-	-	396,364 00
21. Market Gardens,	-	-	38,187 00
22. Lumber,	-	-	537,684 00
23. Skins and Furs,	-	-	1,225 00
24. Ginseng,	-	-	9,247 00
25. Hardware and Cutlery manufactured,	-	-	13,465 00
26. Bricks and Lime manufactured,	-	-	193,408 00
27. Woollens manufactured,	-	-	1,000 00
28. Manufactures of Cotton,	-	-	359,000 00
29. " of Tobacco	-	-	3,500 00
30. " of Hats and Caps,	-	-	3,750 00
31. Leather,	68,018 Sides of Sole at \$2 00,		136,036 00
32. " 89,586 " of Upper at 2 00,			179,172 00
33. Other manufactures in Leather,	-	-	109,472 00
34. Tallow Candles,	-	-	136,022 00
35. Distilled Liquors, 102,288 gallons,	-	-	51,144 00
36. Confectionary,	-	-	29,333 00
37. Earthenware,	-	-	19,300 00
38. Paper made, value,	-	-	20,000 00
39. Carriages and Wagons made,	-	-	189,270 00

Carried Over.

\$31,045,668 36

* 260,000 bales at 350 lbs.

Amount carried Forward.			\$31,045,668 36
40. Manufactures from mills,	-	-	1,201,678 00
41. Ships and Vessels built,	-	-	60,000 00
42. Furniture manufactured,	-	-	28,000 00
43. Construction of or building houses,	-	-	1,527,576 00
44. Other manufactures,	-	-	82,885 00
Total amount			\$33,937,807 36

The above table is but a very imperfect outline of the productive labor of the State. We can only judge of the profits of labor in commerce from the fact, that the capital vested in 1840 was \$6,648,736, and in the professions we have no data at all. The number of horses and mules was 129,921; the number of sheep, 232,981; the number of neat cattle, 572,608; swine, 878,532, &c. All these show the capacity of the State to support itself.

From this it appears that cotton engages but little more than one fourth of our productive labor. Yet there are many superficial observers at the North, and of influence as public men, who estimate our production by cotton alone, and suppose we draw our supplies of breadstuffs from their granaries entirely. It is a remarkable fact, that South-Carolina, until within the last few years, exported annually, breadstuffs to more than half the value of all the flour *exported* from all the States of the Union. The exports in rice more than averaged in value annually \$2,500,000, and the exports of flour averaged but little over \$4,000,000. And yet it has been generally supposed that we lived by bread from other people.

There are two great sources by which a people acquire permanent surplus capital; the first is by manufactures, and the second is by the habitual exportation of breadstuffs. It is this latter source, that has given South-Carolina more surplus capital for the last twenty-seven years, than any Southern State, in proportion to her population. This is shown, by her citizens holding more stock in the old United States Bank, created in 1816, than any other State except Pennsylvania. It reached more than \$7,000,000 in that institution, while, under the charter renewed by the State of Pennsylvania, the citizens of South-Carolina retained more than \$3,000,000 of stock, even when that infamous institution exploded.

It will be seen, from what has been exhibited, that as

ly as the prosperity of the cotton States is identified with the production of that article, yet their resources are confined to it, as the exponent of their productive labor, the man who thus looks at it, has but a very superficial view of its condition.

There is a product of cotton, which is almost entirely confined to South-Carolina and Georgia, which is not included in the general remarks made on that article; we mean the Sea Island Cotton. This is a peculiar staple, by far the finest cotton grown in the world. But its production is so limited that we do not include it. During the year 1834, the export of this cotton amounted in value to \$5,935, and during the year 1835, it amounted to \$2,936, the whole of this amount being raised in South-Carolina and Georgia, and by far the largest portion of it in the former State. Sea Islands rank in market, 1st.; Bourbon, 2d.; Pernambuco, 3d.; New-Orleans, 4th.; Georgia, 5th.; and Surats, 6th. The peculiarity of Sea Island cotton, consists not only in its length of fibre, but in its delicate and silky texture, from which the finest fabrics are made. There is no plant cultivated that is more sensitive and delicate than this. Its great superiority over all other cottons has resulted from the selection year after year, of peculiar seed from the field by the planters, and then careful and attentive cultivation in places favorably exposed to the salt atmosphere. The soil of South-Carolina is adapted in a peculiar manner to this species of cotton, so much so that the quality degenerates even on the Georgia coast. It is one of those products which nature seems to form for a chosen and favored spot only.

The cotton plant generally, is peculiarly dependent upon its soil and atmosphere. It has a long tap-root, and its numerous branches are covered with large leaves, which expand with the rising and droop with the setting sun. This indicates that its fruit and production depend as much upon the atmosphere from which it feeds, as upon the soil. All plants that feed largely from the atmosphere, present an extended surface upon their leaves, covered with innumerable cups or mouths, to take in the suitable and nutritious elements of the atmosphere, which go into the circulation and fibres of the plant. And when they have a quantity of luxuriant leaves, and but a single tap-root,

the structure indicates that they draw from the air that support which constitutes their distinctive nature. All these peculiarities are eminently exhibited in the cotton plant. Hence it is, that its successful culture has so often failed in soils and climates, supposed at first, to be well adapted to it. It is indigenous in Brazil and the West Indies, and in its native climate it becomes a tree or large shrub, which lives from five to seven years, and even longer, but is comparatively speaking, unproductive. It there shoots out new limbs, upon each of which hang one or two bolls that open, and so on throughout the year, at intervals, with but very few open at one time. The strength of the soil and the nutriment the plant takes up, goes into the formation of the wood and the limbs, instead of the bolls and the wool. When it is removed into a higher latitude and dies with the frost of winter, it changes its nature. By cultivation it becomes a tender plant, and the climate checks the growth of the wood and diverts all its circulation and nutriment into the formation of bolls and the wool. The higher the latitude in which the plant will grow, the shorter will be the joints of the limbs and the more numerous will be the bolls, but they will not mature or open as well when too high, owing to the short season or approach of early fall. The cotton plant to be productive, requires also that the climate should be a dry one. No country habitually subject to great moisture, or excessive and continuous rains about the vernal and autumnal equinox, can be permanently productive in cotton, no matter how rich the soil may be, or how favorable the latitude. Moisture, at those seasons, is destructive to the yield of the plant. This is peculiarly so as to the autumnal equinox. A dry climate in the autumn, is absolutely essential to the gathering of the crop, as well as to the yield of the plant. Wherever the moisture is excessive, combined with a low latitude, it generates all kinds of insects,—lice, grass-hoppers and worms, that are destructive to the plant. A very low latitude, even in the United States, is not favorable to a large yield of the short staple or upland cotton. Low down in Texas or Louisiana, the plant runs too much to weed, with long joints and few bolls. There is too much taken up in the wood of the plant. The truth is, the real cotton region is, comparatively speaking, a narrow belt in the United States. Take the latitude of 33 degrees and run it west, and it will

be found to be the centre of the belt. Seventy-five miles north and south of that degree, will comprise the cotton region of this country, and the plant will degenerate as fast, going south of that latitude, as it will north of it, as far as quantity per acre is concerned. The weed will not degenerate, but the bolls will grow fewer as you go south, and as you go north of that latitude, they will not mature so fully. Even within that belt, there is again great inequality. Take for instance, the latitude of 34 degrees, which may be said to be the first latitude for cotton in South-Carolina, and pursue it west, and you come to a region in Georgia and Alabama, where the plant will scarcely mature, and thence following it on to Mississippi, you come to some of the finest portions of that State as well as Arkansas, for the yield of cotton. The Rio Roxo or Red River, runs several hundred miles on 33½ degrees of latitude, where cotton flourishes in perfection. The reason is, that the Alleghanies terminate in Georgia and Alabama, and as they run north-east and south-west, their spurs fall very low down in those States, and the ocean, by the intervention of the Florida peninsula, becomes distant. Climate varies far more from altitude and distance from the ocean, than it does from mere latitude. Elevation and distance from the ocean, give a cold climate, and depression and nearness to the ocean, the reverse. Hence it is, that under the low latitude of 19 deg., we see in Mexico, everlasting snow. And the same causes give us in the Southern States, the varieties of climate under the parallel of 34 deg., which make so serious a difference in the adaptation of different sections to the production of cotton.

The termination of the Alleghany ranges in Georgia and Alabama, and their direction north-east and south-west, give a climate under that degree of latitude, in those States, not favorable to cotton, except in certain sections. The eastern portion of Georgia under that parallel, is very favorable, and so of the western or Tombigbee section of Alabama. So also, after we pass the mountains of Georgia and Alabama, and enter upon the depressed valley of the Tennessee river, we come again to a good cotton climate, even as high up as 35 deg. And the depression of the Cumberland river, enables them to raise cotton even about Nashville, in latitude 36 deg. 20', and so likewise of the

depressed valley of the Mississippi, about and above Memphis. They have there a pretty good cotton climate, which, as long as the warmth of the virgin soil lasts, will enable them to cultivate it successfully. It is said that 370 feet of altitude is equal to a degree of latitude north. So that if there be 740 feet difference in altitude, under the same latitude, it will give a difference of two degrees in climate. This then, makes an important element in calculation as to climate. It is from this, that we see as we proceed west from the depressed valley of the Mississippi, and rise up into the slopes from the Rocky mountains, the climate change rapidly. The cotton plant loves the temperate region of the south, and from what we know of the west, towards the Rio Grande and California, we are led to believe it is not a climate favorable to the culture. We noticed, while our little army was stationed at Corpus Christi, winter before the last, in latitude 27 deg. 30', that great complaint was made of the cold and the sudden changes. It was said that our soldiers would frequently go to sleep with the thermometer at 65 and 75 deg., and in the morning they would have ice on their tents. In all the region of the Rio Grande, they speak of the extremes of cold and heat, and sudden changes from "Northers." This must be from the fact, that the Rio Grande runs for thirteen hundred miles from the points of the Rocky mountains, covered with everlasting snow; and when the wind changes and blows from the north, it sweeps down the valley of the river from frozen regions, with nothing to temper or to break it, the whole country being prairie and destitute of timber. Even at Buena Vista, Gen. Taylor, in one of his letters, giving an account of the sufferings and endurance of his gallant soldiers, says, that on the night of the battle of the 22d February last, they all slept on their arms, without camp-fires, (expecting a renewal of the fight,) although the "thermometer was below the freezing point all night." This was in latitude a little over 25 deg.

These sudden depressions of the thermometer, together with the desolating effects of the Northers, will forever prevent that region from being permanently a cotton country. If there were an accurate account kept of the range of the thermometer, we suppose that it would be found to sink at least a degree lower, under the same latitude, as you

go west and recede from the Atlantic, until you reach the highest ridges or spurs of the Alleghanies in Georgia and Alabama, and then, after you crossed them and entered upon the depression of the valley of the Mississippi, it would be found to rise again at least a degree higher, and so again, beyond the Mississippi, it would become colder rapidly as you approached the spurs of the Rocky mountains. And this difference would be felt in a greater degree after the Alleghany is passed, because there would then be no high points between us and the Rocky mountains, to protect us from the blasts of the north-west winds, sweeping down from the regions of eternal snow.

We infer from all this, that the climate suited for cotton, even in the United States, is far more limited than was formerly supposed. The truth is, the next few years will show that its production is not very far from reaching its maximum. It is not new and rich soil alone that gives a heavy yield of cotton. It requires a dry, autumnal climate and a soil of moderate fertility, where the plant does not grow too large, and where, by the growth being exhausted in August, the bolls mature. The slopes towards the Atlantic, from the Alleghany, will be generally more favorable to the maturity and gathering of cotton than those towards the Gulf. The trade winds that are felt in the latter, and the peculiar formation and luxurious fertility of the vast alluvial soil upon the depressed vallies of all the large water-courses that empty into the gulf of Mexico, will always make it a more moist climate than that of the Atlantic slopes. This will be peculiarly favorable to the generation of insects and diseases in the plant, and too large a growth of wood and weed, which will make it a more variable and uncertain crop. The soil of the Gulf region is very fine for cotton in the spring, far better than the Atlantic region, but the latter part of the season is not so favorable. All this shows that climate is as important an element in the permanent production of cotton as is soil, and justifies the belief that we have approached nearer our maximum production than is generally supposed. As far back as 1834, the Secretary of the Treasury estimated that we had 2,000,000 of acres in cotton. In 1839, we raised 2,177,935 bales; in 1843, the crop only reached 2,030,400; in 1842, it was 2,379,411 bales, and in 1844, 2,415,448,

(much the largest product of any year,) while in 1845, the amount barely exceeded 2,000,000 of bales, and in 1846, it was less than 1,800,000 bales. Even with the advantage of an autumn singularly favorable to the maturing and gathering of the cotton, there is little probability that the present crop will exceed 2,000,000 of bales.

We believe the number of acres in cotton has much increased within the last ten years, but not in proportion to the product. Probably the Secretary of the Treasury underrated the number of acres, even in 1834. He then allowed 250 to 300 pounds nett cotton per acre as an average product, whereas the average throughout the United States does not exceed 185 pounds nett per acre, for a series of years. But put it at 200 pounds, and to produce 2,000,000 of bales, at 400 pounds each, would then require 4,000,000 of acres. We prefer the following estimates of our own to those made out by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The population engaged in or connected with the production of cotton in the United States, may be estimated at about 2,500,000, and of this number one-half may be put down as children, or under the working age, which would leave 1,250,000, and of this number there are rather more than half whites, say, at any rate, 625,000, and of this 625,000 one-half are females (312,500) who are not daily laborers in cotton at all, and there may be said to be also of that number 137,500 men in the towns and villages, mechanics, professional men and gentlemen of fortune, who are not cultivators of cotton. This, then, would leave 800,000 laborers engaged in the culture of cotton, which, at five acres per hand, would make the 4,000,000 of acres.

And five acres per hand is a sufficient estimate, considering that in the mountain portions of South-Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, and high up in Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee, they do not cultivate three acres per hand; while, below that, in the real cotton region, they may reach eight acres, and even, in sections, as high as ten acres per hand. It must also be considered that these 800,000 producers of cotton, cultivate, at the same time, at least six acres per hand in grain besides. Then say these 800,000 laborers produce annually two and a half bales per hand, at 400 pounds, and the result is, the 2,000,000 of bales as the cotton crop of the United States, or the 800,000,000 pounds nett cotton,

which would give 1,000 pounds nett per hand. This is about correct, if we embrace the whole region engaged in cotton. Yet there are favored sections that reach even 3,000 pounds per hand; but an average, for several years, of 1,000 pounds per hand, for the whole region engaged in cotton, is a full estimate. This 1,000 pounds, at ten cents, would be 100 dollars per hand for gross sales, and, deducting 40 dollars per hand for overseers' wages, physicians, implements, taxes and freight of cotton to market, &c., &c., there will remain 60 dollars nett per hand, or 48,000,000 dollars nett for the cotton crop, to the planters.

In the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, he puts the average product per acre at 250 pounds, and eight acres per hand in cultivation, both of which estimates are excessive, when we include the whole cotton region. It may be true as to south Alabama and Georgia and lower Mississippi. He also estimates the average value of cotton lands in cultivation at 20 dollars per acre, and the grain lands in cultivation at the same price. His language is: "Capital in other lands to support stock, raise corn, &c., at 20 acres to each of the 680,000 persons supposed to be engaged in cotton, worth 20 dollars per acre cleared, 272,000,000 dollars." All this is an over estimate. In this way he makes the capital vested in raising cotton amount to 771,000,000 dollars.

We prefer taking the census book of 1840, and, from the general tables there presented, making the following estimate of capital vested in raising cotton.

By excluding, as well as we can, all those in the cotton States who are engaged in the culture of rice and sugar, as well as those in the mountains of Georgia, Alabama and South-Carolina, who produce grain only, and by adding those in North-Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas who are engaged partially in producing cotton, we estimate the slaves at 1,000,000. And of this 1,000,000 we estimate 700,000 as workers, which is probably not excessive, when we consider that the South-West—the great cotton region—is newly settled and the number of children out of all proportion less than in regions peopled by the natural growth of population. To get the 800,000 laborers, we add 100,000 white laborers to the 700,000 slaves, which makes the estimated daily workers in cotton. Then we have—

1. 1,000,000 slaves,	at \$500	\$500,000,000
2. Land, 4,000,000 of acres,	" 10	40,000,000
3. Land in grain, 6,000,000 acres,	" 10	60,000,000
4. Land, timber and pasture, 10,000,000 acres,	" 2	20,000,000
5. Mules and horses, 300,000,	" 80	24,000,000
6. Hogs and sheep, 4,200,000,	" 1	4,200,000
7. Cattle, 200,000,	" 5	1,000,000
8. Ploughs, 400,000,	" 2	800,000
9. Other implements, tools, &c.,		600,000
		<hr/> \$650,600,000

We cannot understand in what way the capital vested can be put down at more. The Secretary estimates the working slaves at 800 dollars per head, and the following item which he puts down in this language: "the maintenance of 340,000 more assistants, &c., at 30 dollars each per year, would require the income of a capital, at six per cent., of 167,000,000 dollars," we do not exactly comprehend.

We prefer the estimate we have made as above. This capital of 650,000,000 dollars, at six per cent., would be 39,036,000 dollars, and at 7 per cent., would be 51,549,000 dollars. The crop of cotton estimated at 2,000,000 bales, of 400 pounds, would be 800,000,000 pounds, and this, at 10 cents, would be 80,000,000 dollars. Take off expenses for overseers, physicians, taxes, freight on cotton, &c., estimated at 40 dollars per hand, (and this is little enough when we consider the children to be supported,) and we have 48,000,000 dollars as nett profit, which would be a little under 7 per cent. upon the capital vested. It must be recollected that this estimate is made upon cotton at 10 cents, and whenever it sinks one cent below that, the nett income falls off in a much greater proportion, as the expenses continue the same. And so, in like manner, when it rises above that point, the nett income increases vastly, the expenses being stationary.

When we consider that there is an increase and improvement in the annual value of the negroes upon every well regulated cotton farm, and that the great majority of planters raise or support their families from what may be called the offal of a farm, that is, from what is raised on it and is scarcely missed or calculated in its products, which is always the case when the owner lives on it, then we are induced to believe there is no investment known of

tal as large as 650,600,000 dollars equal in value to cotton.

when we turn from the cold calculations of mere and loss, and look at the quiet, the comfort and content which the cultivation of the soil brings us, we feel now there is, not only no investment equal to it, but no happiness like unto it. The farmer feels, above all, the proud consciousness of virtuous independence.

morning that he breathes the fresh air, as it sweeps his own hills and vallies, he feels his heart beat and with purer and deeper emotions. And as he sees all budding and expanding under the plastic hand of a beneficent Providence, his daily communion is with the Father that breathes into and animates all creation around him. He fawns not upon insolent officials—the mushrooms of emerald party success; he looks for no partial bounty from an unjust government, and feels reverence and gratitude towards none save the God who made him.

we well remember the scenes of 1840, when the whole country seemed besotted with the passions of party politics. And yet, at that period, thousands upon thousands of educated and intelligent men thronging to the capital in pursuit of office. We turned from the scene with loathing and disgust, and sought a country home,—its peace and independence,—with a keen zest, never before realized.

In addition to the ordinary enjoyments of an agricultural life, a cotton planter feels additional pleasure in reflecting that he is engaged in producing an article that is now in demand with the extension and advancement of civilization throughout the world. He may well exult in the fact that every extension of the benevolent culture to which he is devoted is an enlargement of the comforts and conveniences of life; that it is adapted to clothe the poor, to raise them in the scale of existence; that the cotton planter and cotton planter are the peacemakers of the world, and that to them, in an eminent degree, it is due that the day is not distant when the armament of war shall be converted into the peaceful implements of agriculture.

We have said that the cotton crop in the United States is far from reaching its maximum production as is commonly supposed. When we consider the peculiar formation of the Southern States, and the great proportion of

pine barrens, and that the cotton portions of the valley of the Mississippi are mostly taken up, and that as you rise to the spurs from the Rocky Mountains, on the other side of that river, you will soon get, from altitude, beyond the cotton climate, the conclusion is most reasonable. True, the Rio Roxo or Red River runs, for several hundred miles, from east to west, between the latitudes of 33 and 34 deg., and furnishes a soil and climate in the highest degree adapted to the cotton plant; but, with this exception, we know of no very extensive region that can add much to the amount produced.

Texas is far more of a sugar than a cotton country. In that climate and soil the plant will grow too much to weed and wood, instead of bolls and wool. Of course, there must be sections in Texas, in the higher latitudes, that will furnish exceptions to this; but the largest portions of the fertile lands of that State will finally be devoted to sugar, until you approach the western frontier or Rio Grande valley, and there, from the violent changes and the chills of the Northerners, together with the absence of rain for a considerable portion of the year, the country must finally be given to grazing. The real cotton belt of the United States is, comparatively speaking, narrow.

We have said that there are 500,000,000 or half the population of the earth at present, who do not use cotton, and the other 500,000,000 only use a little over two pounds per head a year; and of that portion, England, the United States, France and Germany, use nearly twelve pounds per head, while India and China use less than one.

The population of China may be put down at 252,866,000, and the British possessions in Asia at 121,680,000. These together, would make 374,546,000. Allow them only one pound per head and it would amount to 374,546,000 pounds, or about 1,001,300 bales, at 370 pounds, which is an East India bale. Put down the present growth and consumption in India and China at 600,000 bales, and their exports to all Europe at 152,175 bales, and this would leave a deficiency of 349,125 bales in those countries, assuming only one pound of raw cotton per head. But, as civilization and trade expand in those thickly populated regions, particularly in China, under the British, French and United States treaties, recently formed with that immense empire, we may safely calculate that they will finally consume at least as

much as the 'Turks now do, which is estimated at two pounds of raw cotton per head. This rate of consumption in India and China would produce a demand, in those countries alone, for 749,092,000 pounds, or near 2,000,000 of bales, the present crop of the United States.

Wherever British or American trade reaches, there the consumption of cotton will be extended. The Caucasian, and of it, the Gallic and Anglo-Saxon races, are the conquering and subjugating races of the world; and it may be said that wherever the banners of European arms or Christian civilization are unfurled, there will spring up markets for the rapid consumption of cotton. The truth is, there can be no permanent reclamation of the barbarian and half-clothed races of the globe without it. If the present population of the world were to use only two pounds of cotton per head, which is now the consumption of the Turks, the demand would equal 5,000,000 of bales, or nearly twice the amount now raised in the world. And this is not making any estimate for the annual increase of population. How deeply identified we are then with the civilization of man, the extension of commerce, and the advancement of all the arts and refinements of life! We will take for instance, the year 1840, as a general basis, to understand our relations with other countries, so far as cotton is concerned, and we see in that year, (which was a medium year,) the value of cotton exported from the United States, was \$63,870,307. The imports of cotton goods for the same year amounted only to \$6,504,484. Deduct the cost of shipment and transportation, and the enhanced value from the manufacture of the goods, and probably the raw cotton in the goods imported, did not exceed \$2,000,000; which would give us at least \$61,870,307 excess of production for foreign markets, over our own consumption. This \$61,870,307 must seek the market of the world to be manufactured into goods, to be consumed in foreign countries. How very blind must be that policy, which would attempt to create a home market equal to the foreign, under such circumstances!

It is the market of the world, that the enterprise of this growing country demands. There is too much active capital at the North, as well as the South, to have our products limited to the narrow bounds of these States. Under the quickening influences of free institutions, we are constantly

and rapidly widening and confirming our influence over the commerce, and with it, the power of the world. Tariff restrictions belong to another age, and it is idle to attempt to bind with them, a country whose very life is liberty.

The old nations of Europe have immense civil establishments to support. Their large standing armies and navies; expensive church establishments; their kings and nobles; and above all, their accumulated national debts, are weighing and pressing them to the earth. Their productive industry is shackled by heavy taxation. Their whole system is growing cumbrous and unwieldy, and wants the animation and vitality springing from the spirit of liberty. If we are true to ourselves, we must pass them in all the elements of power and greatness. Whilst they bind down their productive industry with taxation, it is our policy to unbind. Whilst they may seek to shape and form their bodies within narrow stays, and give but confined and suppressed air for the breathing of their lungs, it is our policy to give the sinews and the muscles of our infant republic, the whole earth to walk abroad on, and our lungs, the air of the wide heavens to breathe.

In former and more ignorant periods of the world, each nation was supposed to have antagonistic and hostile interests to every other, and there was a constant and barbarian appeal to arms, to defend these supposed separate interests. In former and more ignorant times, it was thought that separate nations were made to advance and enhance the power and the glory of the kings and nobles, who claimed to rule over them "by the grace of God;" and wars of conquest and plunder were made for their exercise and enjoyment. Out of this state of society, grew the idea of restrictions to protect home interests or national interests. They had appealed to arms to advance their separate imaginary interests, and after exhausting all their energies in these bloody conflicts, they sank down into peace from necessity; and then resorted to legislation, to throw around themselves those barriers and defences from other nations, which they had failed to do by war. They piled up legislative restriction after restriction, until they entrenched themselves in parchment, under the delusive belief, that behind that, they could thus forever shield themselves from hostile nations around them.

But the progress of knowledge, is fast dispelling all this

ic ignorance. No statesman can shut his eyes to the changes that have been produced in the world and him, in the last thirty years. The whole face of our society has changed. Look at the invention of steam power alone. It is through this wonderful agent that we are brought into habitual and daily intercourse with the world, so that we are informed of what takes place in London and Paris, with more certainty and expedition, than we were of what occurred in neighboring countries years ago. It is through this great agent, that commerce has been stimulated and expanded, so that remote quarters of the world, now exchange their productions with as much facility and facility, as did contiguous neighborhoods years ago. Commerce has enlarged more rapidly at any former period, and has touched with its life, class and interest, and family of the civilized globe. It is again at that other great reformer of modern times ; an, a *free press*. This great leveller of ranks, has created a community of thought and of feeling, that reaches and moves all society to its deepest foundations. It is commerce stimulated by steam power, connected with the mighty engine of modern times—a free press, that has brought all civilized men together in adamant chains of sympathy, and of feeling ; which neither the ambition of leaders nor the avarice of monopolists, will be able to dissolve. Not a free-trader upon the banks of the Tweed ; not a liberal upon any remote vineyard in France, that strikes for the freedom of industry, who does not touch a chord that vibrates to the heart of every man, whether on the banks of the Hudson, or in his cabin on the remote waters of the Mississippi. And all exclusive privileges and selfish restrictions are swept down before it, like feeble embankments before a mighty flood. The power of governments will prove ineffectual hereafter to execute high legislative restrictions, contrary to the whole genius and spirit of the age. England, haughty England, has been forced to bow before the great progressive ideas of the age. Sir Robert Peel saw the storm, and like a great pilot, true to the duty, he kept the vessel from being swamped in the trough of the sea. Nothing saved England from convulsions but his bold and masterly moves in favor of free-trade, against the re-conceived ideas, and which will carry him down

to posterity, as a statesman and a patriot, when his revilers and opponents will be forgotten on the pages of history. So in like manner, Mr. Calhoun will be remembered with admiration by this country, for his profound knowledge on every thing connected with free-trade, *long, long* after all those who would have bound the sinews and limbs of this infant republic with the miserable thongs of restriction, shall have been forgotten, or only remembered with pity for their ignorance, or scorn for their selfishness. A new state of things is about to open upon the world. A free and unrestricted interchange of all the productions of the earth, is about to bind civilized nations together in the bonds of peaceful commerce. And while other men may gain fame from the smoke of cannon, and live in the tears of the widow and the mother, shed for the victims of war, these two great statesmen will live in the hearts and affections of millions, who will be blessed under a free-trade system, which the genius of the one was the first to illustrate, and which the fortunate possession of power, enabled the other to realize.

We think we have shown, that there is reason to believe the production of cotton, even in the United States, is not far from reaching its maximum. It now remains to see, what are the prospects of increasing permanently, its production elsewhere. In the first place, we are under an impression, that it cannot be extensively cultivated in any country where the population is very dense. Wherever population is crowded, the first great object is to raise food to support it. Wherever there is any difficulty as to the support of population, there neither time or space can be allowed for any great branch of agriculture, not contributing to sustain life. The cultivation of cotton requires long continued attention throughout the year, and intelligence to direct and regulate labor in it. Wherever this is sustained and managed, there must also be a system of well regulated political liberty, that gives perfect protection to the proceeds of labor and the profits of capital. Wherever the government is despotic and its exactions heavy and uncertain, the production of cotton cannot be permanent or certain. Population, under such a government, may work to procure food ; but there never can be the large investments of capital or labor, necessary to produce cotton, where so valuable a product may be seized by a lawless government,

or where taxation may follow the impulses of a selfish or unregulated power.

Apply these general remarks to Egypt or India, and it will be at once seen that there is too much despotism in the one, and too dense a population in the other, for cotton ever to become permanently and very extensively, their staple production. They may make a large production one year, but the next, there may be little or none. But we go further, and say that the climate of India is not suited to cotton. The first great objection is, that it is subject to too great extremes. It lies in that latitude, where the year is divided into rainy and dry seasons. During one-half the year they have constant rains, and the other half, none at all. Every one acquainted with the plant, knows, that under such seasons, it will shed its fruit and not mature. The most of Hindostan lies between the 10th and 30th deg. of latitude, and with their burning sun and heavy rains, the plant will grow to weed and wood, with long joints and few bolls, and will never mature as it ought. And this is not left merely to conjecture. In 1840, an English agent went to Louisiana and Mississippi, and engaged ten Americans who had been employed as managers of cotton estates in that section, and who were recommended by the most respectable planters. They left with the agent for India, and took large quantities of the best American cotton seed, with all our usual implements of agriculture, with the best cotton gins, presses, &c. They were engaged at an average salary of about £300 each, with an additional allowance of £100 per year for subsistence. Each entered into a contract to remain in the service of the company for five years, and to conduct the experiment of cotton planting in such parts of India, as the government might point out. Of the ten persons thus employed, three returned after the first year, being left to pay their own expenses, as the agreement was that those who remained the whole term, should be allowed their expenses to India, and from thence to America, at the end of the term. Seven remained to the end of their engagement. On the arrival of these agents in India, they were distributed in different sections of the empire, so as to test different soils and a variety of climates. One was stationed at Calpee in the district of Bundelcund; one in Dooab; one at Humeapore; one at Goruckpore, at the foot of the Nepal hills; one in Bundelpore; and one in Coimba-

tores; and one at Surat on the western side of the peninsula. After experimenting a year or two at each place, without the prospect of success, they were then changed to other districts, so as to give every section of India a fair trial. They had every inducement of rewards held out to them if they succeeded, and all means were liberally afforded them, and no expenses spared. They made every effort to instruct the natives, and yet there never has been a more signal failure of any experiment. We take our information from the reports of the several agents as they gave them to the public on their return. They say the difficulty of raising cotton in India, arises from the great extremes of dry and wet seasons. During the wet season, the plant grows to sudden luxuriance, and is then as suddenly cut off by the intense heat of the sun during the dry season. When the dry weather sets in, the sun ripens the bolls prematurely, when they are only half grown, while the leaves of the plant are crisped to a brown color, by the intensity of the tropical heat. In lower Bengal, the rainy season commences in May, and continues incessantly until October. In central India it commences the first of July, and lasts until the middle of September. In lower Bengal as much as 76 inches of rain falls annually. In central India, 13 inches of rain is essential, and if only 11 inches fall, it produces famine with all its horrors upon the natives. In addition to the unconquerable difficulties in the climate, the cotton is there exposed to the fatal attacks of insects. There is one that lays its eggs in the flower of the plant. Before the boll matures, the worm forms within it and feeds upon the tender fibres of the cotton, eating all within the boll, leaving only a lock or so in some bolls. In some parts of India, the white ants are very destructive to the young plants. All that the American planters could do with their best exertions, was to raise on an average, about 10 lb. of clean cotton the acre, from the best American seed, and about 70 lb. from the best native India seed. One of them was stationed at Goruckpore, and put two hundred acres in cotton, from which he gathered only 200 lbs. of clean cotton altogether. Those who were stationed at Coimbatore, were enabled, one favorable year, to raise 200 lbs. of seed cotton per acre. The best seed they carried out from Rodney, which is considered equal to any in the United States, deteriorated every year, the fibre growing

shorter and the yield less. Independent of climate, there are other causes which must forever keep India from being permanently a great cotton country. The population is so dense, that their first great object must be food for support. If there falls only 11 inches of rain any year, their rice crop falls off, which is their principal reliance for food ; and they have inevitably to encounter famine in its most frightful excess. But besides this, all British India is held in possession of the East India Company. It is a fixed principle with them, never to sell a foot of land in fee-simple, "and they only part with it on limited leases, even to the native population themselves. One half of all that the Hindoos, or native population, produce, is claimed by the East India Company as land tax ; whether it be rice, indigo, opium, cotton or sugar." This is felt as the heaviest and most grinding exaction, and particularly as to rice, which is so essential to their support. In 1840, it was estimated that 500,000 persons perished in India from starvation and its attendant diseases. There can be no calculation made as to the permanent production of cotton to any increased extent, where despotism is so exacting and so unlimited, as is the case with the East India Company, in regard to India.

"The town of Madras only, had a joint amount of exports and imports, for the years 1828 and '29, of about £800,000 ; yet the Presidency contains 154,000 square miles, and fifteen millions of inhabitants, among whom there are only some few English settlers, probably not over one thousand in all. And yet from this miserable population, the government extorts a revenue of five millions of pounds sterling, or about twenty to twenty-five millions of dollars ; equal to a revenue sufficient to support the entire government of the United States."

The English took Bombay from the Portuguese in 1664, and ever since then, the progress of their government has been the extension of this grinding system of exactions. They found the country rich in the accumulated treasures of ages, and their whole policy seemed to be, to lay plans by which it might be drawn from a weak and helpless people, to enrich and sustain the system of oppression. The slightest pretences have been made ground of war, and the faintest suspicion of hostility, has, with them, served to justify the plunder of the palaces, and the incarceration of the persons of the native princes.

It is estimated recently that the wars in India, for no longer time than from 1827 to 1847, have cost 39,000,000 of pounds sterling, or about 195,000,000 dollars. The Affghan war alone, added to the Indian government debt, 13,000,000 rupees, or about 6,000,000 dollars. These estimates are over and above what they have drawn for support from the invaded and conquered countries.

No extensive investment of capital can be permanently made under such circumstances, for the purpose of producing cotton in a country governed as India is. As to the cheapness of labor, it is a trifling consideration; for one negro, under the direction of an intelligent master who owns the freehold, in such a country as ours, will do more than five Hindoos, with their poor diet and feeble frames, in a debilitating climate, and, above all, under the exactions of a government that claims the freehold.

The culture of other productions is more profitable in India than cotton. When the trade with China is open, opium is far more so. The reason why, a few years since, India shipped more cotton to England than formerly, was that the war with China had broken up the usual demand in that country for India cotton, and diverted its exportation to England. China usually consumes about 600,000 bales of cotton for her manufactures, and the voyage being so much shorter than to England, it goes there, except when diverted by war. The following table will show the relative value of products in India, as indicated by the exports from Calcutta in the years 1833 and 1834, viz :

Opium	for 1833,	£1,177,559	For 1834,	£1,240,382
Indigo	" "	1,300,150	" "	902,175
Cotton	" "	127,059	" "	143,250
Sugar	" "	182,400	" "	230,832

This indicates the capacity of the country to produce other things much more readily and extensively than cotton. The following table will show the exportation of cotton for a series of years from different countries to England, and it will also show how little we have to fear in the competition of the world.

It has been reported for the last twenty-five years, that Egypt and India would outstrip us in the production of cotton. The best answer will be found in this table of imports of cotton into England for a series of years.

	UNITED STATES.		EGYPT & TURKEY.		INDIA.	
	<i>Millions of lbs.</i>		<i>Millions of lbs.</i>		<i>Millions of lbs.</i>	
In 1820	90		.25		23	
" 1821	93.5		.25		9	
" 1824	92		7.7		16.5	
" 1825	140		19		20.5	
" 1826	131		10		21	
" 1827	217		5		20	
" 1830	211.5		2.3		12.5	
" 1831	205.5		8		26	
" 1832	217.25		9		35	
" 1834	266.25		1.5		32	
" 1837	320		—		51	
" 1838	319		—		34	

From this it will be seen how rapid our increase has been even to England, and how stationary have been the exports from the other two principal sources interested in the culture of cotton. The last few years would show a more marked difference than the above table indicates, if we could conveniently ascertain the precise amount from India and Egypt. In the single year of 1844 we produced more than 800,000,000 pounds, of which more than 660,000,000 went to Europe. True, this was our largest production by near 300,000 bales.

Another great reason why India cannot compete with us in the European markets, is the length of voyage and the freight with insurance. The freight on cotton, from the United States to Europe, will not exceed, on an average, one cent a pound, and the voyage will not extend beyond four to six weeks. Whereas, from Calcutta, Madras or Bombay, the freight can never average less than a penny per pound, or two cents, and the voyage will take about four months. The whole expenses of cotton sent from the United States to Liverpool and sold there, do not exceed three cents per pound; while from India the expenses are not less than six cents. Their cotton is usually from two to three cents a pound under ours in price, from inferiority in quality. Suppose, then, "fair cotton" commands 12 cents in Liverpool, and ours will yield, according to the above calculations, 9 cents nett, while the India cotton can only yield 4 cents nett; and a fall in price of one cent would make it much less in proportion, as the expenses would remain stationary: that is, if we went into an estimate of interest upon the capital vested, and the wages of labor.

The supposition that we were in danger from the competition of India cotton, arose from the calculations of those who were ignorant of every thing connected with the plant. It first started in relation to Egyptian cottons. In the year 1820, a Frenchman named Jumel introduced the culture of Brazil cotton into Egypt. The Pacha ordered it to be extended on a large scale. Niles' Register, in October, 1825, raised the alarm. The Register says, "Egypt is our great and fearful rival, and has a capacity to supply much more than we have ever produced. The Pacha has a population of 2,500,000 persons and can dispose of the whole of them as he likes." The quotations from the Northern papers might be made without bounds, to show that Egypt was capable of producing cotton beyond all the demands of Europe. And the same papers could be quoted to prove, by figures too, that nothing could save the South from overwhelming ruin, by this competition in the production of cotton, but a tariff for protection, which would finally secure to us a *home market*, where we might be *allowed to trade*, upon the best terms, with our kind task-masters. The same things were repeated in 1828. And, finally, in 1842, the country was again inundated with the same ignorant cant. We remember well, that for months before the passage of the tariff of 1842, the most intelligent of the presses on the side of protection were stuffed full of predictions as to India cotton supplanting ours in the markets of the world, and that we must fly into the arms of our own manufacturers for protection. We were infants, to be kept in the nursery and fed on pap by Northern nurses. We recollect hearing in the United States Senate the following doleful lamentation uttered: "While we have heretofore scarcely noticed the existence of that immense country, (East India,) in either our domestic calculations or our commercial calculations; all at once we find one of our great staples being supplanted in England, and in great danger of being *driven from our home markets* by its producers." (See Mr. Smith's Speech, United States Senate, 1842.)

Unless we sink down into stupidity and ignorance, the day is past when such miserable cant is to have any control over us. No! if we are but true to ourselves we can command the future, so far as our prosperity is concerned. England is in such a condition that she must have our cot-

ton. She has 160,000,000 dollars of capital, and 220,000 persons immediately and absolutely devoted to the manufacture of cotton, besides 650,000 more dependent upon these factories, and all depending upon the raw material from the United States. In addition to this, we cannot estimate the millions of poor who receive their annual clothing from the same sources. France, Germany and the whole continent of Europe are rapidly increasing their manufactures of cotton. The United States can alone produce it on a large and permanent scale, suited to the increasing demands of the world.

By the blessing of heaven, we are enabled to raise the most beneficent product that commerce has ever transported for the comfort of the human family—a product destined to make a new era in the intercourse of nations, and to develop new sources of civilization. And to the slaveholding States of the Union, it is the great source of their power and their wealth, and the main security of their peculiar institutions. It is that which gives us our energy, our enterprize, our intelligence, and *commands* the respect of foreign powers. What the Nile is to the Egyptian, cotton is to us,—pouring annually its rich tribute into our treasury, and by those wide and strong connections with other nations to which it gives existence, securing to us independence and power. To defend this independence and power,—assailed by avarice, that seeks to appropriate the produce of labor, and by fanaticism, that aims at our very existence,—is the work that now calls for the devotion of the Southern people. From none other but themselves can their safety come. They will in vain wait for avarice to grow liberal, or fanaticism to yield to reason.

The greatest difficulty is among ourselves. It is not foreign competition, but the denial of equal rights in the Union that endangers us. It is the assertion of the right to fetter and restrict us within our own country that we are called upon to repel and resist;—the insulting assumption that the cotton growing States are not good enough to share with the pure and pious North in the benefits of the confederacy. And if any new territory is to be acquired, slaveholders are to be excluded from it. If this outrage be perpetrated, it will be to us far more than injury,—it will be a stigma, and if we *bear it in peace* we shall cover our children with deep degradation.

Any people can bear, for a time, oppression and taxation; but, if they tamely submit to insult, their self-respect is gone, and they become fit only to wear the chains of slaves and the livery of bondsmen. The Union, under the constitution,—such as our forefathers made it,—we will drain the last drop of blood, if need be, to vindicate and defend; but we scorn to bow down and worship at any unholy and unhallowed shrine, before whose altars fanatical priests preside, and

“Where knaves shall minister and fools shall kneel.”

ART. V.—PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF PERU.

History of the Conquest of Peru, with a preliminary view of the Civilization of the Incas. By WILLIAM H. PRESOTT, Corresponding Member of the French Institute, of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, etc.

“Congestæ cumulantur opes, orbisque rapinas
Accipit.” *Claudian, in Rcp. lib. i, v. 194.*

“So color de religion
Van a buscar plata y oro
Del encubierto tesoro.”
Lope de Vega, El Nueva Mundo, Jorn.

In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

WE may briefly divide historians into two classes. They are either simply narrative, or they are philosophical. The requisites of the former class, are—fidelity and closeness of detail, a rigid regard to the regular order of events, a respectful and constant attention to authorities, clearness of style and simplicity of statement. To these qualifications, the more popular historians add another, and, by the exercise of a higher degree of the artistical faculty, they render their narratives more attractive, by such an arrangement of the details, with regard to the general effects of grouping, as to crown their histories with the dramatic and the picturesque. Robertson, in modern, and Mr. Prescott, in recent times, are both excellent models of this order of writers. The former possesses more general power than the latter. He has more ardor of temperament, is a writer of

greater vigor, and has the faculty of giving, to his more glowing narratives, an intensity of expression which hurries the reader forward with an eagerness of curiosity, such as we experience in the perusal of the more vehement and passionate pages of romance. But, to compensate for what may be inferior, in these respects, in his endowment, Mr. Prescott is more certain as an authority, is more profound in his researches, has been more fortunate in his opportunities than his predecessors, and, if less vehement and energetic in his style, has more simplicity of manner, is more free from colloquialisms,* and is altogether superior in grace of expression and delicacy of detail.

The philosophical historian belongs to a more ambitious school. He is not so much the narrator as the essayist. His labor is not so much after details as principles. He disdains minutiae in his search after generalities, and is better prepared with a speculation than a fact. If these suffice for a doubt, he is ready with an argument, and is by no means to be discouraged by the vague, so long as he may suggest the probable. He looks, not so much to the actions, as to the motives and the moods of rulers; and prefers to hurry over the narrative, which unfolds the downfall of an empire, in order to show how profoundly he can discuss the conditions by which such overthrow became inevitable. He has his uses no less than the narrator. He corrects the mistakes, and compels the caution of the latter, by rebuking his credulity. He separates the fact from the fable, which is its inevitable atmosphere in the remote, exposing the false medium through which we behold it; and, though reducing its proportions, making it more certain, under the general laws of evidence. His tests are those of the lawyer and philosopher. He cross-examines with the one, and dilates into generalities with the other. He corrects the morals of history, as he exhibits the mistakes of governments and people; showing why and where the ruler falters—by what errors of policy—by what weaknesses of judgment—by what severities of sway—by what ca-

* And yet, there are some instances, in the present volume, in which Mr. Prescott departs from his acknowledged propriety of language, and falls into vulgarisms. "Used up," for "worn out," describing the shoes of the horses, and the condition of their hoofs: see vol. i, p. 451, is a sufficient example. These little blots show like great deformities, in a style so uniformly pure and excellent as that of our author.

prices of passion, and mistakes of fact. He is, in brief, a philosopher, who chooses to take history for his subject of analysis, rather than morality or art,—and embodies these, as topics, to which his theme, itself, is rendered tributary.

Of this class, Guizot and Michelet are living instances. They, too, employ the imagination, but it is in diving through the obscure, rather than in embodying the picturesque. Where the artistical narrator colors highly, they conjecture boldly : and the degree of ease, strength and grace, with which they adventure upon the unknown void, is the guaranty, more or less absolute, for the successes which they enjoy, and the high position which they claim. As instances where the faculties of the philosophical and narrative historian are happily united, we may point to Gibbon and Thierry. It is hardly to be questioned that the world has not yet done justice to the genius of the former, while that of the latter is yet on trial. In these writers, the philosopher keeps even pace with the narrator. They blend their attributes into happy union. The thought and the picture are made to illustrate the event, in the moment of its occurrence ; and the fact, appealing to the eye, and made living to the ear, fastens itself upon the memory, with a tenacious grasp, that proves the historian to be in possession of higher powers than simple history has usually been supposed to require. The record, thus appealing to superior faculties than those either of logic or conscientiousness, enables the historian to arrive at a three-fold triumph,—when he crowns his story with a moral, in which truth prevails in the embrace of the beautiful.

We have already briefly indicated the position which we esteem Mr. Prescott to enjoy. As an historian, he has succeeded, by two elaborate works, in reaching a very high place in public opinion. His industry has been exemplary ; his fidelity is unexceptionable ; his style is graceful and winning,—just sufficiently raised to command respect and attention, and seldom swelling beyond the barriers of propriety and a becoming taste. Nor do the delicacy and grace which evidently prevail in his intellectual organization, impair the energy of his expression when the subject demands it. Though ordinarily subdued to a rather too measured flow—such as marks, in most cases, the style of the school to which he particularly belongs,—giving to all its possessors, a somewhat uniform air and manner—it is yet certain

that he can raise his voice to the extraordinary wants of the occasion. His powers of language are considerable; and, with greater freedom of training, would, without any disparagement of his native graces, enable him to declare himself with a nobler force, and a better sense of strength and majesty, than he has yet displayed. This necessary freedom may probably ensue from a better condition of health and spirits in the writer. These works of Mr. Prescott, we must not forget to mention, have been conceived and written under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and depression. He tells us, in the introduction to the work before us, that his labors have been prosecuted at a period when he was almost wholly deprived of sight. The unaffected narrative which unfolds to us his processes of study and composition, under a visitation so extreme and painful, is equally touching and curious. One of his eyes was injured, to its total loss, while he was yet a student at the university. The other was seized with inflammation soon after, and, for a time, was useless also. Subsequently restored, it remained, and still remains, very feeble; and, at two later periods, it was found necessary to suspend the use of it, for all purposes of reading and writing, for years together. That our author should have persevered in his studies, and contrived modes for evading the danger, while pressing on in his career of authorship, to the preparation of half a dozen large octavos, is an instance of courage and resolute purpose not often equalled, which may well stimulate the energies of others similarly afflicted. The introduction to the work before us, which contains this personal narrative, will be read with a sympathizing interest. The ingenuity of the sufferer in devising means of study, through the eyes of another, are worthy of examination. It might be supposed that, under such circumstances the historian must be liable to frequent mistakes and inaccuracies. But it is one of the commendable characteristics of Mr. Prescott, that he is singularly correct and explicit in his statements, and just in his arrangement of the facts. His narratives abound in proofs of his vigilance. He shows himself, not only more than commonly free from errors, but copious in his details, omitting none which are important to his events, and liberally supplying others which only incidentally illustrate the subject. The nature of his mind, indeed, renders a minute regard to details absolutely necessary to

his progress. Generalizing but seldom, and then timidly,* the whole task before him is to develop his action by means of witnesses, and through a regularly depending series of events. These witnessss and agents are exceedingly numerous, and succeed each other with the rapidity of figures which hurry across the wall, under the always chang-

*The occasional reflections of our author, do not add greatly to the value of his volumes. In some cases they rather provoke the smiles than the studies of the reader. His occasional comments are sometimes exceedingly common-place, at others, not so common-place as valueless. When, after telling us that the nation of the Incas described their empire as *Tavantinsyu*, or "the four quarters of the world," he adds, "this will not surprise a citizen of the United States, who has no other name by which to class himself among nations, than what is borrowed from a quarter of the globe." We feel that the remark is much more obtrusive than significant. Our want of a national name has been for some time a subject of unnecessary complaint, chiefly among those who have leisure to discuss the mere *asides* in social progress. But their complaints are grounded in mistake. We have a name which leads to no difficulty in determining our nativity when we go abroad. It is, indeed, something significant of our destiny, that the national name absorbs our quarter of the globe.—When Mr. Prescott asks, in a note to the above paragraph, whether this name was conceded or assumed, he forgets that ours was the first great confederacy of States on the American continent; that our nation first called itself American, and that the title, thus assumed, has never been questioned by the other States of the continent, who do not call themselves Americans, but Mexicans, Chilians, Bolivians, etc. If the ignorance or the self-esteem of Europeans, will not suffer them to distinguish and recognize these differences, we need not trouble ourselves to make the matter clearer to them. Here, in the western world, every body readily understands what parties are meant when the Americans are spoken of, and a few years will suffice to legitimate the title every where, by rendering the power which employs it now, the only one worthy a name, on our great continent. Meantime, for equivalent and more classical names, our poets will provide, as has been the case with other countries. Apalachia and Alleghania, and Florida and Columbia, will pass into song and story, and furnish equivalents, such as in Europe are employed to meet the exigencies of patriotic verse, as Albion, Hibernia, Iberia, Gallia, Allemania—none of which are a jot more euphonious or becoming than such as our country may use with classical and national propriety.—When, speaking of the simplicity and severity of the Peruvian code, Mr. Prescott makes such a code, in great degree, identical with an inferior state of society, we reply with a *non sequitur*. We ask, what has the state of society and civilization in Athens, when Draco was the Archon, whose laws, precisely as the case with the Peruvians, refused to discriminate between crimes, and punished capitally the slightest, no less than the greatest offences. Has Mr. Prescott forgotten how and where this terrible lawgiver suffered for his judgments? At the theatre, ministering at the altars of the Muse, in temples, supposed to indicate the highest reaches of art and civilization. But why go further than the criminal code of Great Britain, at the present, or until a very recent day. In this, we shall discern sufficient illustration of that very indiscriminating excess of penalty, in regard to social offenders, which Mr. Prescott assumes to accompany a barbarous condition of society. No doubt, speaking of things apart from conventional standards, there is a

ing media of the magic lantern. This rapidity of event, and crowd of persons, necessarily increase very greatly the difficulties in the way of the historian, who suffers as Mr. Prescott has done. Each new actor upon the scene, involves the necessity of a new biography; and the scene, itself, is conducted through regions of profound obscurity, where the geographer halts and hesitates, at every step, under the blind guidance of a savage, or—which is much the same—an old Spanish authority. Yet, with all his peculiar disabilities, and in spite of the embarrassments in the task itself, our historian has succeeded, in this, as in his previous histories, in the composition of a narrative whose singular accuracy of detail and symmetry of structure, are equally creditable to him as an artist and an authority; and we are half inclined to the opinion that his blindness was of help rather than detriment, in these labors, precisely as Harriet Martineau gravely argued that her deafness increased her capacities for correct observation. It certainly enabled Mr.

taint of barbarism in every community where brutal enactments are suffered to pervade the statute book; but our question now is of a relative character, and concerns society only as it exists in comparison with differing neighborhoods. A perfect condition of civilization would imply the absence of any necessity for laws whatever.—Another example of what we conceive to be the “short comings” of philosophy, in these volumes. Quoting from one of the Incas, whose maxims insisted that “science was not intended for the people, but for those of generous blood—that it only puffed up persons of low degree, rendering them vain and arrogant,—and that they should never meddle with affairs of government, as this would only be to bring high offices into disrepute, and cause detriment to the State;”—Mr. Prescott very strangely remarks—“It may seem strange that such a maxim should ever have been proclaimed in the new world, *where popular institutions have been established on a more extensive scale than was ever before witnessed; where government rests wholly on the people; and education—at least, in the great northern division of the continent—is mainly directed to qualify the people for the duties of government.*” This, certainly, is a most remarkable example of that labor which the Scandinavian proverb indicates, as that of a man “who takes the circuit of the mountain that he may—hoop his finger with a ring.” Why is it strange that, because certain European races, several hundred years after, introduce popular institutions into America, a native savage of a totally different race, at a very different period, under other circumstances and conditions, utters himself in maxims which derogate entirely from the claims of the people? What necessary connection exists between the separate facts in this proposition? How are they brought together? why brought together? What conclusions are reached by their juxtaposition, and what light is shed upon either history by the comment of the historian? We beg leave to say to Mr. Prescott, that if any body finds a strangeness in the antagonist facts which he puts before them, it will be due entirely to his own remark, which might be regarded as more profound, were it somewhat less lucid.

Prescott to perfect his *coup d'œil*,—not to lose ourselves in a sorry pun—and, to conceive more readily the relations of the numerous groups about him, than if his attention had been rivetted upon any single individual. The main event in the action thus rises into conspicuous notice,—it may be at the expense of persons ; and, in losing our sense of what is due to a single hero, we only the more naturally do justice to the history at large. The picturesque thus gains at the expense of the dramatic, and, in place of a portrait, which might be distorted or idealized, we receive a landscape, the truthfulness of which is not likely to be sacrificed to the sympathies of the painter. Whatever may be the influence to which this result is due, it is very certain that the accuracy of Mr. Prescott's history, its propriety and grace, have not suffered, in the slightest degree, by his personal afflictions. Let us now turn from our author to his narrative, which we propose rather to condense than to analyze, since the acknowledged truthfulness of the writer, to which we cheerfully bear testimony, leaves us no occasion for dispute ; and the class of history to which his narrative belongs, affords but little provocation to philosophical remark. Even those introductory portions which embody a survey of the degree of civilization to which the Peruvians had attained under the Incas, are chiefly narrative, containing little that is suggestive beyond the facts, and lacking mostly in that saliency of remark, which might goad the critic into controversy. We learn little more, in this survey, than was already in our possession, at the hands of older writers ; the advantage of Mr. Prescott's essay, consisting chiefly in the lucid and unbroken history, which he presents to us, freed from all extraneous matter, and made attractive by the graces of his style, the propriety of his tastes, and the clearness and sweetness of his general manner.

It may be said of the Spaniards, at the period of the discovery and conquest of the wild States of the New-World, that the very audacity and enterprise, to which their successes were chiefly due, were, in some degree, adverse to their progress, and to the rapidity and perfection of their conquests. The number and eagerness of the adventurers, stimulated by cupidity, impatient of control, and jealous of each other, was fatal to that co operation of forces,—that sympathy of object,—without which full success is rarely to be predicated of any human ambition. We find the

Spaniards, accordingly, in all the histories of this period, uniformly faithless to their comrades and their commanders; narrowly selfish in their aims; grasping at an individual prey; avaricious and mean; and ready, under the smallest impulses of self, to put at hazard the safety and successes of the common objects of adventure. But for these characteristics, the conquest of Peru would have preceded that of Mexico. Both events, with a people so brave and enterprising, and accustomed to the sea, were inevitable from the discovery of these regions;—and the one chapter in history, no matter which had precedence in the order of events, was necessarily but a preface to the other. The moment it was whispered that, beyond the mountains of Darien, there lay the waters of an unknown sea, in a repose which no European prow had ever yet ventured to disturb, the imagination of the Spaniard, which had long since learned to overleap all the limits of the merely probable, took its flight to regions like Cathay; and the wildest conjecture at once peopled the unknown waste of empire with cities of the Indian, such as were subsequently realized in the warlike territories of the Aztecs. The appetite necessarily followed the imagination, and long before Cortés had risen into sufficient social station in the island of Cuba, to hope for the command of an armament, the iron finger of conquest had pointed to the golden regions of Peru. The first vague tidings of a new ocean of the South, laving the shores of a vast continent, whose reputed treasures (as beheld through the medium of an exaggerating fancy that drew its inspiration chiefly from its own thirsts) scarcely exceeded the reality,—were brought to Vasco Nunez de Balboa, in 1511. Vasco Nunez was one of the very noblest of the adventurers whom Spain, prolific at this period in able men, sent forth on the work of discovery and conquest. He was now in the prime of manhood; brave, accomplished, of considerable personal attractions, and highly popular among his followers. It does not need, in this place, that we should examine his previous history. Enough that we find him, with a small body of soldiers, on a progress through the territories of a brave chief of Darien, whose name was Comagre. Pleased with the strangers—for Vasco Nunez was one of those wise and prudent captains, who knew how to treat with justice and indulgence an inferior people—this cacique made them a large present in slaves

and gold. The division of the spoil provoked the Spaniards to contention. While they quarrelled over the treasure, Comagre, astonished at the occasion, struck with his fist the scales in which the gold was about to be weighed, and scattered the object of their contest upon the ground. "Why quarrel," said he, "for such stuff as this. If it be so precious in your sight, you have but to cross yonder mountains, when you behold a mighty sea, whose tributary rivers abound in this metal. There, the people who dwell upon their banks, drink from vessels made of this material. Go thither, if you would gratify all your appetites." This was the first intimation which the Europeans had received of the great ocean of the South. The eye of Vasco Nunez at once fastened upon the enterprise. The way was perilous. The mountains were not easy of access. Wild and desperate bands of savages covered the wastes of rock and forest that lay between him and his object. His numbers were few; his means of support doubtful; the alliance of the friendly caciques precarious. But the courage of Vasco Nunez rose with the occasion. The very perils which beset the pathway, only stimulated the audacity of the Spaniard. With less than two hundred men he began the enterprise. Every step confirmed him in his hopes. Other testimonials, as he advanced, confirmed the statements of Comagre; and it was not long before he found himself in possession of curiously wrought specimens of Peruvian manufacture, in the precious metals, which seemed to show that their ingenuity and art were quite as remarkable as their wealth. It was on the 26th of September, 1513, that our adventurer, after a toilsome progress of more than twenty days, marked by indescribable privations, frequent conflicts, and an exhausting march, which left him but sixty of his two hundred men in sufficient strength to complete the progress,—ascending the last mountain barrier that lay between him and his object, looked down, from the summits of Darien, on the waters of the Pacific. Descending the mountains to the sea-side, he marched waist-deep into its rising billows, and made corporal seizure, as it were, of the vast and various empires, to which it rolled in tribute, on behalf of his sovereigns of Leon and Castile. Here he gathered other samples of the treasure which had been promised by Comagre. Large contributions in pearl and gold were freely brought him by the savages, and a figure moulded

in clay by one of their caciques gave him the first knowledge of the llama, the native beast of burthen of Peru. The sagacious mind of Vasco Nunez at once appreciated all the importance of his discovery. His resolute will at once proceeded to secure its fruits by conquest. For the details of his progress we must look to other volumes. Enough that we find him, long before Cortez had dreamed of setting foot in Mexico, setting a remarkable example for Cortez, and building, upon the Atlantic, his brigantines for the navigation of the Pacific. This labor he accomplished. His vessels were built, transported across the mountains of Darien and launched in triumph upon the great Southern Ocean. Already were his sails spread, and his prows turned for the golden empire upon which his large eye was fastened, when he fell a victim to that wretched and malignant jealousy which has so universally disfigured and disgraced the pages of Spanish adventure in America. Treachery had been busy with his name, the friends to whom he confided were unfaithful, and his foes were too much beneath him in stature readily to forgive his superiority. He was beguiled, by a cunning stratagem, into the hands of a cruel and suspicious enemy, and perished, in 1517, upon the scaffold at Acla, at the very moment when he had opened the pathway to the conquest of Peru.

It is a curious fact, that the very man to whom this conquest finally enured, was an active agent in the conspiracy which brought Vasco Nunez to the block. Francisco Pizarro was a follower of Vasco Nunez. He had been with him on his first march across the mountains; had listened to the several revelations of the Indians; had shared in the discovery of the Pacific, and, subsequently, had been dispatched with another officer on a similar exploration, in which he had been fortunate in the acquisition of other facts, which contributed to pave the way for his own future successes. He was not the man to feel the lofty reproach of his superior, when, unsuspecting to the last, he was confounded by the approach of his own subordinate, heading an armed party, to arrest him. "How, Francisco! Is this the way you have been accustomed to receive me?" was the dignified remonstrance of Vasco Nunez, not unlike the "et tu Brute" of the dying Cæsar, to which Pizarro had no answer but in his halberds. His sensibilities did not suffer in the fall of a master, whom we have no reason to doubt

he had betrayed with the most selfish objects. But he was not suffered to reap at once the fruits of his treacherous ambition. His claims, however excellent as a soldier, were inferior in social respects. He was an obscure person, illiterate, and wanting in the advantages of strong family connections. His pretensions were set aside by his superior in behalf of others, whose endowments for the enterprise constituted no part of the consideration which prompted the preferences by which they rose to authority. A few months would have availed to crown the enterprise of Vasco Nunez with the discovery, if not the conquest, of Peru. But years elapsed after his death before the object of his quest was gained. Imbecility, meanwhile, was busily engaged, as is its wont, in discouraging more legitimate adventurers. Armament after armament was sent forth, wilfully steering wide of the mark, and wasting the strength of enterprise on barren conquests. Veragua, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, were all successively occupied by the Spanish cavaliers, under the government of Pedrarias, until, "forcing a way across forest and mountain," they came at length, at Honduras, "in collision with the companions of Cortez," who, having in the mean time effected the conquest of Mexico, "had descended from the great northern plateau on the regions of Central America."

It was not till 1524, more than seven years after he had contributed to the murder of Vasco Nunez, that Francisco Pizarro was permitted to attempt the adventure, upon the threshold of which he had so fatally arrested his great leader. It was not until frequent failure and defeat had set at rest the pretensions of inferior men, and discouraged the hopes of all, that the hardy and unscrupulous, but well endowed soldier, was suffered to engage as a captain in this precarious adventure. At the period of this undertaking, Pizarro was something over fifty years of age. The obscurity of his birth makes it impossible to determine precisely upon any event in his early history, except its exceeding humbleness. Tradition describes him as an illegitimate child, the son of a poor woman of Truxillo, in Spain, by a Colonel of Infantry who served under the Great Captain. Left a foundling at the porch of a church, he is reported to have been suckled by a sow; if so, from his future career we may infer that the milk which thus nurtured him in his extremity, did not materially differ in

quality from that which the twins of Rome derived from a somewhat nobler animal. It is certain that he was abandoned by his parents, received no tuition, and found his bread, in youth, in the occupation of a swineherd. But he had native qualities of strength and character which raised him from this condition. The passion of arms, which, from the first invasion of Spain by the Saracens, seems to have been entertained in common by all the Spaniards, soon hurried him from the pastimes of the farmer to those of war. We find him at Hispaniola, in 1510, an adventurer in the ranks of Alonzo de Ojeda, one of the most remarkable specimens of Quixotic chivalry which the New World has ever witnessed. Pizarro shared in the disasters of Ojeda and profited by his misfortunes as a soldier. The training of such a career was greatly favorable to his manhood, which was not discouraged by his subsequent progresses under the noble leader whom he helped to sacrifice. He shared the honor of all the discoveries of Vasco Nunez, and was one of the few who was able, after the perilous and painful march on the mountains of Darien, to clamber up to the last eminences which afforded the first glimpses of the Pacific to the eye of the European. Attaching himself to Pedrarias, by whose judgment Vasco Nunez perished, Pizarro was employed in subordinate military offices, which, though they helped to perfect his training for command, in no degree contributed to gratify his ambition. His pretensions, though sufficiently solid for the work, were not sufficiently specious to persuade the confidence of a man like Pedrarias, who was swollen with ideas of his own dignity and the importance of his noble connections. Pizarro was content to sink into the sway of a petty *repartimiento*, in which he bore, without seeming impatience, with the restraint of those circumstances by which he was kept back from the true object of his thirst. It was at a moment when fresh disappointment had seemed to discourage enterprise, that Pizarro made a decisive movement avowedly towards the conquest of Peru. He had probably watched his opportunity. The fruit was ripening to his eye. His sagacity prepared him to perceive, in the reluctance of other cavaliers to lead, that his own endeavors would be likely to escape from the embarrassments, hitherto so common, of an avaricious rivalry. We are constrained to recognize, in these movements of persons who are remarkable for

great successes, a comprehensive judgment, that, working like an instinct, rouses them to action, at the very moment when the tide of circumstances seems most to favor the adventure. But the resources of Pizarro were unequal to his necessities. In his own poverty he was compelled to look for help to the means of others. He addressed himself, accordingly, to two persons of the colony, from whom he expected to obtain the necessary means. One of these, Diego de Almagro, was an old soldier, a foundling like himself. He was a brave and honest man, fiery and passionate, but generous in his impulse, and, after the first outbreak of temper, accessible to remonstrance and advice. The other party whom Pizarro sought to enlist in his project was an ecclesiastic, one Hernando de Luque, whose funds were much more important to our adventurer than the prudence and wisdom which the ecclesiastic was yet admitted to possess. To him, indeed, it was allotted to provide the means for the expedition, of which Pizarro was to take command, while the business of victualling and equipping the vessels was assigned to Almagro. The Governor readily consented to the enterprise; the funds of Luque were at once put in requisition, and Almagro's preparations soon enabled Pizarro to set forth, from the little port of Panama, late in the year 1524, with one wretched vessel, and a command of little more than a hundred men. Almagro was to follow, as soon as possible, in a second vessel of inferior size.

The season chosen for the enterprise was particularly unfortunate. It was the season of rain and storm and capricious winds. Holding his way across the Gulf of St. Michael, Pizarro encountered adverse influences from the moment of his departure. His first disembarkation was upon an uninhabited region—a realm of swamp and reptile and tangled undergrowth. This place, after a painful experience, was abandoned in horror for the sea, that capricious empire affording a less certain prospect of death and danger than the wild and sterile territory to which they had so blindly penetrated. But the sea labored to reject them from its bosom, and, baffled by tempests, and suffering from thirst and famine, the wretched adventurers were glad to find their way once more to *terra firma*. Fortune, still unfriendly, conducted them to a region of swamp and thicket like the last. Their progress through the tangled

forests could only be opened by the axe, and these, when they had entered, afforded them neither the food for which they hungered, nor shelter from the rain, which continued to fall in such torrents as are only witnessed in the tropics. The Spaniards either sunk under fatigue or famine, or rose in mutinous complaint against their leader. He was the author of all their wo. He had seduced them to their ruin with promises of a fairy land, which only mocked their hopes and beguiled them into deeper misery the more earnestly they pursued it. They declared for their return to Panama, preferring to take the chance with their crazy vessel, on tempestuous seas, than to linger in the gnawing suspense of their present situation.

But return was not for Pizarro. It might be ruin to remain where he was, or to pursue still further his perilous adventures. This was possible. But to return to Panama, without the anticipated trophies and treasures of discovery, was certainly fatal to his career. There was but one pathway for him, and that was forward. He failed, however, to convince his followers that his arguments were also theirs. He was compelled to yield the vessel to the discontents, and he saw nearly half of his company depart, under the command of an officer named Montenegro, with what feelings we may readily conjecture. Montenegro was to return, with the vessel, bringing supplies, but Pizarro might well regard his departure with apprehension and feel many misgivings as to his return. In those days, Spanish faith lost but little social consideration in the abandonment of a comrade, under such painful and perilous circumstances as those which he preferred to share. That Pizarro did declare this preference is somewhat conclusive of his character. It showed that tenacity of purpose, indicative of the largest human will, which is essential to the conqueror. It betrayed a conviction in his mission which was creditable to his intellect, and a pride in his position, which was equally honorable to his moral nature. We shall see that these were qualities of his character which constituted the true elements of his greatness.

The departure of the vessel was the signal for his own activity. He proceeded to explore the country with the feeble few who were left to his command. We cannot pursue his steps. The detail is sufficiently painful and disastrous. His explorations, made with extremest toil, through

a dense and almost impenetrable foliage, with no food but the crude berries of the woods, and the muscles which might be gathered along the shore, seemed taken without profit or result. His people sunk around him, straining their eyes over the waste of waters, or closing them in the encounter with the wastes of thicket, without sigh or solace from either region. More than twenty of them had perished, and others seemed to be rapidly yielding to the same cruel exhaustion, before the slightest discovery was made. When they most drooped, they fell upon an Indian village, which yielded them food, chiefly maize and cocoanuts. The persons of the Indians, however, afforded the true Spanish catholicon. These were adorned with trinkets of gold, which brought heart to the adventurers. Their dreams of Cathay returned to enliven their imaginations and beget new strength for the progress; and tidings of that Empire of the Sun, which had been the spell by which they had been originally beguiled, furnished by their new acquaintance, served to reanimate all the golden fancies which had originally warmed their courage. At this juncture, Montenegro, after an absence of six weeks, returned to his comrades, bringing new supplies and provisions. He, too, had his taste of perils and privation, but the horrors which the people of Pizarro had sustained, were too terribly written in their feeble frames and withered visages to render any narration needful, or to suffer his. His reappearance contributed to the recovery which the golden ornaments of the savages had already begun. They were prepared, with hopes as sanguine as before, to renew their endeavors. Again did Pizarro embark upon the sea. Hugging the shore unwisely, he only multiplied his toils, and delayed the day of his successes. He was groping blindly after El Dorado. The vague geography which impelled the expedition, was without a guidepost or landmark, and his toil was simply to discover, somewhere in the South, a great empire of treasure, such as Cortez had conquered in the North. His progress was not less painful and toilsome than before. It was marked by similar fortunes. Storms upon the deep and horrors upon the land, again discouraged and dispirited the adventurers. Again they happened upon villages of the natives. In some of them they found proofs of cannibalism;—some yielded them slender supplies of the gold for which they hungered most, and others, again, gave

them fierce battle, and met the blasts of their trumpet with yells of defiance as powerful and shrill. In one of these conflicts, Pizarro himself was stricken down, and but for his experience in war, his steady courage, his admirable prudence and timely exercise of the most necessary qualities, he had perished miserably at the outset of his career. But his fate was born of native endowments, which, as they did not suffer him to despair, enabled him always to succeed. They were particularly necessary to his fortunes now. The bloody combat with the savages, whose onset had been equally fierce and unexpected—the loss of several of their men,—the wounds of their leader, who had received no less than seven several hurts in this conflict—all contributed to the discouragement of the Spaniards. A council of war was called, and it was determined to return and report their proceedings to Pedrarias, and endeavor to secure his countenance for the future prosecution of the enterprise.

But this was not the decision of Pizarro. He was not unwilling that the vessel should return, bearing home the treasure which had been acquired, and which, he flattered himself, would prove a bait sufficient to beguile other adventurers. But he himself was not willing to return to Panama while his successes were at all equivocal. Set ashore with his company at Chicamá, a short distance west of the colony, he was soon rejoiced by the appearance of Almagro. This old soldier had followed his footsteps, had endured similar fortunes, been encountered by the Indians, and, at the expense of an eye, which he lost in battle, had succeeded in bringing with him a supply of gold even larger than that which had been obtained by Pizarro. After a conference between the associates, it was decided that Almagro should proceed also to Panama, armed with additional arguments for the ear of Pedrarias. The Governor was not in an accessible humor, and, but for the influence of the sagacious ecclesiastic, their associate, the confederates would have been baffled in their objects. He succeeded in impressing Pedrarias with more favorable convictions. His assent was obtained to the further prosecution of the enterprise, but Almagro, to the great mortification of Pizarro,—upon whom Pedrarias charged the sacrifice of so many men,—was named his equal in the future expedition. Pizarro was of proud and suspicious temperament. The indignity

sunk deep into his soul, though he subdued himself to silence. He ascribed this decree to the entreaties of Almagro, and cherished in secret a sentiment which only needed the hour and the provocation to take the shape of discord and contention. We shall barely refer to the new contract, which, upon the compliance of Pedrarias, united the fortunes of the three confederates. It began with invoking the favor of the Holy Trinity and of our Lady, the blessed Virgin. It affirmed the authority which had been conferred upon the confederates, to "subdue the countries and provinces lying south of the Gulf, belonging to the Empire of Peru,"—it designated Luque as having advanced for the enterprise twenty thousand *pesos*, in bars of gold, for which he was to receive one-third of all the lands and treasure which the adventure might acquire; and the two captains swore to these obligations on the Holy Evangelists, while the consecrated wafer, broken into three portions, and divided between them, rendered the treaty more solemn in the eyes of the spectators. It is not the least curious feature of this document, that Pizarro and Almagro were compelled to sign by deputy,—the two adventurers who had thus decided upon the partition of a boundless empire, whose resources were totally unknown,—being equally incapable, from want of education, of signing for themselves.

With all this preparation, the adventure was but inefficiently begun. A force of something less than two hundred men, a better supply of arms and ammunition than before, a few horses and a couple of vessels, with a tolerable supply of stores, were procured, with which the two captains, each in a vessel to himself, took their departure from Panama. With a sagacious and bold pilot, they now stood out more resolutely for the sea, steering directly for the Rio de San Juan, the farthest point which had been yet attained. The seasons and circumstances were more auspicious. They now found the savages frequent along the shores, and an occasional landing enabled the captains to make considerable booty in gold and captives. These successes, and the treasure thus obtained, was an argument to prompt the return of Almagro to Panama, where it was hoped that they would persuade to reinforcements, which were now evidently needful for the success of the enterprise. Pizarro continued in the neighborhood of the San Juan, while the pilot, Ruiz, in the other vessel, proceeded to

reconnoitre and explore the coasts of the country to the south. The voyage of the pilot was rich in results. He found the country, as he advanced, to improve in the aspects of civilization. The natives were prepared to give them battle in several places, where they had evidently heard of the strangers. This he avoided, always landing at those points where they exhibited a friendly appearance. He was soon astounded by the sight of a vessel, which, at a distance, looked like an European Caravel. It was the *balsa* of the natives, a sort of raft, used to this day, upon which they reared their cabins, and which they floated sluggishly along by means of large square sails of cotton. But the rich ornaments of the people who occupied the *balsa*, and the woollen cloth in particular which made their dresses,—of a fine texture, delicately embroidered with figures of birds and flowers, and dyed in the most brilliant colors, and a pair of balances, for the purpose of weighing precious metals, completed the surprise of our pilot, and impressed him with a high and novel idea of the people whom his countrymen were preparing to overthrow. The intelligence which was given of their country, by the people in the *balsa*, promised to confirm the wildest fancies of the Spaniards. Transferring some of the Indians from their vessel to his own, the pilot continued his voyage, advancing as far as the Punta de Pasado, about half a degree farther south, being the first European, who, sailing in this direction on the Pacific, had crossed the equinoctial line. Reaching this point, he tacked about, and succeeded, after a separation of several weeks, in rejoining Pizarro and his comrades.

His return, with the intelligence which he brought, was particularly seasonable. The adventures of Pizarro had been far less pleasant than his own. He had penetrated the interior, but it was only to encounter dense and dismal forests, filled with birds and beasts of novel and frequently terrible aspect. The monkey gibed them with his eternal chatter and his fiendish grin; the cayman lurked by the sluggish streamlet, watching for his unconscious victim, while the boa uncoiled his lazy length, at their approach, and wound his way among the forest boughs, from which it was not always easy in the gloom to distinguish his muscular sinuosities. Many of the Spaniards perished from such enemies as these, while the natives, with equal hostility, planted their ambuscades along the roads and rivers,

and cut off entire detachments at a blow. In this manner fourteen persons perished in one canoe. Worn out with continual toils, tortured by insects, and suffering from famine, the comrades of Pizarro had but the one desire, to return to Panama, when Ruiz, the pilot, followed by Almagro, reappeared to encourage their hope, and to renew the tide of courage in their hearts. Almagro had been successful in his objects. His treasures had proved a sufficient bait for new adventurers. He returned with new supplies and a considerable force of volunteers. All parties were now prepared to re-embark and take the route which the pilot had pursued. Their voyage was not so favorable as that of Ruiz had been ; but in spite of tempests, they made their way along the coast, duly impressed, at every step, with the aspect of a higher civilization than they had yet witnessed among the American savages. Peruvian civilization, we may remark, in this place, was scarcely, if anything inferior to that of the Mexicans. This is a subject of speculation, indeed, in which Mr. Prescott will be found against us. But this question of relative civilization is always one of considerable difficulty. It is determinable really by the public works of the respective countries, and we need only point to the Peruvian roads, the great thoroughfares, to indicate a claim to position in social respects, which need not fear comparison with any thing in Mexico. Allow for the relative difference always existing between a patriarchal government and an agricultural people like the Peruvians, and a somewhat commercial and warlike people like the Mexicans,—the one more scattered in their habitations, the other congregating more numerous in towns and cities,—and we suspect that the difference in degree, of civilization, would not be found adverse to the pretensions of the former. The disadvantages necessarily lie with the scattered people, and are to be allowed for in any comparison of their respective acquisitions.

The appearance of the country along the sea was not less calculated to impress our voyagers favorably, than was the aspect of its civilization. Ebony and mahogany bordered the long tracts that extended at their approach. Sandal wood was abundant. Unknown trees of balsamic virtues, shed fragrant odours along the shore, while in the open spaces which lay between these tracts of forest, the cultivated plantations exhibited abundant crops of the yellow

maize, the potato and the cacao. The villages grew numerous as the Spanish prows advanced, until they rode at anchor off the port of Tacamez, in front of a town containing more than two thousand houses, with a numerous population crowding in its suburbs. Men and women equally displayed gold and precious stones upon their persons, which they might well do in abundance, as this was the very spot whence the Peruvian monarchs plucked the emeralds which enriched their treasuries.

The Spaniards gazed with eyes of unsuppressed delight and admiration, on a spectacle so attractive. But if the possessors of this wealth were rich, they were brave also. Ten thousand resolute warriors confronted this little band of Europeans, which landed under Pizarro, in the hope to obtain a conference which might prevent hostilities. The latter were not prepared for such a conflict. A council of war followed, in which the more timid proposed to abandon the enterprize as beyond their strength. To this, Almagro opposed himself. It was the worst form of ruin, in those days, to return to one's creditors with nothing done and an avowal of incapacity. Better a loss in the wilderness with all its evils, than to pine away in fetters in the dungeons of Panama. His plan was the one before pursued. He would go back for recruits, with a report of their discoveries, of which they could now speak with confidence, having beheld them with their own eyes. Pizarro, as before, was to remain with a portion of the force, in some secure, commodious place. To this Pizarro had his objections. He did not relish the necessity which always fell to him of remaining in the wild deserts and the gloomy swamps which he had hitherto found so unprofitable. The two commanders became chafed, and hot words were about to terminate in angry blows, when they were pacified by their officers. Almagro's plan was adopted, and the little island of Gallo was chosen as the temporary refuge of Pizarro. But if he was reconciled to this necessity, such was not the case with his companions. They exclaimed against it as a doom of death by starvation; declared the expedition a cheat and failure, and wrote home to this effect to their friends at Panama, denouncing the cupidity of their leaders, to which they were to be sacrificed. Their letters were suppressed, all but one, which was written by a soldier named Sarabia, who suspecting the policy which would be pursued by Al-

magro, ingeniously enclosed his letter in a ball of cotton which was to be conveyed to the Governor's lady, as a sample of the products of the country. This letter painted in the most glowing colors the horrors of their situation, and somewhat picturesquely described the two captains as partners in a slaughter house, the one being employed to drive in the cattle, while the other butchered them.

The letter did its work. Pedro de los Rios was now the Governor, in place of Pedrarias. He was indignant at the relations of Sarabia, and which the haggard condition of Almagro's followers sufficiently confirmed. He turned a deaf ear to the application for farther assistance, and despatched two vessels under charge of a cavalier, named Tafur, to bring back from the island of Gallo, and from the clutches of Pizarro, every Spaniard which it contained. Pizarro, meanwhile had, soon after the departure of Almagro, sent off the remaining vessel under the pretext of having it repaired at Panama, but in reality to relieve himself of a certain portion of his followers, who were more likely to prove a hurt than a help to his feeble colony. The followers who remained with him, soon began to experience all the miseries which had been predicted. It was now the rainy season, and they were drenched with perpetual floods. Their principal food consisted of crabs and shell-fish which they picked up scantily along the shore. Hunger, wet and nakedness did their work in quenching the spirit of enterprise, and the appearance of Tafur was hailed with delight by the miserable exiles, who longed for nothing so much as to leave the detested isle forever.* It was now, a second time, that the heroic resolve of Pizarro declared itself against his fortunes. He had no thoughts of abandoning the enterprise. Its trials and privations had for him no terrors. He offered no solicitations or remonstrances to his followers; and probably felt nothing but scorn for those more timid spirits, whose quickly evinced apprehensions, and always ready despondency, were much more apt to depress the brave portion of his command, than contribute to its successes. He contented himself with a single announcement of his own inflexible purpose, in the decisive manner of a soldier. When the moment came for each man to declare his choice, whether to return or remain, he drew his sword, and traced a line with it on the sand from east to west; then pointing the weapon to the south,—“Friends

and comrades," he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the South." Thus saying, he stepped across the line. These were the words, this was the action, of a perfect manhood. Manhood is always an attraction among men, even among those who shrink from the toils and dangers which its emulation still implies. The example of Pizarro was instantly followed,—first, by the pilot Ruiz, next by a cavalier, Pedro de Candia, a native of one of the isles of Greece. Eleven others successively crossed the line, the names of all of whom are properly and honorably preserved in history. The soul of Pizarro, with but thirteen men, in the moment of the crisis, had made his fate. Certainly, heroism never has shown itself more nobly than on this occasion, when the will to achieve, stands out thus triumphantly in despite of all the adverse influences of society and fortune; and no spectacle could be more imposing than that of the chief with his few followers, preferring to brave and to compel his fortune, in the prosecution of an enterprise, the boldest, the most daring, the most brilliant in the world, in the face of continued privation and the most perilous, as the most seemingly unequal, of all human conflicts.

Thus was this brave man abandoned,—left, without shipping, to his own resources, which consisted of little else than the hardihood and resolve of purpose, of which the one act just recorded is a sufficient instance, and the abilities of a somewhat experienced, but not remarkably endowed soldier. His only hope, from without, depended upon assurances, privately sent him by his confederates, that, though baffled for the present, they would neither lose sight of him nor the enterprise. With the departure of the vessel that carried back Tafur, and the less adventurous many who seceded from the expedition, Pizarro put his energies into action. His present quarters had been unwisely chosen; and, constructing a rude raft like the Balsa of the Peruvians, he succeeded in transporting his people to the little island of Gorgona, twenty-five leagues north from Gallo, and about five from the continent. Here, for seven dreary months, the Spaniards remained, finding a precarious subsistence in wild game and some muscles of the sea-shore;—with no.

more grateful occupation otherwise than that of looking forth upon the mournful waste of ocean, for the white sails of their sympathizing comrades. In this period, it is well to remark, that, with all his illiteracy of mind, with all his savageness of character, there was a religious element in the nature of Pizarro, which strengthened him in his faith and kept him to the performance of those duties, enjoined by the church, to which he had been accustomed. He was tenacious in the exaction of these duties from his followers. Morning prayers were said, the evening hymn regularly ascended to the Virgin, the solemn festivals of the Saints were honoured with the most scrupulous observance, and, failing in the support and sympathy of man, the Spaniards were thus kept in the hope that they were not wholly abandoned by the Creator.

Their faith was not maintained without reward. The associates of Pizarro, at Panama, had at length succeeded in obtaining from the Governor a reluctant permission to seek out their comrade. A small vessel, with stores and a supply of arms and munition, but without recruits, was despatched in search of him. In this vessel he embarked with his little band of adventurers, two excepted, who were so ill that it was determined to leave them in the care of certain Indians who had been found friendly. In leaving the place, which he had known only by trials and privations, it was not the purpose of Pizarro to forego his enterprise. The possession of his vessel was only the signal to resume it. The good pilot, Ruiz, was again stationed at the helm. Obeying the directions of the Indians, his prow was directed to the land of Tumbez, the golden empire which the daring imaginations of the Spaniards had already won by conquest. In a few days they had reached Point Pasado, the limit beyond which they had failed previously to advance. Crossing the line, our adventurers darted upon those unknown waters which had never before felt the keel of an European. They noted the increasing population of the country as they passed. At length, after twenty days, they passed into the tranquil waters of the bay of Guayaquil. Here, skirting the emerald strip which is left by the mighty chain of the Cordilleras, a hem of beauty in their flowing robes, they found the shores studded with towns and villages, indicative of the fertility and resources of a great empire, of which the threshold was about to open for their

footsteps. They came to anchor off the island of Santa Clara, lying at the entrance of the bay of Tumbez—an uninhabited spot, to which, for purposes of sacrifice and worship, the warlike people of the neighboring isle of Puná, occasionally repaired. Here they found gold wrought into various shapes, and were gladdened by the Indians with the intelligence that the city of Tumbez would afford them an abundance of the metal which they held so precious. To this city they steered, and on their way encountered several large balsas, filled with warriors on their way to fight with the people of Puná. At Tumbez, which was a large and wealthy city, they were hospitably received, examined for the first time the Peruvian llama, and were deeply impressed by the beauty, the splendor, and the value and variety of every thing they saw. A corresponding impression was made by them upon the people of the country, who welcomed the strangers as an order of beings very superior to themselves, and thus paved the way for the future progress of the adventurers to conquest. Too feeble to effect any enterprises bolder than those of survey and exploration, Pizarro was obliged to content himself with admiring the wonders which he saw. Re-embarking, he left the people of Tumbez, making his way yet further to the south. Still hugging the coast, he passed Cape Blanco, and soon made the port of Payta, where he experienced a reception quite as friendly as that given him at the former place. Continuing his cruize near a hundred miles, along the sandy plains of Sechura, he doubled the Punta de Aguja, and “swept down the coast, as it fell off towards the east, still carried forward by light and variable breezes.” These were succeeded by cloud and tempest, but the mighty ranges of the Andes, as they urged their progress further south, afforded them an unfailing landmark, which made them careless of star and compass. With the subsiding of the storm, they stood in again for the continent, touching at the most attractive points along the coast. They received hospitality and inspired wonder wherever they came. Too feeble to give offence, for the hour of conquest had not yet come, they won the affections of a people, to whom, while displaying the aspects of an unknown and matchless power, they were yet heedful to forbear its wanton exercise. Their present forbearance greatly favored their future successes.

“Still beating to the south, Pizarro passed the site of the

future flourishing city of Truxillo," founded, some years later, by himself, and named after the place of his own birth in Spain. Having reached the port of Santa, about the ninth degree of southern latitude, his followers entreated his return to Panama. Enough had been done and seen to solve the problem of a great southern empire. They had seen its population, its cities, the gold and jewels of the temples, the vast size of these temples, and they had heard, from all quarters, of a powerful monarch who ruled the land, like an Oriental satrap, holding his court among the mountain plains of the interior, in a capital which literally blazed with gold and silver. This intelligence it was not possible to doubt. The proofs of wealth and civilization in the cities and towns along the coast, were conclusive of what might be looked for in the regions where the sovereign held his court. Pizarro acquiesced in the entreaties of his followers. He could now presume to appear at Panama. He had succeeded in his search. He had proved the truth of his promises—had shown the requisite courage, endurance, strength and wisdom for the adventure, and might justly claim the trusts which were essential to the projected conquest.

Leaving some of his men who desired it, at Tumbez, on his return, and taking with him a few Peruvians in exchange, he steered directly for Panama, touching at Gorgona only to take in the two companions whom he left there sick. He reached the colony in safety after an absence of eighteen months, to the delight of his friends, and the confusion of his enemies. His associates, like all the rest, had abandoned the adventurers to a fate which it was not in their power to avert, and had long since been persuaded that they had fallen victims to their temerity, perishing by sickness, by the seas, or by the hands of the savages. But the return of the Spaniards, though it filled their friends with hope and triumph, failed of the happy results which they had too eagerly assumed were to follow on the heels of their discovery. The Governor of Panama steadily opposed himself to their prosecution of the enterprise. He was selfishly adverse to a rival government to his own, was piqued at the successes which he had sought so vainly to baffle and defeat, and was confounded, indeed, by the very magnitude of the discovery. The only hope of the associates lay with the crown. One of them, it was required,

should proceed to Spain. But Luque was fettered by his professional duties, and could not depart from Panama. Almagro was by no means a courtier—a blunt, rough soldier, small in person, plain in feature, disfigured by the loss of an eye, and evidently not the person to figure successfully at court. In just the same degree with the unseemliness of Almagro, was the peculiar fitness of Pizarro for such a service. He was of good person and commanding presence, plausible in argument, and possessed of a natural eloquence, under the provocation of impulse or interest, which concealed utterly his deficiencies of education. But Luque was unwilling to trust Pizarro. He knew his ambition, the selfishness of his heart, and the unscrupulous nature of his principles. Almagro had no suspicions. He had a high opinion of his comrade's prudence, his discernment of character, his cool deliberate policy, the dexterity of his mind, the variety of his resources, and was assured that he would rise superior to all the embarrassing circumstances which the novelty and imposing ceremonies of a court, would throw in the path of most inexperienced persons. Pizarro consented to the reasoning of Almagro, but not without reluctance. The court was less to his taste than the wilderness; but Almagro's arguments were conclusive. They silenced, but did not satisfy the doubts of Luque. "God grant, my children," he said, "that one of you may not defraud the other of his blessing."

Provided with the proofs of his discovery, the native Peruvians, two or three llamas, various nice fabrics of cloth, and many ornaments and vases of gold and silver, Pizarro made his way to Spain. He reached Seville early in the summer of 1528, and his first step from port was into prison. An ancient creditor whom he had forgotten, was possessed of a better memory, and thought much more of his petty interests than of conquest in Peru. But the bruit of Pizarro's arrival and discovery, with the treasures that he brought, had reached the court. The nation was indignant at the selfish haste of the tenacious creditor, and the release of the prisoner was soon effected. Pizarro found the emperor at Toledo, in the full flush of his triumph over his great rival of France, at the famous battle of Pavia. He received our adventurer with distinguished favor. The impression which the latter made at court was precisely such as had been predicted by Almagro. His deportment was marked

by ease, strength and dignity. His style was simple and earnest, as became the subject of his narrative; and his self-possession suffered in no degree, in contact with the stately and noble hidalgos of Castile. The emperor and his court were greatly excited by what they heard. The sufferings of the little band of thirteen men, deciding upon the adventure in spite of the influence of their comrades, and the authority of the government, moved at once the tears and admiration of the royal auditor, while the wonders which Pizarro described, and the trophies which he displayed, keenly stimulated the delight and the desires of the crown, which entered readily into the objects of the adventurer. A capitulation was executed, which secured to him the right of discovery and conquest in Peru, for the distance of two hundred leagues south of Santiago—which gave him the rank and title of Governor and Captain General of the province, together with those of Adelantado and Alguacil Mayor, for life,—a salary of seven hundred and twenty-five thousand maravedis, and all the prerogatives incident to a viceroy. Almagro was declared commander of the fortress of Tumbez, with the rank and privileges of an hidalgo and an annual rent of three hundred thousand maravedis. Father Luque was made Bishop of Tumbez, and declared protector of the Indians of Peru, with a yearly stipend of a thousand ducats. Ruiz was made Grand Pilot of the Southern Ocean, with a liberal provision; Candia was placed at the head of the artillery, and the remaining eleven companions, who adhered to Pizarro with such manly constancy in all his fortunes, were created hidalgos and caballeros, and raised to certain municipal dignities, which, like the salaries, were to follow only upon the conquest yet in prospect.

These were the heads of this famous capitulation. We forbear other details which are to be sought for in the history. With an inadequate complement of vessels, Pizarro left Spain in January, 1530. He had four brothers, three of whom were illegitimate like himself. One of them, named Francisco Martin de Alcántara, was related to him by the mother's side; the other two, Gonzalo and Juan Pizarro, were descended from the father. "They were all poor, and proud as they were poor, and their eagerness for gain was in proportion to their poverty." "The remaining and eldest brother, named Heruando, was a legitimate son,—“legiti-

mate," says Oviedo, "by his pride as by his birth." "His features were plain, even disagreeably so; but his figure was good. He was large of stature, and, like his brother Francis, had, on the whole, an imposing presence." Jealous in the extreme, he was impatient equally of slight and affront, and implacable in his resentments. Decisive in his measures, he was unscrupulous in their execution. Insensible to pity, he never spared the victim of his power, who had once offended his pride, or provoked his suspicion. Arrogant in his exercise of authority, he continually outraged the self-esteem of those whom it was his policy to conciliate—in this respect differing largely from his brother Francis, whose smooth and politic manners won their way, when those of Hernando only raised up obstacles to his progress. It was the misfortune of the former, that the imperious will and evil counsels of the latter, were permitted to influence so frequently his purposes and judgments.

A prosperous voyage brought our adventurer to Nombre de Dios. Here he was met by his associates, Luque and Almagro. The latter was outraged by the inferior position which had been assigned him in the appointments of the crown. The imperious bearing of Hernando Pizarro increased the unfriendly feelings of the veteran, whom it was found difficult at length to reconcile; but the persuasions of Luque, and indeed, the necessity of the case, had its effect upon the old soldier, who was by no means a malignant, though fiery and tenacious of his pride, and whom Francis Pizarro was at earnest pains to persuade, declaring himself ready to relinquish the dignity of Adelantado in his favor, and to petition the crown to confirm this disposition of the office. The wound was healed only to the eye, however, to be ruptured afresh, and rendered angry, at the slightest show of injury and injustice on either party. It is not easy to dismiss the claims of Almagro, and quite as difficult to censure severely the ambition of Pizarro. The former had contributed his quota to the previous expeditions; but the intense devotion of the latter, the frequent privations which he endured, his patient courage, his utter self-sacrifice, and prolonged abandonment by all, will not suffer us to compare with his, the claims of either of his associates.

The armament of Pizarro, though greatly superior to those of previous adventures, was yet very inferior to his

desires and quite unequal to the necessities before him. He had three vessels, and a force of one hundred and eighty men, with twenty-seven horses for cavalry. He sailed from the port of Panama early in 1531, on his third and last expedition for the conquest of Peru—Almagro remaining behind to muster reinforcements. His first purpose was to proceed directly to Tumbez, but head winds baffled his purposes, and, coming to anchor in the Bay of St. Matthew, about one degree north, Pizarro, after consulting with his officers, resolved to disembark his forces and advance along the coast, while the vessel held the same course at a convenient distance along the shore. The march was a severe and painful one. The streams, swollen by the rains of winter, constantly crossed their path, and delayed their progress. Pizarro was himself their guide, and led the way at all places, and in all times of peril and annoyance. The capture of the town of Coaque compensated, with its treasures of precious stones and metals, for their privations and sufferings, which were at once peculiar and marked by the most dreadful intensity. The spoils of this conquest were exceedingly great. A considerable portion was immediately despatched to Panama, as a bait to determine all doubtful adventurers. Before reaching the Gulf of Guayaquil, which he did after a tedious and painful progress, Pizarro was joined by two small reinforcements. He was received hospitably at the little island of Puná, where he prepared to remain until the violence of the rainy season was passed. Here he was visited by the people of Tumbez, who remembered with pleasure his first appearance among them. It happened that the people of Puná and of Tumbez were at deadly hostilities. The former were offended at the presence of the latter among them, and they began to feel, at the same time, that the Spaniards were more burdensome as guests, than agreeable as companions. They concealed this feeling if they entertained it; but Pizarro was warned of a plan of insurrection, by which the warlike savages were preparing to rid themselves of the strangers. He anticipated their attempts—seized upon their chiefs while in secret council, and delivered them over to the tender mercies of their rivals of Tumbez, who massacred them before his eyes. Maddened by this outrage—which was only politic as it prepared the way for that rupture which alone could justify the plunder which the strangers chiefly meditated—

the warlike people of Puná rushed instantly to arms. With the wildest yells of fury, they threw themselves in multitudes on the Spanish camp. Their myriads availed them nothing. The preparations of Pizarro were sufficient for the exigency. His troops received the desperate savages upon their long pikes, or swept them down by the volleys of their musketry. Their naked bodies offered but a frail opposition to the sharp edges of the Spanish sword, and it scarcely needed the terrific onslaught of Hernando Pizarro, who, at the head of the cavalry, charged among the massed, but feeble fugitives, trampling them into the earth, under his steel clad horses. This event, decisive as a combat, was not so with regard to the war thus savagely begun. The islanders, if feeble, were implacable enemies. They continued the war from their fastnesses, under cover of the night, cutting off the stragglers, and keeping the Spaniards in constant uneasiness. A reinforcement of two vessels, bringing a hundred volunteers, besides horses for cavalry, relieved Pizarro from the difficulties of his situation, by enabling him to cross over to the continent, to resume his operations on the proper field. His last recruits were conducted by Hernando de Soto, subsequently distinguished in Peru, and made famous by his subsequent discovery of the Mississippi, and burial in its bosom. It was about this period that Pizarro first received intelligence of the internal dissensions of Peru, of which his sagacious instincts at once conceived the inappreciable value to his enterprise. The country was torn by a civil war between the two sons of the late Inca, competitors for the throne; and it was by playing off these factions against each other, as Cortés had done in Mexico, that he prepared to compass that balance of power, which could enable him to control them both, and which his own resources had not so readily procured him. Other circumstances favored the hopes and calculations of our adventurer. The superstitions of the Peruvians,—in some degree like those of the Mexicans,—prepared them for the overthrow of the nation. Numerous phenomena, of inexplicable import, shook their hearts with unwonted terrors; and the late Inca, a man of great foresight and sagacity, having heard of the white men under Balboa, and of their superior civilization, had predicted their return and the subversion of his empire. The oracles had long before uttered themselves in the same language. His realm was divided be-

tween his two sons, Huascar and Atahualpa. The first of these princes was of mild and gentle temper; the other was warlike and ambitious. The peace between them was broken by the usurpations of the latter, and the remonstrances of Huascar were met with indifference and insult. War followed, and, after repeated and sanguinary conflicts, it ended in the captivity of Huascar, and the complete triumph of Atahualpa, at a period just before the invasion of the Spaniards. Atahualpa, in his eagerness to overthrow his brother, and monopolize the power of the Incas, had totally forgotten that foreign source of apprehension which his father had foreseen, and the oracles of his people had foretold. He had divided his country into factions, had weakened her armies, and aroused the jealousy of rival chieftains, at a moment when most it needed that his people should be as one man, strong in their united resources, and with but one mind and heart for the extirpation of the common and too powerful enemy.

That enemy had now landed on the continent. His first attempt was upon Tumbez, whose glittering treasures, as reported by the first visitors, had stimulated the greed of the Spaniards to a feeling little short of phrenzy. But they were doomed to a disappointment quite as keen as had been their appetites. They found Tumbez deserted, dismantled of its treasures, the temples shorn of all their gold and jewels, and none to explain satisfactorily the mystery. Why the people of Tumbez should have taken the alarm is not to be understood. That they had taken offence at the preparations of the Spaniards, and had become fully aware of the great object of their passion, was quite apparent in their sudden flight, and the disappearance of all their treasure. It was a lesson, the more emphatically impressing, upon our adventurer the necessity of soothing the suspicions and gaining the favor of the natives. Leaving a portion of his force in Tumbez, he proceeded to penetrate the interior. Maintaining a rigid discipline on the march, and abstaining from all unnecessary violence, he rarely met with resistance. His progress was continued for several weeks, at the end of which he resolved on making a settlement in the rich valley of Tengarala, about thirty leagues to the south of Tumbez. To this spot, accordingly, he ordered the men to repair who had been left behind at Tumbez, and soon commenced building a town, to which he gave the name of

San Miguel. The spot was afterwards abandoned for one more eligible on the banks of the Piura. While engaged in this occupation, Pizarro was advised that the victorious Atahualpa, with his army, lay encamped only ten or twelve days journey from San Miguel. The bold genius of the adventurer, after duly considering all the facts in his situation and all the arguments which might be built upon them, determined to move fearlessly in this direction. On the 24th September, he set forth at the head of his little force,—less than two hundred men—to seek the camp of the Indian emperor. His policy, the relative strength of the Peruvian and his own being considered, was in the seeming desperation of the enterprize. He could gain nothing by waiting events, he must shape them by his genius, and coerce respect for his moral, which his mere physical resources had never been able to inspire. Halting in a delicious valley on the fifth day after his departure from San Miguel, Pizarro rested his troops and proceeded to number and inspect them. They were one hundred and seventy-seven in all, of whom sixty-seven were cavalry. His arquebusiers were but three in number, and his cross-bowmen did not exceed twenty. They were in good condition and tolerably well equipped, but the keen eye of the commander detected a shade of discontent on several faces. There were brows that lowered beneath his glare; there were hearts that did not warm to an enterprise which promised the most unequal issues, and the provocation to which, had not been stimulated by those previous acquisitions which had been hitherto regarded as so easy of attainment. Struck with these unpromising aspects, the prompt decision of Pizarro, at once declared the mind of a master,—a fearless courage, and the most unbending will. He addressed his followers without distinction—painted in lively colors the trials and dangers which lay before them, and assured them that he wished for none who could not go forward without misgiving, and with the courage to command success. He entreated, therefore, that, such as preferred it, should retire to San Miguel, leaving with him those only who were willing to pursue the adventure to the end. His suggestion was not made derisively, so as to rebuke the reluctant into decision and resolve; but calmly, and with a studious reference to the feebleness of San Miguel, which he expressed some anxiety to see strengthened. But nine persons, five of

the horse and four of the infantry were prepared to avail themselves of the offer. The rest, more or less enthusiastically, declared with shouts their anxiety to go forward. If the voices of some of these were faint, they were yet committed without pretext for complaint hereafter. The admirable policy of their leader had secured a hold upon their pride which must silence their murmurs, while winnowing his little force of all its discontents. Cortés and Pizarro reached the same object by means directly opposite. The former "compelled his men to go forward heartily in his enterprize, by burning their vessels and thus cutting off the only means of retreat. Pizarro, on the other hand, threw open the gates to the disaffected, and facilitated their departure."

Strengthened, rather than weakened, by this slight diminution of his force, Pizarro resumed his march, the details of which, for some days, are not of a nature to fix our attention. At length, a messenger from the Inca himself, bringing a present, was conducted to the quarters of the Spanish commander, by Hernando de Soto, who had been sent out on a reconnoitering expedition. The present consisted of fine stuffs of woollen embroidered with gold and silver, and other manufactures peculiar to the country. The message invited the strangers to the presence of the Inca, who, in his camp, surrounded by his victorious warriors, betrayed no such apprehension, at their coming, as was entertained by the suspicious and superstitious sovereign of the Aztecs, at the approach of Cortés. Pizarro well knew that the motive of the Inca was not so much courtesy as curiosity—a curiosity, indeed, which contemplated nothing more than a nice examination of the victim before dismissing him for execution. But the Spaniard was not unwilling that the Peruvian should meditate his own purposes, he being permitted to indulge in a like privilege. He accepted the invitation in terms of dignity and respect, and put his little force in motion for the encampment of the Inca. His progress, now, at every step, was greatly calculated to impress him with the extent and danger of the work he had in hand. Each day more impressively revealed to his eyes, the wonderful resources of the Peruvian, the numbers of his people, their large advance in the arts of civilization, the durability and magnitude of their public works, the variety and finish of their manufac-

tures, and the intelligence and stern severity with which the present Inca maintained his authority. An inferior nature would have shrunk from such a conflict as that which now opened upon the eyes of Pizarro; but his spirit rather rose to the consummation of a task, which increased in importance and nobleness, duly, as it increased in difficulty and peril. He pressed forward with as much rapidity as was consistent with a proper caution; a caution which was not lessened when he heard, from a Peruvian who fell into his hands, and who was tortured into confession, that the Inca was decoying them into his snares in order the more certainly to destroy them. Many of his troops, at this intelligence, were for taking another route;—to the cities rather than to the camp of the Inca; but Pizarro knew better the nature of the game he played, and was not to be diverted from his original purpose. To reach the camp of the Peruvian monarch the passage of the Andes must be made. Mr. Prescott's description of this march is one of the most pleasing specimens of his descriptive narrative. The progress was a fearful one, but the stout courage of the Spaniards surmounted it with safety and without faltering. A further interchange of embassies took place between the representatives of the different races, before the little squadron of Spaniards drew nigh to the valley and city of Caxamalca, and beheld the encampment of the Inca, a white cloud of tents, that covered the ground, thick as snow flakes, for an extent of several miles.

It was late in the afternoon of the 15th November, 1532, when the Spaniards entered the city of Caxamalca, which had been put in readiness for their reception. Pizarro instantly despatched De Soto, and his brother Hernando, with thirty-five horse, to communicate with the Inca, whose camp lay at a little distance from the city,—a meadow stretching between, through which ran a substantial causeway. The Indian warriors were at ease when they were startled by the Christian cavalcade, which soon made its way to the quarters of the Inca. They found him sitting, in a state somewhat like the fashion of the Turks, on a low stool and surrounded by his courtiers. His dress was simpler than that of his attendants, from whom he was further distinguished by the crimson *borla* or fringe, the badge of Peruvian sovereignty, which encircled his forehead. A grave and dignified apathy subdued his features to a repose which,

it is probable, he did not feel ; and when, without dismounting, Hernando Pizarro communicated the arrival of his brother, the answer, "It is well !" was rendered by one of the nobles in attendance. Pizarro courteously entreated that the Inca should speak for himself. A faint smile passed over the features of Atahualpa as he replied—"Tell your captain I am keeping a fast, which will end to-morrow morning. I will then visit him. Meanwhile, let him occupy the public buildings on the square, and no other, till I come, when I will order what shall be done." The exercise of the horses on this occasion was observed to interest, in some degree, the curiosity of the Inca. Soto, a splendid rider, availed himself of this curiosity to impress the spectators with the wonderful dexterity of the animal under his masters. Giving the impatient beast the rein and rowel at the same moment, he sent him wildly across the plain, then bringing him up, with a rush, close to the place where the Inca sat, he checked him in his career, forcing him suddenly back upon his haunches when the steed was so near the Peruvian monarch that some of the foam from his lips was thrown upon the royal garments. Atahualpa maintained the same marble composure as before, though several of his soldiers started back in terror,—a weakness which, we are told by the Spaniards, they expiated with their lives that very evening.

They retired from the audience, after this exhibition, depressed by the spectacle of power and civilization which they had witnessed. The civilization, indeed, was much more impressive than the power. It appealed to the conscience of the invader, in reasonings which a savage condition could not offer, and tended to lessen the force of that argument which a guardian and superior nation possesses, for extending its beneficial sway and succor to the inferior. In due degree as the Peruvians rose in the scale of moral and intellectual manhood, they possessed a claim upon the forbearance of the Christian invaders, which they had not so readily accorded to his mere physical resources. But this civilization was also significant of resources, such as a superior state of society always possesses in reserve, and upon which it falls back in the event of disaster. The Spanish cavaliers returned to their captain with moody aspects. They contrasted, with their petty battalion, the immense military array of the Peruvians ; of which their

watch-fires, numerous as the stars of heaven, lighting up the sides of the mountain, but too completely satisfied them. The feeling of despondency, which followed the reflection upon their rashness, in throwing themselves, with so diminutive a force, into the heart of such a mighty empire, and within the toils of an army at once so numerous and well disciplined, soon showed itself infectious in the quarters of the invaders. There was one man, however, in that little host, who felt neither misgivings nor regrets. This was its captain. He had brought the game to the single issue upon which alone could his fortunes triumph; and his study now was to impregnate the desponding bosoms of his followers with that sense of self-sufficiency which inspired himself, and, in the absence of which, he felt that every thing would be endangered and lost. Pizarro was a speaker for the people. He struck at the core of his subject always, and his words were those of the most perfect manhood. He succeeded in teaching his troops that they were in the hands of Providence; that the arm of heaven, equal to any human hosts, had long since shown itself on their side. They had but to rely on God's protection and their own courage, and carry out the work of conquest, to which the finger of destiny had long pointed. His speech embodied that mingled appeal, at once to selfish and religious feeling, which has usually been found so effective in rousing the enthusiasm of the Spanish; race and when the soldiery had attained the proper degree of warmth and impulse which he desired, he summoned a council of his officers. To these he unfolded the daring plan by which he proposed, from the nettle danger, to pluck the flower of safety. This was to seize upon the Inca, in the very face of his army. Well might such a proposition astound his followers. But Pizarro was no madman. His scheme was well digested, and the very improbability of such a proceeding was the great and plausible argument in behalf of its success. The Inca, at the head of his troops, was to visit the Spaniards, the next day, in their quarters. They were his guests, a handful of men, in a position which he himself had assigned them, and he a skilful and successful emperor, was at the head of hosts which had never known defeat. If ever condition spoke for desperate measures and a most desperate resolve of purpose, it was that of the Spaniards. They could not fly,—there was no evasion of the encounter,—

and any retrograde movement, any show of indecision, would bring upon them the whole force of the Peruvians, encouraged to hostilities by their apprehensions. In brief, it was upon their superior capacity as warriors, that they had presumed upon the invasion, and they could hope for nothing but hostility from the people whose territories they had ventured to penetrate. Prepared for this hostility, it was necessary that what was wanting to their strength should be supplied by their audacity. The capture of the Inca was the only measure by which to secure a sufficient control of the mighty hosts which he conducted. The council yielded to his suggestions. He awakened their hope and courage, as he had done those of the common soldiers, and the plans were laid for carrying into execution the next day, the daring scheme which the genius of Pizarro now felt to be necessary to his safety. Like Cortés, in the moment of the crisis, he at once rose to the exigency, and by a like measure. But the difference in the degree of peril to be incurred, was in favor of Pizarro. Montezuma was actually in the possession of Cortés, when fetters were put upon his wrists. The decision of the former was made while the Peruvian Inca was still the master of a mighty army, with his person wholly free from any human constraint.

On the 16th November, 1532, dawned that memorable morn which was to determine the fortunes of Peru. The preparations of Pizarro were made with the first streaks of the light. The *plaza* which was occupied by his troops was closed on three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls, whose doors or vomitories opened upon the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry, in two divisions, under his brother Hernando and de Soto. The infantry occupied another of the buildings. From these he detached twenty picked men, who were to act immediately with himself, as occasion should require. Two small falconets, constituting his only artillery, were established in the fortress, in the care of a few soldiers, under Pedro de Candia. The discharge of a gun was to set these several bodies in motion. They were then to rush from their several coverts, and shouting their *cri de guerre*, were to seize upon the Inca, putting his followers to the sword. His person, it was strictly enjoined upon them, was to be saved from harm. It was the living Inca only, who could

profit our adventurers, when once in their possession. He only could restrain, by his voice and will, the enraged valor of his chiefs and soldiers.

The preparations of Pizarro were not made without a due sense of the necessity of entreating the smiles and sanction of the Deity upon his contemplated performances. The Spaniards seem to have had no doubt that the crime they were about to commit would be perfectly acceptable to God. Mass was performed with great solemnity, and he was distinctly challenged, as a party to the action, by the enthusiastic chant, "Exsurge, Domine," which called him to judgment. This solemn sacrifice was offered by our Spaniards, with all the devotion of men preparing to lay down their lives for the faith; and such had been the habitual training of the nation, probably induced by their prolonged conflict with the Moorish infidels, that they were probably quite free from any consciousness of hypocrisy while engaged in these religious offices. Prayer, indeed, had become an habitual office with the Spaniard; and the same race whose robber, at the present day, shoots down the unsuspecting traveller for his spoil, and falls in prayer before the Virgin at the next cross which denotes a similar deed on a previous occasion, might well be permitted the small inconsistency of entreating the smiles of the Deity while they only meditate the crime. Thus prepared, with all their military experience, and strengthened to enthusiasm by the supposed interest of God in the service they were about to perform, the Spaniards waited impatiently for the coming of their prey. The Inca moved slowly to the snare. It was late in the day before he begun his movements, and then attended by his whole army; a host that covered the roads and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach. But the Spaniards were disquieted to behold the mighty cavalcade arrested in its march, and the Inca preparing to pitch his tents at a spot fully half a mile from the city. A messenger from the prince informed them of his purpose, and added that his visit to their quarters would be deferred till the following day. The impatience of Pizarro prompted an expostulatory message to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose, and entreating him to supper. He had provided every thing for his entertainment, and should still expect him. Little did the Inca anticipate the nature of this reception. Like Montezuma, he

who, hitherto, had shown himself equal to any necessity, at once shrewd, unsparing and decisive, now seemed to fluctuate with a caprice of purpose, such as the conscious bird exhibits under the fascinating spells of the serpent. The message of Pizarro prevailed with the unhappy emperor. A sudden mood of confidence seemed to have possessed him, and like Francis I., when he dashed, unaccompanied, into the royal camp of his rival Henry, the chivalrous resolution was taken by Atahualpa, not only to visit the Spanish captain in his quarters, but to do so with his followers unarmed. How should he, so absolute in his empire, apprehend any thing from such a small body of adventurers? How could he comprehend that audacity of purpose, which could only find safety in an outrage of the most insolent nature, against the very head of the empire? His decision was probably taken in good faith. In this blind confidence of the Inca, the Spaniards saw nothing of his magnanimity. They beheld in it only the terrible finger of the Deity, who thus, in compliance with their prayers, was conducting the victim to the sacrifice.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the procession reached the gates of the city. Hundreds of menials ran before, clearing the path, and singing their chaunts of homage as they ran. Different orders of inferiors followed, habited in various liveries,—checked stuffs, richly dyed in the brilliant colors so grateful to the Indian. Others came after these, clad in white, and bearing maces of silver. The guards, together with those in immediate attendance upon the Prince, were distinguished by a rich uniform of azure. They wore a profusion of gay ornaments beside, while the large pendants from the ears denoted all those of noble rank or station. High above all his vassals, seated in a throne of massive gold, and borne upon an open sedan, which was carried upon the shoulders of a select body of men, came the Inca. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and blazed with plates of the precious metals. His attire was richer than on the preceding evening. A collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy, depended from his neck. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. His bearing was dignified and calm, and worthy of an emperor. Thus, with the leading files of the long procession, opening to the right and left before

him, the monarch made his way into the *plaza*, accompanied by five or six thousand of his people. Here, not a Spaniard was to be seen. "Where are the strangers?" was the question of Atahualpa. He was answered by the chaplain of Pizarro, Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became bishop of Cuzco. Coming forward with a Bible in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, the priest addressed the inquiring monarch with an essay on the true faith, and the mission of the Spaniards for its promulgation. The history of the friar was sufficiently elaborate. He ascended from the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity to the fall of man,—his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, and the appointment of the apostle Peter, as vicegerent of the Saviour upon earth, whose successor was the Pope, whose favorite was Charles V., whose general was Pizarro, and to whom the Inca of Peru was required to submit. It is probable that Atahualpa comprehended but a very small portion of the worthy father's theology, which was translated imperfectly by the Indian Felipillo. But something of it he did understand, and that not the least inoffensive portion. "I will be no man's tributary. I am myself greater than any prince upon earth. Where do you learn all these things?" Valverde handed him the Bible. Taking it into his hands and turning over its leaves, the Inca seemed to meditate a moment, when a sudden sense of the insult which he endured, prompted him to fling it upon the ground and exclaim—"Tell your comrades that they shall make me satisfaction for the wrongs they have committed in my land." Burning with religious fury, the friar picked up the dishonored volume, and gave the signal to his people for revenging the indignity which had been offered the Deity, in his person. "See you not," he cried to Pizarro, "that while we waste time upon this dog, the fields are filling with savages. Set on them at once; I absolve you."

Pizarro was not reluctant to accept the absolution. The hour had arrived. He waved a white scarf in the air, and the roar of the signal gun followed. "Santiago, and at them!" was the cry from a hundred voices. Pizarro was the first to dart into the square and begin the assault. The concerted action of the Spaniards brought their whole force into the plaza, almost at the same moment. Horse and foot, each a mass of its own, at once hurled themselves upon the

astounded Indians, who had neither room for retreat, nor weapons for defence. Taken by surprise, stunned by the unwonted thunder of the cannon, blinded by the smoke, assailed by the sharp and flashing swords of the Spaniards, and trampled under foot by the horse, whom they now beheld in all his terrors, the wretched Indians knew not whither to turn from the impending ruin. The avenues were soon closed by the bodies of the dead, and but one outlet was left for flight by the fall of a portion of the wall, of mixed stone and clay, which actually yielded to the physical pressure of the convulsive multitude, and opened a passage which afforded egress, but no safety. The cavalry passing through the same opening, found the work of massacre still easier in the open field, than in the densely thronged *plaza*. But while thousands sought to escape from the enclosure, quite as many devoted themselves to the safety of their Prince. His person was the great object of desire, and around him the massacre continued with most unvarying result. Vainly did his faithful nobles struggle for his rescue—opposing their own bodies to the Spanish weapon, and with their unweaponed hands grappling with the assailants whom they strove to tear from their saddles whenever they launched their strokes. Where one perished, another took his place with a truly touching devotion. The litter of the Inca swayed to and fro with the billowy progress of the conflict. Stunned and bewildered, he beheld his subjects perishing around him, without seeming fully to comprehend the event. Night deepened, and still the loyalty of his followers had saved him from the polluting touching of the foreign soldier. They had succeeded in his defence, only in consequence of the orders which Pizarro had given, that his life was to be religiously respected. But certain of the Spanish cavaliers, beginning to fear lest, in the darkness, he might finally escape them, determined to disobey this order. But for Pizarro's own presence, and his early consciousness of this design, they must have succeeded. Better, indeed, for Atahualpa and his kingdom that they had done so. With a stentorian voice, the Spanish captain cried to his people—"Let no one who values his life, strike at the Inca." His own arm sheltered him from a blow, at the expense of a wound, and it was in the grasp of Pizarro that the unhappy Inca fell, when, in the final struggle, the royal litter was precipitated

to the ground. The struggle ceased when the monarch became a captive. Thousands of the Peruvians had perished. But one Spaniard was hurt, and that was Pizarro, wounded in shielding Atahualpa from the stroke. This fact speaks volumes for the fidelity and mournful devotion of the Indians,—and quite as emphatically for the horrid character of the massacre. That night the Inca supped with his conqueror. He was placed beside him at the feast. Here he showed amazing fortitude, or an obtuseness which proved that he did not yet realize the extent of his calamity. He was not long to remain in ignorance. He soon discovered that the love of gold ruled equally with religion, in the desires of his captors. They had acquired immense treasure by his captivity. He proposed now to gain his enlargement, by means of the former passion. His anxiety to escape was quickened by the recollection of his brother Huascar, who, he made no doubt, would now corrupt his guards, and in regaining his liberty would resume the reigns of empire. A determination which Pizarro expressed to bring Huascar before him, and decide upon the claims of the rival princes, gave a keener edge to the fears of Atahualpa, who, at once gave secret orders to his followers for the execution of his brother. These orders were promptly obeyed, but not before Atahualpa had made an offer of ransom to his conqueror, the magnitude of which astounded, quite as much as it delighted, the Spaniards. The apartment which he occupied as a sort of honorable prison in the Spanish quarters, was about seventeen feet broad, by twenty-two feet long. He proposed to fill this chamber, as high as he could reach, some nine feet, with the precious metal,—(this being allowed to preserve the shape in which it was furnished;) and to fill twice, an adjoining room of smaller dimensions, with silver. Two months were required to accomplish this promise, to which, as the Inca still remained in his keeping, Pizarro readily gave his consent. The treasure began to make its appearance, and in such quantities as to persuade the Spaniards that the Inca would be able to keep his pledges. Their appetites increased with this conviction; and, with the increase of appetite, grew a natural reluctance to part with a prisoner who could bleed so freely. It became politic to find causes of complaint against him. He had certainly committed a great crime in the murder of his brother, to be

justified only on the usual plea of the tyrant. Pizarro warned him that he should be answerable for the life of Huascar. Rumors of a rising of the Peruvians enabled the Spanish captain to repeat his warning to the captive Inca, who indignantly denied the disaffection of his people. Pizarro, indeed, soon assured himself by expeditions sent forth under favorite officers, that such was not the case. These expeditions traversed the neighboring country, delighted and wondering at every step in their progress, overthrowing the Pagan temples and rites in the name of Jesus, and despoiling them of their treasures in the name of a very different Deity.

The time was drawing near for the release of the Inca. The treasure was gradually rising to the designated height. Atahualpa watched the line with daily increasing satisfaction. His treatment by the Spaniards had been equally respectful and indulgent. They taught him to play at chess at which he became expert. He was accompanied by his favorite wives and subjects, and permitted the attendance of a body of Indian nobles; and he still wore the trappings of that state, which was grateful to his pride, though he had ceased to enjoy its substance. The arrival of Almagro was an influence adverse to his fortunes. It strengthened the arm of the invader and thus made him more independent of the favor of the captive prince. Almagro brought with him a new swarm of hungry adventurers, all of whom were to be pacified like the preceding. The superstitions of the Inca were in correspondence with his reflections. A meteor suddenly made its appearance in the heavens, such, as, he himself said mournfully, "had been seen in the skies a short time before the death of his father." His fate had made him prescient. With the coming of Almagro, it became the desire of Pizarro to push his active operations. The obstacle to this progress was the person of the Inca. The treasure had accumulated rapidly, but was still somewhat below the stipulated limit. The Spaniards became impatient for a division of the gold. It was reduced to ingots, the royal fifths only being suffered to retain the beautiful forms of art which they had received from the hands of the Peruvian goldsmiths. Some of these were in the shape of goblets, ewers, salvers, vases, religious and household ornaments, tiles and shields. Others were in curious imitation of birds, beasts, plants, and other natural objects. Among

the plants, was an exquisite imitation of the Indian corn at maturity,—the ear of which was wrought of gold, the sheath or *shock*, in broad plates of silver, while the silken tassel, drooping from the apex of the ear, was of the same precious metal. But it would be impossible to describe or to enumerate the beautiful and various forms of art and manufacture which the Spaniards sacrificed to their cupidity. It was fortunate that the same feeling of selfishness prompted the rescue of the royal fifths from the furnace, and spared a number of the most exquisite specimens, to the value of a hundred thousand ducats, which it was allotted to Hernando Pizarro to bear to Spain. This haughty person was well chosen for the task. His lofty demeanor was by no means inconsistent with the bearing of an hidalgo in the Court of Castile, where his address, decision of character and general knowledge of affairs in Peru, would enable him to confirm fully the impression that his personal carriage was calculated to make. Besides, his absence was temporarily necessary from Peru. His treatment of Almagro, whom he regarded with jealousy, was equally impolitic and offensive. Doubtless Francis Pizarro entertained the same feelings, and felt that Almagro's coming was only a derogation from his own success and fortunes; but he had the sagacity of the old soldier, who is never more ready to use his teeth than when he conceals them.

But the gold was yet to be divided, and here began the worst difficulties of our adventurers. The amount of this vast treasure, the greatest that ever fell to any military adventurer, was something less than sixteen millions of dollars. Almagro's followers claimed a share in the division, and as their numbers exceeded those of Pizarro, the demand was seriously distressing to the latter, who were by no means disposed to yield to it. They did not yield. A compromise was made between the parties, which seems to have satisfied them, and they prepared to push forward to other conquests. But what was to be done with the Inca after the division of his spoil? The difficulties in the way of the adventurers, left them but few alternatives. The case was one, determinable by expediency rather than equity, and necessity pleaded strenuously and successfully against the claims of justice. To liberate him would be to set free the only power who could unite the nation against them; and he was not the person of whom they could make a puppet,

giving him the mere shows of a power of which they alone would wield the substance. To hold him in bonds, would require their whole force, and cripple all their performances. It happened, unfortunately for the Inca, that the Indian interpreter, Felipillo, had become his deadly enemy, in consequence of a demand which Atahualpa had made upon the Spaniards, that he should expiate with his life, an outrage which he had offered to one of the women of the prince. Felipillo was too important to the Spaniards to be thus sacrificed, and the fruitless demand of Atahualpa only served to inspire in the breast of the interpreter, the most malignant feelings of hatred towards the noble captive. These found exercise and utterance in the inventions which he is supposed to have employed while translating between the parties. It was also unfortunate for the Inca, that reports were in frequent circulation that his people were mustering in large bodies and preparing for revolt. It was in vain that he denied these charges. It was the policy of the Spaniards to believe them. It was in vain that he challenged investigation. He was soon taught that a trial implied any thing else. In vain did he plead, with a broken and humbled spirit, for the sympathy and protection of the captors. The orange had yielded up all its juices already, and why should he who had enjoyed them, keep the skin? The soldiers, particularly those of Almagro, clamored for his death. They had not been the witnesses of his seizure. They had no pity for the fallen monarch. Anxious to go forward to the acquisition of treasures such as had fallen to the lot of their more fortunate comrades, they desired only to be relieved of an incumbrance which seemed to deny their progress. Besides, they were really kept in alarm by repeated reports of insurrection and of gathering armies approaching for his rescue. Their days were those of anxiety, their nights those of alarm. Their excitement grew with the growth of every hour, and the trial of the Inca became inevitable. If the form of a trial was but decent, it was certainly only declarative of what the conqueror desired—a pretext for the murder of the captive. Twelve charges were brought against him, most of them relating to offences, which, whatever might have been the degree of criminality which they implied, were certainly not matters within the jurisdiction of the Spaniards. The murder of his brother Huascar, the squandering of the public revenues,

the worship of false gods, adultery, and the effort to excite an insurrection against the Spaniards, were the subjects of allegation ;—the last mentioned being the only one having a semblance of propriety about it. We might smile at charges so absurd, were it not that the motive in which they found their origin, and the crime to which they led, and which they proposed to justify, is far better calculated to excite our horror. Why waste words in detailing the miserable farce of the trial, in which all the testimony was obliged to pass through the perjured lips of Felipillo? The Inca was found guilty and sentenced to be burnt alive in the great square of Caxamalca. A few of the judges protested against this enormous outrage equally upon humanity and all the laws of nations. But they were as one to ten. The step from the place of trial to that of execution was a short one. The unhappy prince was made to suffer that very night, the manner of his death being commuted from the flames to the *garrote*, (strangulation at the stake,) on his embracing the Christian faith. He met his death with fortitude, showing a courage in the last moment which had not been so apparent during the trial, and while his fate was doubtful. The deed of blood had scarcely been committed, when the proofs of his innocence, in the matter of the insurrection, were made apparent. But regrets, if any were really entertained, were unavailing. To the honor of Hernando de Soto, who was absent on an expedition, when the trial and execution took place, it is recorded that he openly and bluntly reproached Pizarro with his precipitance. The latter shifted the reproach upon Valverde and others, who were now as eager to deny it as himself. Their disclaimers sufficiently declare the innocence of the unhappy victim, and their own brutality and guilt. Mr. Prescott throws some doubt upon the anecdote, so commonly received, which ascribes the conduct of Pizarro in this business to a feeling of mortified vanity and personal resentment. The story of the discovery which the Inca made of the inability of the Spanish captain to read the name of God upon his nail, which one of the Spaniards had written there, and which all of them could recognize but the chief, may be true, says our historian, but is not sustained by the best authority. Besides, as he justly remarks, "it is unnecessary to look for the motives of Pizarro's conduct in per-

sonal pique, when so many proofs are to be discovered, of a dark and deliberate policy."

The effect of the death of the Inca was not only to disorder but to dismember the Peruvian empire. The armies were split into parties under their several leading captains. The country was in a state of revolution, such as was natural to the sudden overthrow of the old and the imposition of a new state of things, so widely different from all the past, which was due to the foreign and superior influences belonging to the Spanish invaders.

It was the policy of the conquerors to name a successor to Atahualpa. A legitimate brother of Huascar, named Manco, was the true heir to the crown; but Pizarro proposed to this station a brother of Atahualpa, whose name was Toparca, and whom, he had reason to suppose, he could more readily manage. The brows of the youth were accordingly encircled with the imperial *borta*, and all the ceremonies of a coronation, after the Peruvian fashion, being observed, he was presented by the hands of the conqueror to his Indian subjects. This ceremony over, the Spaniards marched for Cuzco, the young Inca accompanying the progress in a litter.

We shall not detail the particulars of this march. For some time it was unembarrassed by all but physical obstacles. But ever and anon, the conquerors were apprised of growing bodies of Indian warriors. Occasional glimpses showed them a small army, as it passed from sight, along the horizon of their march. But on reaching the river Xauxa, they found a mighty mass of warriors awaiting them. A single impetuous charge of cavalry decided the conflict. Xauxa, a considerable town, was converted into a Christian community by Father Valverde; while Pizarro, sending forward de Soto to reconnoitre, halted for a few days, in order to make of it a Spanish colony. The progress of de Soto was not on velvet. The Peruvians had broken the bridges and ambushed the roads. The fighting became frequent, and the enemy, judiciously commanded, were not so easily dispersed. They even obtained certain advantages, and Almagro, with nearly all the remaining horse, was despatched to the assistance of de Soto. Their united forces were more than equal to the attempts of the Peruvians, and they were soon joined by Pizarro with his infantry.

Meanwhile, the death of the Inca, Toparca, promised unfavorable effects to those who had raised him to that dignity. Chalcuchema, an aged and influential chief, who had accompanied him, and who was in the keeping of the Spaniards, was suspected of his death. He was supposed, also, to be instrumental in fomenting, though secretly, the insurrection of the Indians. He was brought to trial, found guilty, as a matter of course, and suffered the doom of fire, refusing the milder form of punishment as an equivalent for his faith. This new crime had scarcely been committed, when Manco, the brother of Huascar, announced his claim to the throne, solicited the protection of the Spaniards, and placed his person in their keeping. Pizarro beheld in this new candidate only another creature for his purposes. He readily admitted him to favor, and soon after invested him with the imperial mantle of Peru. Their march was still for Cuzco. Some sharp skirmishes preceded their approach to this city, which they reached just before sunset, and entered without conflict and in great state on the following morning, November 15, 1533. Pizarro was now master of the Peruvian capital, one of the noblest cities of the new world, computed, by one of its conquerors, to contain, including its suburbs, fully four hundred thousand inhabitants. We conclude our present notice, which runs through but one of the two volumes of Mr. Prescott, with that writer's comprehensive description of this great metropolis of the Incas, reserving to ourselves the privilege, hereafter, of resuming our narrative to its natural close, in the final completion of the conquest.

"The little army was formed in three divisions, of which the centre, or 'battle,' as it was called, was led by the general. The suburbs were thronged by a countless multitude of the natives, who had flocked from the city and the surrounding country to witness the showy, and, to them, startling pageant. All looked with eager curiosity on the strangers, the fame of whose terrible exploits had spread to the remotest parts of the empire. They gazed with astonishment on their dazzling arms and fair complexions, which seemed to proclaim them the true Children of the Sun; and they listened with feelings of mysterious dread, as the trumpet sent forth its prolonged notes through the streets of the capital, and the solid ground shook under the heavy tramp of the cavalry.

"The Spanish commander rode directly up the great square. It was surrounded by low piles of buildings, among which were several palaces of the Incas. One of these, erected by Huayna Capac, was surmounted by a tower, while the ground-floor was occupied by

one or more immense halls, like those described in Caxamalca, where the Peruvian nobles held their *fêtes* in stormy weather. These buildings afforded convenient barracks for the troops, though, during the first few weeks, they remained under their tents in the open *plaza*, with their horses picketed by their side, ready to repulse any insurrection of the inhabitants.

"The capital of the Incas, though falling short of the *El Dorado* which had engaged their credulous fancies, astonished the Spaniards by the beauty of its edifices, the length and regularity of its streets, and the good order and appearance of comfort, even luxury, visible in its numerous population. It far surpassed all they had yet seen in the New World. The population of the city was estimated by one of the conquerors at two hundred thousand inhabitants, and that of the suburbs at as many more. This account is not confirmed, as far as I have seen, by any other writer. But however it may be exaggerated, it is certain that Cuzco was the metropolis of a great empire, the residence of the court and of the chief nobility; frequented by the most skillful mechanics and artisans of every description, who found a demand for their ingenuity in the royal precincts; while the place was garrisoned by a numerous soldiery, and was the resort, finally, of emigrants from the most distant provinces. The quarters whence this motley population came, were indicated by their peculiar dress, and especially their head-gear, so rarely found at all on the American Indian, which with its variegated colors, gave a picturesque effect to the groups and masses in the streets. The habitual order and decorum maintained in this multifarious assembly showed the excellent police of the capital, where the only sounds that disturbed the repose of the Spaniards were the noises of feasting and dancing, which the natives, with happy insensibility, constantly prolonged to a late hour of the night.

"The edifices of the better sort,—and they were very numerous,—were of stone, or faced with stone. Among the principal were the royal residences; as each sovereign built a new palace for himself, covering, though low, a large extent of ground. The walls were sometimes stained or painted with gaudy tints, and the gates, we are assured, were sometimes of colored marble. 'In the delicacy of the stone work,' says another of the conquerors, 'the natives far excelled the Spaniards, though the roofs of their dwellings, instead of tiles, were only of thatch, but put together with the nicest art.' The sunny climate of Cuzco did not require a very substantial material for defence against the weather.

"The most important building was the fortress, planted on a solid rock, that rose boldly above the city. It was built of hewn stone, so finely wrought, that it was impossible to detect the line of junction between the blocks; and the approaches to it were defended by three semicircular parapets, composed of such heavy masses of rock, that it bore resemblance to the kind of work known to architects as the Cyclopean. The fortress was raised to a height rare in Peruvian architecture; and from the summit of the tower the eye of the spectator ranged over a magnificent prospect, in which the wild features of the mountain scenery, rocks, woods, and water-falls, were mingled with the rich verdure of the valley, and the shining city filling up

the foreground,—all blended in sweet harmony under the deep azure of a tropical sky.

"The streets were long and narrow. They were arranged with perfect regularity, crossing each other at right angles; and from the great square diverged four principal streets, connecting with the high roads of the empire. The square itself, and many parts of the city, were paved with a fine pebble. Through the heart of the capital ran a river of pure water, if it might not rather be termed a canal, the banks or sides of which, for the distance of twenty leagues, were faced with stone. Across this stream, bridges, constructed of similar broad flags, were thrown, at intervals, so as to afford an easy communication between the different quarters of the capital.

"The most sumptuous edifice in Cuzco, in the times of the Incas, was undoubtedly the great temple dedicated to the sun, which, studded with gold plates, as already noticed, was surrounded by convents and dormitories for the priests, with their gardens and broad parterres sparkling with gold. The exterior ornaments had been already removed by the conquerors,—all but the frieze of gold, which, imbedded in the stones, still encircled the principal building. It is probable that the tales of wealth, so greedily circulated among the Spaniards, greatly exceeded the truth. If they did not, the natives must have been very successful in concealing their treasures from the invaders. Yet much still remained, not only in the great House of the Sun, but in the inferior temples which swarmed in the capital.

"Pizarro, on entering Cuzco, had issued an order forbidding any soldier to offer violence to the dwellings of the inhabitants. But the palaces were numerous, and the troops lost no time in plundering them of their contents, as well as in despoiling the religious edifices. The interior decorations supplied them with considerable booty. They stripped off the jewels and rich ornaments that garnished the royal nunneries in the temple of Coricancha. Indignant at the concealment of their treasures, they put the inhabitants, in some instances, to the torture, and endeavored to extort from them a confession of their hiding-places. They invaded the repose of the sepulchres, in which the Peruvians often deposited their valuable effects, and compelled the grave to give up its dead. No place was left unexplored by the rapacious conquerors, and they occasionally stumbled on a mine of wealth that rewarded their labors.

"In a cavern near the city they found a number of vases of pure gold, richly embossed with the figures of serpents, locusts and other animals. Among the spoil were four golden llamas and ten or twelve statues of women, some of gold, others of silver, 'which merely to see,' says one of the conquerors with some naïveté, 'was truly a great satisfaction.' The gold was probably thin, for the figures were all as large as life; and several of them, being reserved for the royal fifth, were not recast, but sent in their original form to Spain. The magazines were stored with curious commodities; richly tinted robes of cotton and feather-work, gold sandals, and slippers of the same material, for the women, and dresses composed, entirely of beads of gold. The grain and other articles of food with which the magazines were filled, were held in contempt by the

conquerors, intent only on gratifying their lust for gold. The time came when the grain would have been of far more value.

"Yet the amount of treasure in the capital did not equal the sanguine expectations that had been formed by the Spaniards. But the deficiency was supplied by the plunder which they had collected at various places on their march. In one place, for example, they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick. They were intended to decorate the dwelling of an Inca noble.

"The whole mass of treasure was brought into one common heap, as in Caxamalca; and after some of the finer specimens had been deducted for the crown, the remainder was delivered to the Indian goldsmiths, to be melted down into ingots of a uniform standard. The division of the spoil was made on the same principle as before. There were four hundred and eighty soldiers, including the garrison of Xauxa, who were each to receive a share, that of the cavalry being double that of the infantry. The amount of the booty is stated variously by those present at the division of it. According to some, it considerably exceeded the ransom of Atahualpa. Others state it at less. Pedro Pizarro says that each horseman got six thousand *pesos de oro*, and each one of the infantry half that sum; though the same discrimination was made by Pizarro as before, in respect to the rank of the parties, and their relative services. But Sancho, the royal notary, and secretary of the commander, estimates the whole amount as far less,—not exceeding five hundred and eighty thousand and two hundred *pesos de oro*, and two hundred and fifteen thousand marks of silver. In the absence of the official returns, it is impossible to determine which is correct. But Sancho's narrative is countersigned, it may be remembered, by Pizarro and the royal treasurer Riquelme, and doubtless, therefore, shows the actual amount for which the conquerors accounted to the crown.

"Whichever statement we receive, the sum, combined with that obtained at Caxamalca, might have satisfied the cravings of the most avaricious. The sudden influx of so much wealth, and that, too, in so transferrable a form, among a party of reckless adventurers, little accustomed to the possession of money, had its natural effect. It supplied them with the means of gaming, so strong and common a passion among the Spaniards, that it may be considered a national vice. Fortunes were lost and won in a single day, sufficient to render the proprietors independent for life; and many a desperate gamester, by an unlucky throw of the dice or turn of the cards, saw himself stripped, in a few hours, of the fruits of years of toil, and obliged to begin over again the business of rapine. Among these, one in the cavalry service is mentioned, named Leguizano, who had received as his share of the booty the image of the Sun, which, raised on a plate of burnished gold, spread over the walls in a recess of the great temple, and which, for some reason or other,—perhaps because of its superior fineness,—was not recast like the other ornaments. This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, '*Juega el sol antes que amanezca*,' 'Play away the Sun before sunrise.'

"The effect of such a surfeit of the precious metals was instantly

felt on prices. The most ordinary articles were only to be had for exorbitant sums. A quire of paper sold for ten *pesos de oro*; a bottle of wine, for sixty; a sword, for forty or fifty; a cloak, for a hundred,—sometimes more; a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty *pesos de oro*, and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred. Some brought a still higher price. Every article rose in value, as gold and silver, the representatives of all, declined. Gold and silver, in short, seemed the only things in Cuzco that were not wealth. Yet there were some few wise enough to return, contented with their present gains, to their native country. Here their riches brought them consideration and competence, and, while they excited the envy of their countrymen, stimulated them to seek their own fortunes in the like path of adventure."

ART. VI.—BRITISH REVIEWERS AND THE U. STATES.

1. *The Emigrant*; by SIR FRANCIS HEAD.
2. *London Times*, 4th June, 1847.
3. *The United Service Journal*.

WE do not believe that the American people are perfect, either in their political institutions, their morals, or their manners. Nor are we of those who wish to forget our ancestral relations with the English people; or who take the sarcasm and ridicule of English Journalists for the sentiment of the whole English people respecting us. The literary errors however, of some of the writers of that country, with regard to what is done and felt by us, are so gross; their criticisms are distinguished by such ungenerous prejudices, associated with such absurdity and extravagance, and illustrated by such indecent invectives, that it is due not only to ourselves but to the main body of English people, unacquainted with our habits as men, and the structure of our society, to expose them; and show the hypocrisy of those writers who, either by alleging falsehoods, or suppressing truths, present false views of our establishments and excite animosities on both sides of the Atlantic. This we shall attempt calmly and with fairness. Without being inspired with any prejudices in favor of our own people, or against our transatlantic brethren; and without being led away from a rational and cool view of the subject, by that indignation which might properly be felt at the conduct of

respectable journals, which prostitute their pages by a connection with the basest slanders of the most ignorant of calumniators. Nor do we wish this remark to include all the journals of the United Kingdom. Chambers' Journal generally, and the Edinburgh Review often, are worthy exceptions. The former work has added to its high character for the dissemination of the most useful truths of science and philosophy, in the plainest language, and by the most practical applications, the merit of justly conceiving, and frankly estimating the progress of the American nation; and the latter, by one of the most dignified and tasteful satires upon the Emigrant of Sir Francis Head, has done justice to the people of this country, with respect to the Canadian outbreak, and contributed, by that criticism, in a very high degree, to a just comprehension of our government, and to an exposition of the errors of a writer of great rank and influence in his own country. We feel, sensibly, our obligations to the conductors of Journals like these, who, in a country where the highest advantages are held out to the traducers of a people whose governmental institutions conflict with their own, and who are their rivals in the industrial arts, and competitors with their commercial enterprizes, can yet, from a love of truth, do that people and their establishments justice; with visions clear enough to look beyond the mist of prejudice which surrounds them, and with hearts sufficiently kind to feel a pleasure in the success of those who compete with them for the rewards of civilization.

There is no reason for the English and American people regarding each other as opponents in any thing in which opponency would not be a virtue. No sensible man of that country will attempt, at this day, to say one word favorable to the religious and social tyrannies which induced the colonization of the States. It has not required a change in the form of government of Britain to abrogate every vestige of those barbarisms there; and events are every day showing that the people of that nation would no more think of tolerating a government which should impose such restrictions as those so popular under the stamp act administration, than would a writer, with all the intellect and authority of the great English moralist, undertake to defend them. Admitted, then, as it must be, that as a people we began right, it remains to be inquired whether in our pro-

gress and conduct, politically, socially and individually, we have retrograded, and, in our various relations with the world, lost sight of those well established principles of morality and national virtue which lie at the foundation of all civilization, and form the pride of good society every where.

In contemplating this subject, there are many points from which to view it. It may be regarded as general history, as men look at a picture from a distance, viewing it as a whole scene; or as a relation of particulars, as that same picture would be observed, when each figure of it is considered in reference to its proportion, coloring and position. Now, we believe that the great errors of many of the views taken by English people of our institutions and customs, are attributable to the distance from which they are observed, and the casual glance cast upon them as a general scene. We had the honor of making this remark to an intelligent and popular foreigner who lately visited us, Mr. Lover, and in his frank confession of the existence of these errors of conception with regard to our manners and establishments, growing out of a too hasty look at them, we obtained a confirmation of our position. English travellers, from whose books, or from criticisms upon them, are derived in England all knowledge of America and her people, make their trips so hurriedly through this country, that they cannot possibly be good judges of any thing relating to it. Independently of the haste with which they travel, and their consequent liability to form, from heedless looks, perverted thoughts of men and things, they are generally not in a position from which truthful observations could be made. They are placed, in their journey, in the main current of people which sets in from one extreme to the other of the continent. They travel just in that part of the stream which flows most rapidly. They are therefore in the midst of all the trash which is swept on by it, and must expect, of course, to encounter all the shocks of such a mass of various material, thus violently agitated, each forming such a contrast as education, pursuits, and the motive of the journey would necessarily present. Where a traveller mixes with people thus situated, he cannot form any just conception whatever, of the habits and manners and mode of thought, at home, of the several classes of each of which he meets one. Persons on a journey cannot act and feel as they

do at home. They must either be isolated, and retire to one corner of a stage, or the berth of a steamboat or railway car, and remain alone during the entire trip, or they must mix and converse with their fellow-passengers. He will find no two of these from the same neighborhood, or alike in manners, vocation or education. One will be from the North, another from the South; one will be a statesman, one a farmer, one the professor of a college, one a mechanic. Still the necessities of life, the dependence of one man upon another, the natural disposition to associate, compel intercourse. They will get together; they will converse, and, of necessity, their communications will disclose the varied character of the several things that distinguish them and their pursuits. The mechanic cannot be expected to bring up his language to the refinement of the scholar, and the scholar must bring down his to the comprehension of the uneducated. There consequently is exhibited a sad struggle between the niceties of language and the coarseness of common life. The foreigner standing by is astonished at the scene, and immediately describes it in his note book as a faithful sketch of American society. Now it is no more a truthful delineation of what that society is, or of the sentiments of the great mass of the people, than would be the appearance and conversation of a mass of persons congregated in the bar-room of the Boiled Beef House, Old Bailey, a representation of the manners and sentiments of Goldsmith, Addison or Burke, with their literary friends in their clubs.

The opinions of people mingled in this way, and conversing as they do, their thoughts bent to circumstances, or tintured by their various opportunities and professions, and governed by wishes to display an authority and maintain a position not recognized at home,—expressing what the government has done, or intended to do; what the public feels and says of foreign nations, or of their people, are no more to be relied on, than are their manners and style of conversation reflective of the politeness and learning of good society, taken as a class. And yet we venture the assertion, that in every work which undertakes to abuse Americans and their institutions and manners, the sentiments and conduct of persons thus situated have proved the source of all the information of our critics. Such travellers, instead of going among our people at home, establishing, first of all, such characters as would enable them to enter into their

houses and enjoy their confidence, considering them in their various social and domestic relations, and thus furnishing a faithful portraiture of the habits and thoughts of our people, take up a few instances of ignorance and ill manners to be found in the highways of all communities, and, with an unreasonable amount of imaginative embellishment, write books upon the United States and the society existing there, and this in contrast with views of the finer parts of English civilization : thus placing the extremes of good in opposition to the extreme of bad, and instructing the world that, while their transatlantic brethren are the most degraded of people, in whatever is worthy of emulation in the practice of all public and private virtue, the English nation is the most perfect. However the palpable errors of such writers in the history or geography of our country, as due to the character for intelligence of their reviewers, are to be condemned, still, the most indecent attack upon our domestic arrangements or individual habits, if accompanied with much fulsome, highly colored encomiums upon the proprieties and elegances of English life, relaxes the vigilance of criticism and forces from it praises for what is called the honesty of English spirit, which knows the value of England and does justice to her principles.

In view of what has been written by some authors on this subject, and especially by public Journals, which, from the ability with which they are conducted, and their elevation, must exercise a powerful influence in the world, we propose an investigation of the attacks made upon the political, social and domestic conduct of the people of the North American States, promising to deal in no invective, and to draw our illustrations less from our own history than from that nation which, in the opinion of those to whom we refer, is so exclusive in all national and individual honesty and justice. In the first place, then, let us dispose of an error which affects all discussions on this subject intemperately. It is the idea that an enmity naturally exists between the people of this country and of England, growing out of the separation, by war, of the colonies and the mother country. Consequently, Englishmen and Americans, when they contemplate the institutions of the two nations, erroneously suppose that a consideration of the manners and establishments of either community necessarily involves a comparison of their several forms of government. This

again involves a repetition of the causes of the separation, and the most bitter controversies become thence mingled with the description of every portion of the country and its people. England must be abused in her people for all the errors of monarchical institutions; and America in her citizen for every instance of licentiousness. Discussions of this nature, however proper they may be for the contemplation of the statesman and historian, should never enter into the literature of the two countries or affect the intercourse of their people in peace. It is not true, as sometimes charged, that out of the conflict that caused the one nation to become independent of the other, as a government, animosities affecting all the relations of private life were produced. Whatever may have been the state of hostility at the moment of contest, it is certain that now, and it is continually strengthening as our country becomes older, a feeling of pride is indulged by our people at every advance of the parent country in prosperity and fame. We cannot, and we do not desire to forget that our origin is the same. The broad foundations of that constitutional liberty, and that law under whose structure we subsist, lie in England. There exist, too, the elements of the religion we do homage to; there are the fountain-heads of whatever is respected by us in letters; and there the great examples in the sciences and the arts, which excite our emulation and inspire our ambition. Springing from the same race and speaking the same language, we strive in our national and personal history not to obscure the memory of our ancestors, or prove ourselves independent of their exertions in the cause of freedom and letters; but, as exiled children of England, transported to a new continent, destined to widen the circle of her civilization and render perpetual all that is worth preserving in her learning and her institutions.

Before referring to those matters, with respect to which most vituperation has been directed, we desire to say something of the general sarcasm which has attacked our literature. In this country we occupy, in letters, the relation of pupils to the people of Europe. It ought not to be expected that a country which was born, as it were, but yesterday—whose educational departments are scarcely organized—which, in the space of seventy years, has been compelled to encounter two long fought and disastrous wars, with a

powerful realm,—should be as perfect in letters as a people who have flourished under several Augustan ages. It requires centuries to plant and to bring to maturity the literature of a people. Greece, Rome and the whole of civilized Europe, were long in the state of transition from barbarism to intelligence. The light of knowledge came to shine upon them after years of prosperity in the pursuit of the arts of peace, and the perfection of letters was the result of that ease and refinement in which nations found themselves when their institutions, matured by wisdom and experience, flourished amidst a profusion of the goods of life, and were not, as yet, undermined by the luxury and profligacy of their people. The fact that we are a youthful state, of course causes less of strength and polish in our literature, and, besides, the democratic nature of our government, by tending to give great license to the thoughts and actions of our people; the cheapness of printing, and other circumstances, all conspire to produce men, early in life, ambitious of the honors of authorship, and which induces a literature to flourish, rather as luxuriant and unpruned vines, than plants from which much fruit and a permanent existence may be expected. While justice, however, requires us to say this with respect to much that is written in this country, the same justice compels the most bitter opponent to admit that much that is written by our people does no discredit to the genius and taste of England. It is true, we have in this country little, very little poetry. But this is not so much the want either of the events and scenes which may inspire it, as the newness of the age in which we live. The genius of the American people is too youthful for poetry. Poetry, too, is often not much encouraged in a country where commerce and trade are followed, to a certain extent, by each individual of the society. To write poetry well, it is requisite that the people of a country should have attained that state in which they repose from labor to a certain degree; in which great wealth and great refinement have been reached; in which men sit down to enjoy the fruits of a long period of exertion in the industrial arts; in which their wealth is given to the encouragement of letters—to the promotion of the fine arts—to the support of ornamental education—to a generous culture of literature, sculpture, painting, and architecture—to the patronage of men of attainments in these pur-

suits. When this age takes place in a country—as in the age of Horace, Virgil, Pope, Addison, Shakspeare, Dryden and Byron—poets will be produced.

But, while this period is not come in America, it is not invidious to declare, it is past in England. Who is not obliged to say, looking at her poets now, the age of poetry in England is old? Who, at this time, represents her Shakspeare, her Milton, her Pope, her Byron? Is it Talfourd, or Tennyson, or Browning, or Milnes, or who? It is more painful than profitable to institute an inquiry, and until the age of poetry revives in our mother country,—until she is represented there by men who are worthy to be compared with her early poets, instead of the sickly, sentimental, trashy rhymes of the present day,—we hope to hear no more of criticism upon our own sonnet and ballad writers, bad enough, all must admit, as a class, without reviewing the list.

But it is the manners and habits of our people that furnish to English travellers the most fruitful theme for invective and misrepresentation. Apart from the cause to which we have alluded in the opening of this article, we may refer to another circumstance which now, among the great mass of travelling people, is of frequent occurrence. The American people have so often been the victims of misrepresentation and the credulity of foreigners, that, in every assemblage there will be found persons anxious to impress an unknown Englishman with the most ridiculous opinions respecting us. Marvellous stories are invented, the most grotesque manners assumed, merely for the purpose of causing the books of such persons to present the most gross and absurd sketches of men and things in America. As we have attempted to show,—unless in the case of well-bred and distinguished foreigners visiting this country, and who spend much time with the people,—such is the haste with which visits are made, that no just idea can be had of us. The intercourse necessary to a proper estimate of the manners of our citizens is not easily obtained. We are so frequently imposed upon by designing men, wearing the clothes and assuming the names of gentlemen, that much time or very unquestionable recommendations are necessary to insure introductions into the best society. Even Mr. Dickens, who seems to have taken the greatest and most unprincipled latitude in the abuse of hospitality wasted on

him, gives pictures of American manners, not from the more refined exhibitions of society, but from the rabble whom he mingled with on the way-side and in the hotels.

We proceed to refer particularly to some of the circumstances in our condition which have more especially been the subjects of abuse :

1. Upon the often discussed subject of slavery we shall say but little. That question has been argued in every phase in which it can be presented—often with cruel reproaches from both sides of it. Our task will be performed in a manner neither calculated to wound our adversaries or pervert the true character of the issue. This issue has been, invariably, a false one. It has been made up on facts which concern the institution of slavery abstractly, rather than the necessity under which it exists and the condition of the slaves. It has related rather to the tenure than to the nature of slavery—often, more to the color of the person in servitude than to the extent of service imposed. We shall not undertake to encounter the metaphysical controversies which engage others,—as to the abstract right to enslave human beings,—for that controversy leads us so far beyond the purposes and necessities of society, as to make it frequently a ridiculous one. We shall simply endeavor to show that the wants of men do now, have in all former, and will, in all future time, force some species of servitude upon society, and that a class will exist out of which this servitude will necessarily arise.

There can be no distinction in the bondage in which black or white men are held, except as to the term of it. Slavery, as a principle, remains the same, whether it is exacted of a white person for years, or of a black one for life. If the state of dependence which forces it upon men exists—if the condition of things which makes it proper for the employer to tolerate, and for the interest of the employed to submit to it, will continue, then, outcries against the system in those who sanction it in the white man and abhor it in the black—who practice it for a term of years, but abhor it in the life estate—becomes hypocritical and unjust in the extreme.

We take, in the argument of this subject, the slave as we find him. We consider the white serf in England,—that country where, we are told, the shackles fall from the slave the moment he touches the soil,—in the hands of the manu-

facturer and the landlord; and will take the black one as he comes into our hands, if not by the judgment of God, at all events, through authorized importations of that country whose people now abuse us so much upon the subject. And citing some historical facts to show that the condition of slavery, in one or the other of these respects, has existed, does now, and will continue to exist, we hope to prove that, in every thing which can minister to the condition of persons thus situated, the serfdom of the Southern States is far superior to the servitude of those countries, which, because they recognize no legal authority to hold men slaves for life, pretend that they tolerate no slavery at all.

Slavery has, in one form or another, been found to endure in every age and country. It began in the earliest times. It spread from Chaldea over Egypt, Arabia and the entire East, and was recognized and maintained by the most pious of the churches. In Greece, in the time of Homer, all prisoners of war became slaves, and in Lacedæmon they were trained as instruments of the cruel exercises of their youth. In Rome, they existed in such numbers as to become preys of every wanton suggestion, sometimes chained to the gates of the rich, sometimes thrown to fatten lampreys. Insolvent debtors became there, slaves to their creditors, subject to be divided, limb by limb, among them. In England it was exercised at a very early period. Alfred made laws to regulate the sale of slaves, and the peasantry of that country were constantly sold as slaves, both by the Saxons and Normans. By a statute of Edward VI., a runaway or one idle for three days was branded with the letter V. and sold as a slave for two years, the purchaser being authorized to give him bread and water and to force him to work by the rod and by chains. If such a one was absent from his master fourteen days, then it was lawful to brand him on the cheek or forehead with the letter S., and thence he became a slave forever. For the second desertion he became a felon. So the child of a beggar, bound, became a slave if he absconded. So far as the traffic in slaves is concerned, England bore her part in it. Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman who commenced it; but so popular did it become, that in 1796 England had 130 ships engaged in the stealing and selling off of slaves, which supplied her plantations with 42,000. Up to 1833, she

encouraged, or at least tolerated in her plantations previous to that year, authority over 770,280 slaves.

Whether we look at profane history or holy writ, we find the institution of slavery extensively maintained. Chambers' Journal presents some interesting details on this matter, worthy the attention and consideration of abolitionists.

Among the Hebrews, it was positively ordained that of foreigners slaves should be made for life; of their own nation, for a term of years. If the latter consented to remain with his master, an awl was thrust through his ear in the door, and he become a slave forever. Deut. xv., 17. This, too, was the condition of poor debtors. II. Kings, iv. Even the pious Joseph, while Prime Minister of Pharaoh, did not scruple, in the time of the great famine, to use his monopoly in corn, first to the exhaustion of all the money, flocks and herds of the people, and then made of them slaves to Pharaoh. Gen. xlvii.

All the great works of antiquity, in the East, were executed by slaves subsisting on dry beans. 100,000 slaves, in relays, labored for twenty years to elevate the 6,000,000 tons of stone which make the pyramid of Cheops. And St. Petersburg was built by serfs, who slept on the ground and were miserably fed, and of whom 300,000 died.

The peasantry in England and Scotland were slaves of the nobility for ages, and the condition upon which they were fed and clothed was their service. They were sold, too, with the land. The industry of an author in Chambers' Journal has furnished instances. One, the clauses of deeds of the 12th and 13th centuries, "Cum nativis, et eorum sequela," and the other, the fact that Merville, minister of William I., granted to Henry de St Clair certain lands in Mid Lothian, with two bondsmen and their progeny, on the condition that they should not be separated from the land. The same writer has shown that within the last hundred years, men and families, the operative salt-makers and coal-miners were sold with the property; and that as late as 1748 the clansmen of the Scottish highlands and isles resisted the privileges of freedom and desired to be retained in feudal dependence. But it is chiefly with respect to the pauper system that this just and intelligent writer shows the existence of slavery in England. His views present facts so appropriate to our argument, and are inter-

spersed with such just and valuable reflections, that we quote, and ask for them the attention of our readers.

"After long ages, civil equality was established in England; every man was declared to be free, and to be the absolute proprietor of his own person. This freedom, however, was not an unmixed good. In proportion as villeinage disappeared mendicancy increased; and so great did this new evil become, that the State was obliged to institute a modified species of serfdom, under the title of a poor law. By this, as finally arranged in the reign of Elizabeth, the poor, no matter what their mental or physical condition, once more established their right to maintenance out of the lands on which they were born. It was, practically, a villeinage without sale. For the baron, was substituted a parish overseer; and for the word vassal, might be read pauper. The pauper could not be disposed of like a beast of burden; but he could be compulsorily worked in exchange for the food and shelter to which he was driven or voluntarily clung.

"There the matter rests. At present, the expense incurred for the poor in England amounts to about six millions annually, (£5,039,703 in 1845); but this is independent of a vast number of charities, and were the dispensation of funds on a similar scale in Ireland and Scotland, the yearly cost of the poor in the United Kingdom would probably be not less than ten millions. The actual outlay in the present year, it is believed, will be twenty millions.

"Out of all this recital of facts a humiliating confession is wrung. Civilization has been as unsuccessful in preventing the growth of pauperism, within the bosom of society, as ever barbarism in avoiding the institution of slavery. Three thousand six hundred years ago Joseph stayed the horrors of death by making the people serfs. England, to all appearance, can think of no other means of averting starvation than by making the people parish paupers: that is, dependants on the land. While many millions of persons are dropping out of the ranks of independent laborers, and swelling the lists of the destitute, the talk is only of improved poor laws, which signifies an extended encroachment on public means.

"From the facility with which masses of men relinquish habits of independence for the sake of mere support, it would appear as if there was a proneness to slavery in human nature, which can be eradicated only by culture and a concurrence of happy circumstances. The disappearance of feudalism, and the gift of personal freedom, along with the security of property, have, unitedly, raised Britain to a high pitch of glory. In no country in Europe is labor better remunerated, or skill and industry so sure of their reward. The progress of the humbler and middle classes has been correspondingly great: thirty millions of money in savings banks, and some thousands of benefit and assurance societies testify a prodigious advance in habits of foresight; while the extensive enginery at work to instruct and refine, gives promise of a state of things much more satisfactory than now exists. At the same time it is painfully evident that society, with all its increasing opulence and intelligence, does not rid itself of the tendency to vassalage and pauperism. We can-

not but consider this a curious phenomenon, and did we despair, as some do, of civilization, we should, from appearances, acknowledge that history goes on in a circle, and brings a state of refinement round to the necessities and institutions of barbarism. The phenomenon, however, is incidental, not natural. Feudal usages have bequeathed to all classes the disposition to worship rank, by what may almost be called a blind instinct. This is strikingly manifested in the election of members of Parliament. On these occasions, not only the peasantry, who may be excused on account of their half-etiolated state, but the largest and most intelligent communities are seen voluntarily committing the management of their affairs to parties not the most suitable on general grounds, but because they possess a title or some other qualification equally aside from the duties which are to be performed. A similar species of subserviency pervades all the higher seats of learning, of which no more conspicuous example could be given than the late exaltation of a Prince—merely because he was a Prince—to be Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Phenologists, I suppose, would call this a large development of veneration. If things are to be called by their proper names, it is a lingering principle of serfdom—a spirit of grovelling and detestable meanness.

“Where men, opulent and learned,—perhaps we can hardly say educated, in the true sense of the word—are found cherishing feelings as grotesque as they are unreasonable we have the less occasion to wonder at a disposition in the uninstructed masses to lapse back into habits of feudal dependence. Vast numbers are poor by inheritance, and, having grown up a three-fourth idle existence, they naturally cling to the soil on which they have been cradled; and as the poor-laws, with false benevolence, strengthen the traditional attachment, serfdom, among the rural population, seems but the effect of a natural, though in reality an artificial cause. While it is a leading principle in the poor-law to fix each man to his parish, a bounty may be said to be held out for a continuance of a qualified rural vassalage.”

If a fair and truthful comparison is made between the condition of people thus situated, in England, and our own slaves, the advantage, as we have asserted, must be given to the latter. They will be found, generally, better satisfied with their condition, more comfortably provided for, and their morals better preserved. It happens unfortunately, however, for this view of the subject, that the condition of slaves is either regarded amidst very great excitements, or through the false sympathies of the observer only. Slaves, in this country, are spoken of as if they were exceedingly sensitive under bondage, and took the same high-wrought views of it in the abstract with very improved intellects. This is not so. Their situation forbids that they should so feel. They, by a decree of God, are in the first stage of

human development—the state of great physical unfolding, of ignorance and of moral insensibility. They do not, as instances furnished by each individual proves, feel towards their offspring as do the more improved whites. The only principle which controls them is the principle of fear; fear, not acquiesced in by dread of power and from moral submission, but from apprehension of bodily pain. The fealty of slaves in this country to their masters is precisely that of clansmen to the chief. It arises from association, a connection with particular tracts of land, the want of that self-reliance so conspicuous in all the lower classes, and their dependence on the head which thinks for them. They are, essentially a base class, (it would be wrong to call them degraded, as this term implies a previous better condition,) and with their state they are satisfied. The consequences of turning them loose upon society, in that state of *professed* freedom, but that worst of all slavery, which distinguishes the free colored race of any civilized country, is exhibited all around us. They make the worst criminals of the society in which they live; they deteriorate in the moral and physical elements of life; they are broken loose from a dependence which sustains them, to be cast into a state of independence which manacles them to the worst of all masters, the ungoverned passions; they are the most oppressed and least protected of all classes of men; they are outlaws from all the advantages of society and still compelled to sustain themselves in it. In no part of the world, we assert, and will prove, if our adversaries admit proof, is the condition of that class who labor menially, so well protected, as in the case of slaves, with us. All that is required of them is that labor which the state of each person's health and happiness requires should be performed. Public opinion and penal laws force the owner to provide suitable clothing and food. They are made so much part of our families, that, as complained of by the gentility of our opponents, our children's language is tainted by negro verbiage, and they are nursed in sickness with a tenderness never experienced by the poor in the best pauper establishments of Europe. These things distinguishing the state of slavery, why is it that the sickly sentimentalist of the free States insists upon abolishing a tie thus full of advantages, to create a fictitious liberty, bringing physical disease and mental etiolation? The answer is found where we began—

that views of this subject are taken with respect to the name rather than to the actual condition of the slaves.

Let us present another view of this subject, but let it be connected with questions necessarily growing out of the matters to be considered. Do the friends of universal emancipation intend, with the destruction of the name of slavery, to abolish the practice of it? Will they raise up the menial classes from their ignorance and barbarism, to equality and association with themselves, and how will they do it? How will want of knowledge be instantly supplied, so as to place them in the same position with the higher classes? How will ignobility of manners be so soon softened by the gentility essential to a companionship with the refined and elegant of society? What, in general words, will effect that immediate transformation of an inferior race of persons into gentlemen, which shall cause them to become capable at once of taking the same situation with their betters, and of engaging with them in all the departments necessary to the formation and progress of society?

Answers to these inquiries, so justly suggested by the position of the philanthropists, cannot be attempted without betraying its weakness and exhibiting the palpable dissimulation of their arguments. But our last remark is this: while ever the world exists,—while ever a difference of pursuits is made necessary by the wants of men,—while the power of wealth stands against the weakness of poverty, so long must there be one class who will absolutely require menial offices to be performed, and who cannot or will not perform these for themselves, and another class, who, not able to obtain their subsistence in any other way, will gladly consent to occupy the place allotted to serfs. Subserviency exists in all classes of civilized life. There are dependents on wealth, dependents on learning, on the patronage of government, and dependents created by that boldly defined line which divides the labors of the brain from the labors of the hand. This dependence has been the result of the judgment of heaven, and if this were not enough to reconcile us to it, our acquiescence would be forced by the fact that the arrangements of society and the great interests of men all require it. It is asserted by Utopians that a state of being may be imagined in which there shall be no necessity for this vassalage. This may be; but surely such an age has not yet begun. It must be brought

about in God's own time, and we are justified in saying that that time is not now. When it comes, it will be when the talents, the education, the wealth of men shall be more equalized,—when, in all that relates to mind and morals, we shall be raised up far above men and men's necessities, and become in wants and in nature little less than angels.

Let us suppose a state in which there shall be this perfect equality—in which all the labors that are demanded by our personal wants and the proprieties of society, shall be confined to the individual who shall require or display them—in which the philosopher, whose intellectual exertions produce such wonderful ameliorations of evil, shall be forced to become his own drawer of water and hewer of wood, and the operatives of society their own speculators in the sciences, as well as their own instructors in knowledge. Do we not see that by such arrangement an interruption would occur in the entire progress of the affairs of life?—that a check would be placed upon every investigation calculated to develop the resources of nature and render more perfect the various results of science?—that no branch of industry could be cultivated successfully; and that the genius of men chained down to the most menial employments, would soon become incapable of estimating the value of the elegant arts or of being inspired by that emulation which advances society to its noblest destiny.

It must thence be evident to every reflecting and ingenuous person, that it is the diversity of pursuits and the appropriateness of various minds to the demands of them, which stimulate and so nicely adjust the industry of men; which keep society so nicely regulated in all those departments which are so essential to its security, and which, so far from being antagonistical with the interests of virtue and with the objects of society form the basis of both. And it is a serious error to suppose that any great wrong is done to the rights of individuals by these arrangements. Providence has happily limited our wants and ambition by the circle in which it is designed we shall move. To this are our talents and opportunities generally confined, and in this we find our happiness—a happiness which may consist sometimes in freedom from the anxieties of a higher station, sometimes in exemption from the evils of a lower. If the master, whether of a black laborer for life, independent of all the cares of providing for himself, or of a white one for

a term of years, rendered more miserable by his dependence and poverty and the necessity he is under to provide for himself, lives in a larger house, is surrounded by greater influence, he is also subject to greater calamities, falls from a greater height when overthrown, and has the care and anxieties of the entire establishment upon his mind. If the operative who contributes to his stock of property is not possessed of the same wealth of estate he is exempt from the solicitude which accompanies its possession. This is, with the slaves of the South, the true secret of the contentment which so universally prevails among them. If he is in the aphelion of the social sphere, and therefore in the obscure part of it, there he finds his advantage in being remote from a brightness of condition, which, so far from cherishing, would consume him. That obscurity suits his condition. There he enjoys health, and is secure in the possession of one to think and act for him, being incapable of thought and action for himself. The state of the future in his life is indifferent to him; for he knows that whatever is the fate of his master, all that is essential to his comfort must and will be supplied. How different the contemplation and how much more miserable the condition of the white operative, who, with a large family relying on his exertions for bread and clothing, dependent on the wealthy employer, is yet liable to have that employment determine at any moment, either by caprice, ill health, or the state of trade,—who is obliged, not merely to encounter, himself, but to see his family contest with famine and disease, no hand but that of uncertain charity to help him, and then, when he ceases to labor, the victim of a professed freedom, which promises independence in the abstract, but realizes the most intolerable slavery that men can suffer—a slavery which throws them into a state where wealth and power exercise the worst oppressions, and which becomes the nursery of the darkest crimes. We cannot close this head without an admission that slavery has its evils. One of the greatest of these is the want of permanence in the situation of the slaves. They are so often removed from one home to another that there cannot be enough extended those kindly relations of the heart, or enough promoted that moral culture which would, while diffusing more happiness around them, tend more to strengthen their attachment to those under whose protection they must live. We

would be rejoiced to see them more permanently connected with the family. To effect this they should be exempt from sale or execution for debt. It should be placed out of the power of a creditor to break the connection which exists between the slave and his owner, and every encouragement should be given the latter to avoid alienation. We are not sure if much would not be done by attaching them to the land—a state which would be a continual security of the homes of such persons, and which, however imprudent in the midst of a wholly free population, would, while this slave relation exists, be attended with the most happy results.

The reproaches of English writers upon our national conduct have been not less unmeasured. Attacks upon us in relation to the Canadian outbreak, which produced the burning of the Caroline, and with regard to the Mexican war, have been especially characterized by traduccments of the most violent and absurd nature. If what has been written of the latter had been confined to the course of the government in the inception of the causes bringing about the war, we should not have undertaken a defence. In many respects, the conduct of the present administration with regard to the contest with Mexico and the motives of its leaders in promoting it, are manifestly indefensible. But, with the palpable errors of these, the opinions and feelings of the mass of the American people have been so unjustly and unnecessarily joined, their wishes upon the subject have been so grossly misrepresented, and their national reputation, from the ridiculous positions of their agents, has been so liable to discredit, that justice imperatively demands a calm and rational review of the whole matter. We shall be brief in our own reply to the wanton attacks upon the more justifiable conduct of the government upon the Canadian affair. The justice done us by England in regard to this, is displayed so fully in the Edinburgh Review upon Sir Francis Head's work, that little is left for us in the way of defence. That writer has shown so clearly the false position of Sir Francis with respect to this affair, and in such tasteful and elegant satire exposed the errors and ridiculed the extravagances of his *politics*, as he terms them, that nothing is lost of their poignancy and wit by repetition. He has, indeed, so powerfully punished the vanity of this author as to leave little space for the exertion of satire.

Without giving a name to the picture, he represents Sir Francis Head amidst the alarms of the Canada rebellion, in all the agony of Sancho in his government, encumbered with fears more weighty than the armor of his more magnanimous prototype, and beneath which gasconade and cowardice in vain struggled for the mastery. Alluding to Sir Francis' Introduction, where he compares his sketches to a crow, in whose body is joined many flying materials to a little lump of flesh, he says, "while a man of fancy may take delight in the light material, no man of judgment can be otherwise than disgusted at the carrion of his politics." This is the finest and aptest application of the old saying of having a crow to pick with another, in which the reviewer has given the feathers to the winds and surfeited Sir 'Thomas himself with his carrion.

"We now come to the second great event of Sir Francis' warlike career in Canada, the affair of Navy Island, and on this point the work before us adheres to the version which Sir Francis has all along given. It has, in some cases, been most unfortunate for a right understanding of colonial events, that so many of our first impressions respecting them are derived from the official accounts transmitted to our government. Sir Francis Head has consequently had the advantage of having been our chief historiographer of the events for which he is in a great measure responsible. It was from his dispatches that we derived those formidable accounts of the war of Navy Island, that we well recollect to have produced excitement and alarm throughout this country. The tale ran that scarcely had the vigor of Head and the loyalty of the Canadian people suppressed the civil war with which Mackenzie threatened Toronto, when a series of attacks along the frontier of the United States proclaimed to the world the fact that the designs of the rebels had been encouraged by that ambitious republic. The most formidable of these inroads was that which Mackenzie ventured to make at the head of a band of exiles and "sympathizers" on her majesty's possession of Navy Island, in the river of Niagara. The lawless disposition of the people of the State of New-York, prompted by the insidious connivance of its government, had enabled the outlaw to collect a numerous force, which was supplied with arms and artillery from the arsenals of the State. At the head of this body, which, in one of his earlier accounts, Sir Francis reckons at seven hundred men, Mackenzie crossed the narrow arm of the river that intervenes between the American shore and Navy Island, and, having planted the standard of rebellion on that strong position, for three weeks, by the aid of a battery of no less than twenty-six cannon, poured out death and destruction on our villages, and defied and disturbed our loyal subjects in Canada. The efforts of the gallant forces, at the head of which our Governor lay before the rebel intrenchments, were thwarted by the unprincipled opposition of the American people

and authorities, who, hardly preserving the mask of neutrality, continued to pour men and supplies into the rebel lines. At length, an act of singular daring on the part of our Governor brought the Americans to their senses, and put an end to this dangerous state of things. Justified by necessity in a temporary violation of the territory of our neighbor, he ordered the gallant expedition, which, in the dead of night, cut the Caroline out of the lonely dock in which it lay, overpowered the resistance of its single sentry, and sent it drifting over the cataract below. The fearful spectacle of the flaming vessel plunging into that terrible abyss, is represented as having produced a salutary awe throughout the lawless frontier of New-York, repressed 'sympathy' and insurrection, and occasioned the evacuation of the rebel strong-hold. Such is the tale which Sir Francis and his coadjutors told to the credulous public of this country, and by which they stimulated our indignation against the people of the United States, and our gratitude to the bold and wise men who dared to assert the honor and protect the territory of her majesty. Such is the tale he repeats in the *Emigrant*, painting it in conformity with the plan of his work, with a long jeremiad about the degradation inflicted on the British name by Lord Ashburton's admitting that an apology should have been made for the violation of the American territory, and, with a solemn denunciation of the conservative premier who sanctioned this consummation of his country's shame.

"A stranger fable never excited national antipathies, or excused the blunders of an inefficient functionary. It cannot be denied that among the inhabitants of the American frontier some sympathy was felt for the cause of the insurgents, whose efforts appeared to be directed to the same object as had been attained by the people of the United States in their war of independence. In the scattered villages of the frontier meetings were undoubtedly held, at which a few noisy orators purported, after the fashion of such meetings, to speak the sentiments of a community. Two or three cannon were stolen out of the frail buildings in which the arms of the militia of that thinly-peopled country were deposited, and a few of the outcasts of an adventurous population were induced to join a handful of exiles in an enterprise which offered them hopes of activity and plunder. But there never was danger save that which was created by the weakness of our own Governor—never mischief except that which his unaccountable absurdity tolerated. And the only event that ever gave the invaders a chance of success, and ever menaced us with a real peril, was that notable expedient of attacking the Caroline, to which our safety is attributed by its unwise author.

"We raise an outcry against the government of the United States, abuse their people and institutions, and, finally, violate their territory under a plea of necessity, which arises from our tolerating the continuance of insurrection in our own territory :—not because we could not suppress it, but because our Governor chose to let it go on while he was making 'a chemical analysis of the comparative advantages between monarchical and republican institutions.' Certainly such a caprice was never yet held by rational men to be a necessity, and when we find that such is the plea on which our case is rested by

the representative of our government, we cannot but admire the wisdom of both Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster, in settling the matter by the expression of a wish that an apology had been made when it was certainly so amply due."

The criticisms of the English journalists upon the Mexican war are frequently connected with sly allusions to the Oregon question, and with charges of rapacity in the American people for an extension of territory. We intend to say but few words about the Oregon contest, and these shall be rather more creditable to England than ourselves. Justice demands that we should declare that to the magnanimity and forbearance of the English people do we stand indebted for the peaceful adjustment of that controversy. To the calmness with which the whole subject was viewed by her ministers, at a time of great excitement in this country, and to the conservative influence of a few noble capacities in our own Senate, who forgot alike the dangers of disobedience to, and the promise of favor from the powers of party, in a determination to act as justice and honor required, we owe that truthful exposition of the title and that honorable compromise of the litigation respecting it, which satisfied both nations and averted a most disastrous war. We therefore repeat that, honored forever be the English and American statesmen, who, in this difficulty between the nations, were faithful to the great interests of human nature and to the demands of the age—who knew as well how to recede from the unjust demands as to assert the rightful claims of each government, and who felt that there was too much dependence in one nation upon the other in the great enterprises of civilization, to make any war tolerable or any peace too dear. We wish we could turn with equal pride and pleasure from this scene to the course of the English press upon the Mexican war. That press is constantly wronging our people with regard to it—continually accusing us, as a mass, of an ignoble desire to subdue the country and to subvert the institutions of Mexico for mere mercenary purposes—charging our military with the guilt of most inhuman cruelties, and attributing every success which attends our arms, either to the influence of bribes or to a heartless indifference to every principle which should govern a civilized nation in war.

We copy at random from the English press, the Times

chiefly, some of the paragraphs which most forcibly illustrate the subject.

"The tumultuous excitement occasioned throughout the United States by the announcement that a small Mexican army had collected at Matamoras, and that 2,000 men had crossed the Rio Grande and placed themselves between General Taylor's camp and his supplies at Point Isabel, is certainly disproportioned to the actual magnitude of the event, and it presents a strange commentary on the aggressive policy and the warlike measures which have been gaining ground in the United States for the last few years. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the contrast between the zeal of the Americans in provoking a war and their real state of preparation for it; and a defeat will probably be sustained by the American forces, worsted by troops whom they have affected to despise, before the people of the United States have learned that bluster does not win battles though it may begin brawls." [*London Times, June 1st.*]

"The Americans, who have to conduct this most wearisome of wars, are least of all nations competent to the task. They have no army, and have no constitutional power of raising one. They have no money, and are resolutely determined to find none. They have no general, and have just agreed never to have one. Yet with these natural and political disadvantages they have either to continue a war of which nobody can tell the cost or the conclusion, or to confess their folly and helplessness by a ridiculous retreat." [*Ibid, June 16th.*]

"The north-eastern boundary question, Texas annexation, occupation of Oregon,—for *de facto* it is occupied,—all these of late years, nay, of recent occurrence; the old northern boundary question, which gave to the United States portions of British territory to which they well knew, and scarcely pretended, that they had a shadow of right; our Canadian possessions and New Brunswick shaved of most valuable tracts; successful opposition to our attempts to destroy the infamous traffic in slaves, and a continuance, nay, a strenuous maintenance of the principles of this inhuman, unchristian and uncivilized 'institution,'—surely this is sufficient to open our eyes to the fact, that, respected and even dreaded as we are by the greatest powers of the world, yet a people, sprung from the dregs of our own land, who set at naught the examples of older nations, glorying in the exception they make to the acknowledged laws of civilized countries, which they set at defiance, and, led on by the truckling spirit we have always evinced in our political dealings with them, now treat with contempt our remonstrances, and, elate with the hundred victories gained by their cunning over our diplomatists, are now progressing from less important acts of impudent aggression to more open bullying, and scarcely attempt to disguise the preliminary measures they have adopted to deprive us of a territory which is as much our own, by every possible right, as one of the counties of Great Britain.

"We are blinding ourselves to the growing arrogance of a people hardly civilized in some of their principles, but strong in their

physical power and the fortuitous circumstance of their locality, which enables them to defy the more advanced opinions, tenets and examples of European nations, and induces them to take their stand on a distant continent, solitary in their form of government, solitary in their constitutional disregard of honor and its obligations, contemned by the powers of the world, and held up to odium for their singular opinions and political dishonesty.

"The dignified protest of the Mexican government (for it can hardly be construed into a declaration of war,) against the unwarrantable measures adopted by the government of the United States for the annexation of Texas to the Union, speaks home to the jealous watchfulness of other nations. It asks the question quietly and unostentatiously, will other powers stand by, looking on at the wanton disregard to the law of nations, justice and common honesty, displayed by the late acts of the American government, and leave me, the weaker State, to fall the victim to an unprincipled act, without stretching out a hand to save me? One point in this affair which deserves notice is the underhand manner in which the United States government has acted through the whole transaction. On the one hand, it is said to Mexico—agree to an armistice for the present, whilst we endeavor to arrange a compromise for you with Texas; at the very same time was the Federal government in treaty with Texas on the subject of annexation. Mexico was deluded into quiescence, whilst American troops were crowded upon the frontier, to back, with an imposing armed force, the forthcoming question.

If the 'war hatchet is dug up' between the American Union and ourselves, which sooner or later must happen, our North American colonies, particularly Canada, will be in jeopardy: for no sudden or immediate measures can place them in a respectable posture of defence. We have an extensive and naked frontier, on our side but thinly peopled, and that by a disaffected race. The few harbors we possess on the lakes are not defended. We have no navy, unless two or three worthless steamers can be so considered, to protect the corn-growing frontier of upper Canada."

"The drunken, lazy vagabond, hanging about the large towns, should not be taken as a fair sample of the Indian; but without going amongst the wild tribes of the provinces, who, by the bye, are not to be compared to the 'forest Indian,' a splendid race may be met with on the western lakes of Huron and Superior, who are not even yet contaminated by an intercourse with whites. It is from this that an Indian force should be collected, and with a few thousand rifles on the frontier, Bull-frog or Yankee will think twice before they sympathize or rebel again—with a few red Indians at their scalp ends to remind them of the shortness, and the whiz of a ready tomahawk." [*United Service Magazine.*]

We conclude with some very appropriate remarks, extracted from the Naval and Military Gazette of the 16th August.

"The extraordinary state of mental degradation into which the American colonies of Spain had fallen, previous to the revolution, can-

not be better proved than by looking at the present condition of the people who were supposed to have freed themselves from thralldom and assumed, as it were, a new existence. The expectations that were formed on this head have been, unfortunately, all thrown over, as in place of assuming a more elevated position in the family of nations, these so-called republics have fallen into a state of anarchy and misrule, and retrograded in every point of morality and civilization. The most striking proof will be found in the apathy shown by one of them, the most powerful as regards extent of territory and actual riches. Mexico has appeared to be asleep, while its active and ambitious neighbor has been stealthfully creeping into her territory, introducing her unprincipled adventurers, and finally, in the most unblushing manner, annexing the whole province of Texas to the Union—a piece of unprincipled usurpation never exceeded by the most ambitious of Eastern princes or conquerors. Well have the wily democrats calculated on the weakness of their neighbor, and the distraction existing in its counsels to carry into effect a most bare-faced piece of robbery. Both the French and British ministers have protested against this monstrous step of republican ambition, but as it does not materially affect the interests of their respective nations, they did not conceive themselves justified to carry their opposition to the extremity. In the mean time the poor and imbecile government of Mexico has put forth a declaration of war, only to be laughed at by the Messrs. Polk, Calhoun and their democratic myrmidons. They will no doubt sneer at the document in question, although one of the paragraphs places before them an undeniable truth:—

“That this manner of appropriating to itself territories upon which other nations have rights, introduces a monstrous novelty, endangering the peace of the world and violating the sovereignty of nations.”

“If these besotted Mexicans keep a look-out they will soon see a repetition of this ‘monstrous novelty.’ California will share the fate of Texas, and, finally, Mexico itself fall to the invader. This spirit, which has been countenanced by the new President and his Secretary, will not stop here. We may have seen by the proceedings in New Albion the ardent desire that exists to drive us out of our American colonies, which would have been attempted long since had they dared. The lesson read in the south will, we hope, not be lost in the north, and precautions be taken in time. Two measures we strongly recommend for the defence of Canada—the formation of military, or rather militia colonies on the frontier, and giving military organization to the Indian tribes within our territory, to whom our government at present affords pecuniary assistance.”

This last article, with most disgusting assaults upon us and our institutions, mixes up the humane recommendation to employ the scalping-knife of the Indian tribes in slaughtering our people.

The Mexican government, regarded as a blessing in its institutions, or in the general condition of its people, is not

entitled to the sympathy expressed for it by English writers. The reflecting men of that country must see that its government is nothing more than the arbitrary rules by which successive chiefs protect their authority, after reaching it by the worst means. No principle of constitutions or laws under which a people can be secure or a country prosperous, has ever been grafted on her institutions or been the subject of her various revolutions. Successive changes take place in the principles of government. The fires of one revolution live in the ashes of another. The history of the nation, from the moment when she broke away from Spanish domination, has been a history of the ascendancy of lustful and licentious tyrants, over a degraded and ignorant people. Every outrage which could distinguish barbarian conquest, every oppression which could mark the victories of revengeful and bloody-minded men, have been committed under the sanction of the name of a republic. The institution of slavery has been abolished, only that there might be substituted the bondage of the poor degraded masses, who, under the gloom of superstition, prostrated in their morals, are made to toil and drudge like beasts of burden in peace, or in war driven to slaughter, asserting no right which can ameliorate their condition, and defending no country to which they are bound by any tie either of interest or honor. The idea of love of country is there dead, except with a few enlightened men, who, driven into retirement by the frequency of revolutions and the absence of every principle of patriotism, dare not mix in the management of public affairs or strike a blow for their country. Would foreigners ask why it is that thousands of such people, brought into battle with a few hundred North Americans, are swept off like chaff before the wind, they will find the answer in the state of things to which we refer. There may be, in the armies of Mexico, men capable of generous and patriotic enterprises; but what do such men gain by the triumphs of their arms? What, but to elevate one Santa Anna and be consumed amidst the jealousy and envy which surround their successes? There are, too, no doubt, many of the common people of Mexico, who, under permanent institutions, a firmly established code of laws, proper security for their persons and property, and suitable encouragements to their industry, would soon lay the foundation of a prosperous and virtuous nation. But what in-

duancements have such a people to pour out their blood now? No consequences follow which can possibly make their condition better. The same selfish and degenerate conduct marks each successful ruler; the same weak and distracted councils remain; the spirit of public virtue which ought to animate the country is gone, so that even physical nature, rent with internal convulsions, exhibits the evidences of decline. Is it wonderful that over such a country the light of the purer institutions of a neighboring people should spread? Is it anything strange that the great sun of American civilization, whose rays are gilding the countries of the East, should also begin to shine upon Mexico? Let us tell our English brethren, that however we may agree as to the capacity of the two governments to avoid this war, the progress of education and of the arts of free government and free trade, are doing more to conquer Mexico than the arms of the United States. Their own Magna Charta, their trial by jury, their reformatations in religion, the triumphs of their arts, in the hands of enterprising Americans, are doing the work, and contributing more than wars ever can, to subdue the corrupted political establishments of South America, and inspire its people with a just sense of the value of independence. That volunteers have gone with madness to the war is no evidence that our people love war, are ambitious of the acquisition of territory, or sanction the state of policy which brought about that war. The whole feeling of the country on this business is expressed by General Taylor, in words as brief and graphic as his military movements. "As a citizen, and particularly as a soldier, it is sufficient for me to know that our country is at war with a foreign nation, to do all in my power to bring it to a speedy and honorable termination, by the most vigorous and energetic operations, without inquiring about its justice or anything else connected with it." This, we venture to believe, is the sentiment of the whole of our people on this subject.

As to the charge of mercenary motives in the war, this is repelled by the contemplation of the effects of it. Have the Americans, at any point which they have conquered, established a worse state of things than existed before? On the contrary, has not every department of civil society been benefitted by the change? Has not justice been administered with regularity; every branch of industry been

promoted; commerce and agriculture been relieved of their impediments, and new openings been effected for every social and moral enterprise? We need only refer to the condition of the conquered cities of Mexico for the answer to these inquiries. It will be found that the substitution of American rule, while it has caused the overthrow of a few venal officials, has tended to raise up from a state of destitution and degradation the great body of the citizens; that it has thrown round their persons and property the safeguard of laws hitherto unknown, and inspired their industry with energies never felt before.

The charge of cruelty upon our soldiers comes with little grace from the English press. It cannot be expected that in war many instances of dreadful suffering will not be found. The effects of war are disastrous, and it is lamentable that in an age priding itself upon the advancement of morals and civilization, nations cannot settle their differences without a resort to arms. But because it is to be so deplored, or is so desolating in consequences, should not justify the charge of improprieties which have not occurred. In no instance that has been disclosed, that we know, have our generals been indifferent to the condition of the unfortunate of our enemies. At the battle of Buena Vista, the wounded Mexicans, abandoned on the field by that bombastic savage, Santa Anna, were the objects of the assiduous care of General Taylor and his men. All were taken to comfortable habitations and supplied with surgical aid and every other necessary. One of the English Journals, the Times of May 10th, referring to the fall of Vera Cruz, deplores the bombardment of the town and censures General Scott for having permitted it. Here is the language used:

"The American despatches relate, with an air of unconscious simplicity, one of the most atrocious and barbarous acts committed in modern times, by the forces of a civilized nation. The mode adopted by General Scott in conducting the siege was characteristic of a volunteer and unpractised army. No attempt is made to disguise the fact, that the means taken by that officer to force the citadel of San Juan d'Ulloa to surrender was *the destruction of the city of Vera Cruz*. Nearly seven thousand projectiles were thrown into this devoted town during the three days and a half that the bombardment lasted. One-half of the buildings are said to be destroyed. In fact, the attack appears to have been exclusively directed on the city in preference to the castle, for General Scott expressly states

that the heavy pieces of ordnance on which he relied for the reduction of the principal forts were not landed when the city was invested, and that he was surprised to learn that the capitulation of the town and citadel was simultaneous. The thing itself is so extraordinary, and so contrary to the usages of modern war, unless under circumstances of peculiar necessity, that we could not have believed it on any lower authority than the officer in command. As for the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, it is one of those places into which a hostile force would find it difficult to make its way, if there were not a garrison to open the gates of it, and a governor to sign a capitulation. It evidently surrendered to mere intimidation or corruption, or probably from the desire of saving the city from total annihilation. The application of the foreign consuls, on the 24th of March, for a truce to enable themselves and the subjects of the European powers, together with Mexican women and children, to leave the city was *refused by General Scott*. Probably when these gentlemen resolved to remain at their posts, at the commencement of the siege, they did not anticipate that the city was to be the principal mark of the American batteries, or they might have consulted their own safety by retiring to those strong fortifications of the castle against which the enemy's artillery was not directed, or on which, at least, it made no serious impression.

"The sanguinary spoliation which incites the armies of the United States is as degrading to mankind as the poltroonery of their victims, for we cannot call them antagonists, and whilst we should blush to applaud the military triumphs of the United States, we can hardly deign to pity the woful discomfiture of an emasculated people."

Every statement of the battle shows that, before proceeding to storm the place, the women and children were repeatedly urged to retire; and as to the taking of the city without bombardment, such an idea exhibits gross ignorance of the position of the castle and its command of the town. General Scott, however, in summoning the city to surrender, positively stipulated, "that in the event of the surrender of it, he would engage not to fire a gun upon the castle unless the latter fired upon the city," which we know was completely commanded by its guns. Soon after the approach of General Scott upon Vera Cruz, he forwarded safeguards to all the foreign consuls, and earnestly begged that they and the whole of the Mexican women and children should leave the city; and this permission, as well as free opportunities for embracing it, was allowed from the 12th to the 24th of the month.

Against the entire history of this war, however, so far, at least, as the conduct of it by our troops is concerned, we place the history of the late wars of Great Britain. It is

true that no sanction of unworthy conduct arises out of the number of examples of it, exhibited even by a civilized people; but it has been so constantly the habit of the English press, in attacks upon us in regard to this matter, to pay tribute to the superior generosity of the English troops in war, and to display their conduct in such strong contrast with our own, that the comparison we institute becomes eminently just and appropriate. We would say little of the conduct of the British in ancient times—nothing of the military policy pursued in this country in the time of our own revolution. The present race might properly object that the humanities of war have improved since then, and that modern times is not accountable for the cruelties and slaughters of the beginning of the eighteenth century. We shall, therefore, not select other than modern instances to illustrate the hypocrisy of those who deny any guilt whatever to England. Were we to draw aside the curtain too boldly, examples of savageness would be exhibited in the history of that country, sufficient to cause all forgetfulness of the inhumanities of every other. Such was the proposition to employ Indians against our people, and the encouragement of the most horrid of their atrocities. Such the ungenerous policy with respect to the Irish people, and such the unnecessary and revengeful brutalities of the victors of Culloden.

The usual charges upon this subject have been that taking advantage of the weakness of the Mexican nation, we have conducted our war with her, on very different principles from those which might have prevailed, if a nation, strong in resources, and advanced in the art of war, had been the opponent; that the war, begun by us in injustice, has been pursued in vindictiveness, and with a desire of extermination; and it is even declared that no instances can be shown where the later wars of England have been characterized by such wanton destruction of human life and of property. It is with this latter assertion that we have now to do, premising that in undertaking to furnish statements of its untruth we by no means intend to deny the falsehood of the charges against ourselves. We do not intend reviving inquiries, which have been so often made, as to the justice which induced the wars of India and of China. We need not, at this day, show that every conquest in these countries had its origin in a spirit of foreign avarice, which,

extending its influence over the institutions of these nations, affected with poison the very fountains of moral and political life. We only intend to show, by a few extracts from English writers, that Great Britain, in the extension and protection of her commerce there, has been as little regardful of human life and of private property; that the wholesale slaughter of men in cold blood, and the wanton destruction of property, have prevailed beyond any extent which either the protection of her interests, the safety of her people, or the ordinary policy of war demanded; that, on the contrary, every movement of the native government for the protection of its authority or redress of the wrongs of its people, every struggle of that people to assert their rights against intruders has been the pretext of wars of extermination, and authorized the immoderate and unrestrained use of every agency which could tend most to devastate the country or force contributions from the populace, and destroy human life.

The state of feeling which existed in England at the time of the victories of the English troops over the Sikhs in India, and the reports of them, furnish proof not only of the things we have charged, but of the exultation of the people at the result. An Archbishop is specially deputed to offer up to the throne of peace and mercy the government's thanks for the result of the greatest of the battles; but the christian men of the country drop from their pens every species of pious ejaculation for the success of a war which is to destroy "the scum of Asia," and which was specially brought about by Providence to sweep off from the earth the worshippers of Moloch. The battle so lauded is reported thus :

"This battle had begun at six, and was over at eleven o'clock: the hand to hand combat commenced at nine and lasted scarcely two hours. The river was full of sinking men. For two hours, volley after volley was poured in upon the human mass—the stream being literally red with blood, and covered with the bodies of the slain. At last, the ammunition becoming exhausted, the infantry fell to the rear, the horse artillery plying grape, till not a man was visible within range. No compassion was felt nor mercy was shown !"

Now what was the war, and what the country, and who the people by and against whom this terrible and revengeful triumph was gained ? The people who waged the war were the English nation—a people proud of their moral

and religious establishments, boastful of their progress in civilization, reproachful of a deviation in other nations from the christian charities inculcated by religion; the people of Bible missions, of abolition of slavery, of peace societies, and of the forgiveness of injuries, and of love of enemies. The people thus slaughtered were a race inhabiting a country and pursuing modes of life not at all interfering with or threatening the arts or institutions of England; who were living on the soil of their ancestors, but upon whom, step by step, had been forcibly intruded the commerce of foreigners, and all the licentiousness of their civilization; foreigners, who, under the pretext of a peaceful trade, had established warlike institutions; who, under the pretence of enlightening ignorance and promoting refinement, of diffusing letters and of extending the arts and sciences, have corrupted the simplicity and destroyed the innocence of savage life; invited to enterprises in which cupidity is the ruling passion, encouraged those intestine divisions which most effectually destroy native influence and abrogate native institutions, and thus proposed the highest rewards to the treachery and falsehood of the barbarian, without introducing the countervailing virtues of civilized life. As for the war, what has it been but the aid of the power of the government to protect and extend and revengefully vindicate establishments begun in detestable covetousness and carried on in iniquitous usurpation? A war sustaining the rapacity and perfidy of that policy, behind which, amidst the blushes of England, the notorious oppressions of Warren Hastings were screened from punishment. A war which feeds the insatiate commerce of England from the bleeding bosom of India, already drained, in peace, of every healthful resource, to nourish a stranger offspring.

But let us, from this scene, turn to that presented in China, where the English government, for the re-establishment of the opium trade, committed atrocities unexampled in the history of any nation.

The true and rational account of that difficulty is this: the importation of opium into China by the English nation had become so profitable as to induce a very large contraband traffic. The authorities of China had the sagacity to perceive that the effects were productive of great moral and commercial wrongs to the nation. The use of it was be-

coming common, to such an extent as to degrade and destroy her population, and by thus producing an extraordinary demand, drained the country of specie and turned the balance of trade against her. An edict was therefore passed, under which 20,283 chests of opium, estimated of the value of £2,500,000, were seized. This latter proceeding, distinguished, as is stated, by much arrogance and oppression, may be admitted to have been wrong, without affording any apology for the retaliatory steps which followed. Now, if America or France had been the offending party, what line of policy would have been pursued? The answer is plain. Negotiation would have been instituted, ambassadors appointed, and every peaceful measure of remonstrance resorted to, before a recourse to arms. But in the case of China, the very first step is war and revenge. The mind of the nation is set at work to invent some agency of warfare which shall most effectually prostrate the Chinese nation and most powerfully vindicate the honor of the English name. Before China can reflect upon the consequences of the step, or her people are apprised of the existence or cause of war, armed vessels appear upon her waters, display their terrific engines, and spread devastation and death around. The conduct of one of these, the *Nemesis*, commanded by Captain Hall, has been portrayed by a late work of Bernard, and in such graphic style, according to the criticism of Chambers upon it, as to leave nothing for assertion on our part. Its title is: "*The Nemesis in China, comprising a History of the late War in that Country, from Notes of Captain Hall, and the Observations of W. D. Bernard.*" London: Colburn. Chambers' Journal.

"When the conflict fairly commenced, the iron steamer *Nemesis*, with her redoubted Captain Hall, dashed into the thickest of it. She was called, it will be remembered, after the vengeful daughter of Jupiter and Necessitas, whose ire was chiefly provoked by the proud and boastful. And well did she vindicate her claim to the name! After astonishing the upper fort of Chuenpee with her shells—which appeared to the unhappy Chinese as very fit missiles to come from such a quarter,—she ran close up to the sea battery, and poured through the embrasures destructive rounds of grape as she passed, and then looked round for some mode of service not accessible to ships of ordinary moulds. The enemy's fleet was anchored in concealment within the entrance of a little river, where the shallowness of the water (little more than five feet) seemed to secure them from our vessels; but no sooner did the *Nemesis* get an inkling of their hiding-place than she sprang towards it, and with such headlong

haste that she struck upon a reef of rocks as she passed. But this was nothing to her, since she managed to get over in any way, and coming bounce upon the junks, she sent a rocket into one of the largest of them, which blew her up, says our author, 'with a terrific explosion, launching into eternity every soul on board, and pouring forth its blaze like a mighty rush of fire from a volcano. The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke and flame and thunder of the explosion, with the fragments falling around, and even portions of dismembered bodies scattering as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear, the stoutest heart that looked upon it.' A momentary pause ensued, and no wonder; but this did not last long. The junks made off as fast as they could, some of them bumping ashore, some vanishing in creeks; but all pursued by the demon ship, clawing them out with her grappling-irons and setting fire to them, while their shotted guns, as they burned, went off, and added to the strangeness of the scene. She then hastened up the river for three miles in successful pursuit of additional prey; the inhabitants scouring off in all directions, till they gained the summits of the neighboring hills, whence they looked down in terror upon the progress of this destructive engine. Some notion of the astonishment of the junks may be obtained from the fact that they were provided with *nets* to catch our small boats, the only visitors they expected in such a place.

"But the voyage of the *Nemesis* up the back passage from Macao towards Canton, by what is called the Broadway, is the most remarkable as well as the most useful of her exploits. The Broadway, though sometimes mentioned as a distinct stream, appears in reality to be merely a narrow, tortuous and shallow channel of the Canton river. In addition to its natural protections from every thing but small craft, it was strongly fortified throughout its whole length, and the idea of forcing such a channel, in the heart of a hostile country, by means of a single steamer and two ship's boats, was one of the most daring that can be conceived. But on went the *Nemesis*, 'nothing daunted by mud, sand, or water or even by the shallowness of the river,' till she reached a fort, which she captured and burned. Another fort, and likewise a military depôt higher up, met the same fate. 'They had ascended a very little way further up the river, when, to the joy of every one, they espied nine war-junks under weigh, a considerable distance ahead, and chase was given at full speed, in spite of all obstacles of the navigation. The interest and excitement momentarily increased, as every mile they advanced served to lead them to the conclusion that the Chinese were better prepared for defense than had been at all expected. Indeed, it was not a little remarkable that a passage never before explored by foreigners should have been found in a state of preparation against attack; by forts of old standing and solid construction, as well as by works of recent and temporary formation.'

"On went the *Nemesis* till she had the satisfaction to see the runaway junks at a stand still, determined to dispute the passage. It is true, they were protected by a considerable fort on the one side, a field-work on the other, and a fence of stakes across the river in the middle; but this was nothing to the demon ship. The stakes were

quickly passed, the batteries destroyed, and seven of the junks set on fire and blown up. It was necessary to pursue the remaining two, and in process of time the invaders found themselves quietly passing through a large and populous town. 'The people crowded upon the banks of the river; the house-tops and the surrounding hills were covered with curious gazers, wondering what strange event would happen next. Hundreds of trading-junks and boats of various kinds, most of them the sole home of their owners, were crowded together on both sides of the river, throughout the town, and even above and below it. The river was narrow, and so densely were the boats packed that the only passage left was directly in the centre of the stream, where, as if by mutual consent, a clear way had been left, only just broad enough to allow the steamer to pass, and requiring some dexterity to avoid running foul of the junks on either side.'

"On went the *Nemesis*, and by and by one of the fugitive junks was overtaken and burned, and a masked battery stormed and destroyed. She had been at work ever since three o'clock in the morning, and it was now getting dark and the river becoming more and more shallow; she therefore anchored for the night—in a stream so narrow that it was impossible to turn her head round,—with devastation behind, unknown enemies before and surrounded by a mighty population, into whose bosom she had carried insult and death. The next day 'she had seldom more than six feet water, and in many places only five, so that she was frequently forced through the mud itself.' There was not room to turn her fairly round, and the only mode in which she could be managed was by sometimes drawing her bows as far as possible into the river's bank, sometimes her stern, while at other times it was hard to say whether she was proceeding over a flooded paddy-field or in the channel of a water-course. This gave occasion to a facetious remark in which sailors sometimes delight, that this 'would be a new way of going over-land to England.' New forts, new fighting, new burning, and, worst of all, new stakes, with sunken junks between their lines. These were surmounted with difficulty, and it 'was only accomplished after four hours' hard work, in which, oddly enough, the Chinese peasantry bore an active part, voluntarily coming forward to assist, and even venturing to come on board the steamer itself.' In the course of this day a large mandarin station was destroyed, and she came to anchor for the night. The next morning she arrived at another large town, where she set fire to the custom-house, and blew up the object of her pursuit—the remaining junk. Beyond this the river became still more narrow and shallow, and the *Nemesis*, at length turning into a lateral passage, threaded her way to the main Canton river, where she emerged just below the second bar.

"Her intromissions with the fire-rafts of the Chinese, it may well be supposed, were quite in her own way. These rafts were composed of boats filled with all kinds of combustible materials, and connected by long chains, so that, in drifting down the river, they might hang across the bows of our ships. The business of the *Nemesis* was to tow these away, or otherwise frustrate their intentions; and it was a grand spectacle, in the sullen darkness of the

night, to see these floating masses of fire drifting about the river, and showing, by their own reflected light, the panic stricken parties of Chinese who had charge of them trying to escape towards the shore, which few of them were destined to reach. Some threw themselves overboard, were carried down the stream, and their struggles were soon ended; others were shot at random by our musketry the moment they were discovered by our men, betrayed by the light of the fires they had themselves kindled.' Another extraordinary towing service was performed when she moved into Canton with the whole of our troops at her tail. 'The enormous flotilla of boats, including, of course, those belonging to the men-of-war, necessarily retarded the progress of the steamer very much, particularly in the more intricate parts of the river. As she advanced, numerous boats from our ships were picked up, until their number could not have been less than from seventy to eighty, hanging behind each other and following in the wake of the long low steamer.' "

"In some of the junks," says the author of the *Nemesis* in China, "which were not yet quite abandoned by their crew, the poor Chinamen, as the English sailors boarded them on one side, rushed wildly over on the other, or let themselves down by the stern chains, clinging to the ship's rudder. Others, as the fire gained upon their junk, retreated before it, and continued hanging to the yet untouched portions, until, the flames advancing upon them rapidly, they were obliged to throw water over *their own bodies* to enable them to bear the intense heat, still desperately clinging to their fate, more from fear of ill-treatment if they should be taken prisoners than from any rational hope of being saved. In many instances they *would not* be saved, in others they *could not*, and were destroyed as their junk blew up." Bad powder, bad gunnery, and almost entire ignorance of the art of fortification, in other cases completely neutralized all apparent advantages.

"The Chinese not accepting quarter, though attempting to escape, were cut up by the fire of our advancing troops; others, in the faint hope of escaping what to them appeared certain death at the hands of their victors, precipitated themselves recklessly from the top of the battlements; numbers were now swimming in the river, and not a few vainly *trying* to swim, and sinking in that last effort; some few, perhaps a hundred, surrendered themselves to our troops, and were soon afterwards released. Many of the poor fellows were unavoidably shot by our troops, who were not only warmed with the previous fighting, but exasperated because the Chinese had fired their matchlocks at them first, and

then thrown them away as if to ask for quarter; under these circumstances it could not be wondered at what they suffered. Some of them, again, barricaded themselves within the houses of the fort—a last and desperate effort; and as several of our soldiers were wounded by their spears, death and destruction were the consequence.” On the same occasion, (at Chuenpee,) we are told by Ouchterlony that “about four hundred dead and dying lay in and about the fort when the firing ceased. In one particular spot, where the rock rose with a steep slope behind some military buildings, the corpses of the slain were found literally three and four deep—the Chinese having been shot while trying to escape up the hill, and having rolled over until this ghastly pile was formed.” The loss of the British amounted to thirty-eight men wounded—many of them by the accidental explosion of a field magazine *after* the struggle.

At the capture of the famous Bogue forts, the British had *five* men slightly wounded, and the Chinese five hundred killed and wounded! The British force under arms before Canton amounted to 2,200 men; while in the city, defended by its hitherto inviolate ramparts, were, at the least calculation, 20,000 Chinese. Of the former, the loss in killed, wounded and missing, during the whole series of operations, fell short of 130 men; while some accounts—though supposed by Ouchterlony to be exaggerated—state that of the Chinese at 6,000! In the expedition of the *Nemesis* up the Broadway, no mention is made of the number of the enemy killed; but the following is the other result: “The whole loss on our side, during this adventurous trip was only three men wounded. Altogether, one hundred and fifteen guns were destroyed, together with nine war-junks, and several armed mandarin boats, six batteries and three government chop-houses or military stations, together with barracks and magazines, were also taken and set on fire.” At a fort near the Brunswick Rock, below Whampoa, the Chinese lost three hundred in killed and wounded; the British eight wounded and one killed.

The butchery at Chinhae furnishes a specimen of meaningless ferocity, which is perhaps unparalleled in the history of war. The city was taken by escalade, without resistance, and the only legitimate object, therefore, was to disperse the Chinese troops that were posted in the neighborhood. These fled before a column of the British, and

made for a bridge of boats, with the view of escaping over the river; but in doing so came upon another column. "It is not difficult," says Ouchterlony, "to conceive the scene which ensued. Hemmed in on all sides, and crushed and overwhelmed by the fire of a complete semicircle of musketry, the hapless Chinese rushed by hundreds into the water, and while some attempted to escape the tempest of death which roared around them, by consigning themselves to the stream and floating out beyond the range of fire, others appeared to drown themselves in despair. Every effort was made by the general and his officers to stop the butchery, but the bugles had to sound the 'cease firing' long and often before the fury of our men could be restrained. The 55th regiment and Madras rifles having observed that a large body of the enemy were escaping from the scene of indiscriminate slaughter, along the opposite bank of the river, from the citadel and batteries which the naval brigade had stormed, separated themselves, and pushing across the bridge of boats severed the retreating column in two, and before the Chinese could be prevailed upon to surrender themselves prisoners of war a great number of them were shot down or driven into the water and drowned."

"In the attempt of the Chinese to recapture Ningpo, they lost from five to six hundred men, while, on our side, only a few were wounded and not a single man killed." Yet the English were so much "exasperated" that they pursued the enemy for seven or eight miles—not to take prisoners but to slay! At Tseke, the English had three men killed and eighteen wounded; the Chinese, in killed, drowned and wounded, nearly a thousand! At Chapoo, the English had ten killed and fifty wounded; while, "of the enemy," says Ouchterlony, "the number left dead or to die on the field could not have been less than five to six hundred, and many more perished after the close of the action by suicide or from the effects of their undressed wounds." We could carry these instances much further. At the attack on the town of Chapoo, the Tartar garrison, in order to give themselves a chance of preserving the sanctity of their homes, came out to meet the assailants, and posted themselves upon the heights in the neighborhood. From this position they were scattered like chaff—too easily to admit of much slaughter; but the fugitives were "fortunately" met in the hollow by another division of the British troops, and thinned

to some purpose. A party of them, however, amounting to three or four hundred, could not be said to fly. When all was lost on the heights they marched towards the town in good order, and when they saw their retreat cut off, took refuge in a building which had only a single entrance, conducting, as usual, to the square court round which the apartments of Chinese houses are ranged. A screen of masonry in the interior, before the entrance, prevented a view of the court from the outside, and here, therefore, the Tartars awaited, silent and unseen, the attack of their enemies.

The English entered the building with their customary gallantry, but were repulsed by the ambushed Tartars with some loss of blood and the death of an officer. They withdrew to the outside, and threw rockets over the walls into the court; but these were received with cheers of defiance. A field-piece was then brought to bear upon the house, and at length a fifty pound bag of powder placed at the bottom of the wall, opened a wide breach by its explosion. The assaulting party, however, were driven back with loss by the courageous Tartars, who had now, under such accumulated horrors, sustained a siege of three hours. But by degrees they lost hope, and some of them took advantage of the retreat of the storming party to endeavor to escape. These were shot down like wild beasts. We give the conclusion in the words of Ouchterlony:

"It was now resolved to set fire to the building, and a second breach having been blown in the opposite side, some wood was collected and a fire kindled, which soon spread to the roof, composed of dry, light pine rafters and beams, and in a short time the house was reduced to ruins. Some fifteen or sixteen of the enemy, who became exposed by the throwing down of the outer wall, were destroyed by a volley from without, and on our troops being at length suffered to enter within the smoking and shattered walls, they found that all resistance had ceased. But few of the Tartars were bayoneted after the joss-house had been carried, and the survivors, most of whom were found crouching on the ground with their arms folded and their matchlocks and swords laid aside, in evident expectation of a violent death, and with a manifest resolution to meet it as became men, were taken out and shortly after set at liberty. Of the whole body, however, who had originally taken post in the fatal joss-house, only sixty were made prisoners, many of them wounded, all the rest having been shot, bayoneted, or burned in the fire which consumed the building. The last must have been the fate of many of the wounded, whose forms, writhing in the agonies of so frightful a death, were seen by the troops outside, who were unable to afford them succor."

With these quotations we are content, and we leave all the illiberal statements of the English press, with respect to our cruelty in the Mexican war, in contrast with these records of the successes of that nation in India and China. We cannot suffer in the comparison; for certainly, in regard to the latter, nothing can exceed the details of wasteful expenditure of blood and unnecessary destruction of property displayed in history.

It is with no pleasure that we institute such comparisons. We wish that between ourselves and that country from whose institutions and men we derive so much of our own population and our own establishments, there were no contrasts, no rivalry, except those furnished by emulation in the cause of virtue, and produced by the arts of peace. The origin of both people is the same, their triumphs ought to be alike: for certainly both nations have done enough to produce admiration for each other; both possess enough of the material of public and private virtue to engage in nobler enterprises without envy.

ART. VII.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

- 1.—*Peace with Mexico.* By ALBERT GALLATIN. New-York: Bartlett & Welford. 1847.

THIS pamphlet, within the very moderate limits of thirty-four pages, presents a very close and complete analysis of all the stages of the Mexican question, and with a vigor of logic and terseness of language that seem wonderful in a man of such extreme age. It was published about the first of December, and seems intended to act upon the then approaching session of Congress and to give the whole weight of the author's great authority to the cause of peace. If it shall fall short of its object and prove rather a document to be disavowed, than an authority to be made the basis of the action of any considerable body of men, the result will probably be due to the extreme positions the author has taken and to an apparent disposition through the whole argument to state the case as favorably to Mexico and as injuriously to the United States as the extremest consequences of the reasoning would allow. Such a tone is deeply to be regretted for the author's sake, and still more for that of the country. To the latter, it is a serious loss, when one so long and so eminently distinguished among her leaders, so venerable for age and for all private and public virtues, by any means loses his hold upon her confidence and ceases to be welcomed among her advisers.

Mr. Gallatin is now eighty-seven years old and though not a native of the United States, his residence dates back to the period of the establishment of our independence, and his career is identified with the early history of our government, and places him high in the list of the great men who gave it character and stability. Eminent as a debater, a legislator, a financier and a diplomatist, his commanding abilities were set off by a character stamped with energy, consistency and integrity. It is long since he retired from all direct connection with public affairs, and he has not that we know of, as a private citizen, identified himself with any political party, or given us any right to suppose that he is moved by the zeal of faction to make an occasional expression of opinion in the crisis of great questions. Every thing in his past history, as well as his present neutral position, conspires to give to these expressions of opinion something of oracular dignity, and it is certainly a slight enough concession, to hear him with kindly respect and weigh carefully and candidly the merit of his advice.

Mr. Gallatin opens his argument with a review of the question of indemnities, then proceeds to discuss the annexation of Texas, the rupture of diplomatic relations, the futile attempt to renew them, the origin of hostilities and the question of title to the district of country lying

between the Nueces and del Norte rivers. He then recapitulates his argument, and devotes his concluding chapters to the duties of the American people and the proper terms of peace with Mexico. We shall try to sum up, in few words, the points of his argument.

He maintains that our claims for indemnity for injuries done to American citizens by Mexico, however just, were no sufficient cause of war, and, at any rate, were not the real cause of the war,—that they were in a train of adjustment and part of them in process of liquidation, when an act of aggression on our part put an end to it;—that the annexation of Texas was, by the law of nations, equivalent to a declaration of war against Mexico, and that it was no just ground of offence that the latter broke off amicable intercourse with us on that account; that subsequently, Mexico having agreed to receive a Commissioner, empowered to settle the Texas question, did not thereby bind herself to receive a Minister Plenipotentiary, authorized to represent our government on all questions pending between the two countries, and consequently, her refusal to receive such a Minister was no breach of faith and no indignity to the United States;—that the appointment of such a Minister was contrary to the custom of nations, which have always carried on negotiations for peace by Commissioners appointed for that sole purpose;—that, both in the treaty of annexation, and in the joint resolution which admitted Texas into the Union, it was expressly allowed that the boundary of Texas was not fixed, and that when Gen. Taylor marched from Corpus Christi and took military possession of the disputed territory, he committed a flagrant act of hostility, justifying the attempt of Mexico to drive him out by arms;—that the title of the United States was wholly derived from Texas, and the latter had no shadow of right to any territory of which she was not in possession and over which she had not exercised continuous jurisdiction;—that Texas never had been in possession of any portion of the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, and that the mere fact that she had declared that river to be her boundary and had laid out a county, in words, extending to its banks, was of no more account than if she had declared herself the owner of all Mexico, and laid out counties to the Pacific ocean;—that consequently, Gen. Taylor's march from Corpus Christi was an invasion of Mexican soil, and was the commencement of an aggressive and unjust war, from which we are bound in honesty to retire as soon as possible.

We have in no case quoted Mr. Gallatin's language, but his positions are believed to be here fairly set forth. It will be seen that in every decisive stage of this difficulty he justifies Mexico and condemns the United States. Not that he wholly approves of the conduct of the former. He thinks she should have acknowledged the independence of Texas unconditionally, and should have permitted negotiations for the settlement of the dispute with the United States,—but this on

grounds of policy only. He does not admit that she has in any case acted contrary to justice or the laws of nations, while he stigmatizes and condemns nearly every act in the proceedings of the United States towards her. The reader will understand what we meant in saying that the positions taken by the author would probably destroy the whole force of his argument. But if he is right? Well, let us make something like a parallel statement for the other side. It is certainly worth something.

It is alleged, in regard to the indemnities, that though a convention was made for their settlement, there was but the faintest probability of its stipulations being fulfilled;—that the arrears of interest and the first of the twenty instalments of the principal, were met by means of a forced loan, so exasperating in its character as to be reckoned among the most active causes of the overthrow of President Santa Anna, which soon followed;—that the second and third instalments were paid by drafts which were dishonored on presentation and which the Mexican government well knew were worthless, whereby the United States became compelled to satisfy the claimants to that amount out of the treasury;—that Mexico was in name only and not in fact at war with Texas, and that this state of nominal hostility had been, throughout the administration of President Tyler, treated as a mere sham, which other nations had a right to disregard without giving any just cause of offence to Mexico;—that the annexation of Texas was notoriously no real injury to Mexico and the ample disavowals on the part of the United States, of any unfriendly feelings or designs, ought to have stripped it of all appearance of offence;—that in regard to the attempt at negotiation, the proposition of the United States was to send a Minister clothed with full powers to settle all the questions at issue between the two countries, and that, in assenting to this, without any direct exception to its terms, even though the language used in the assent varied somewhat from that of the proposition, Mexico did give to the United States full warrant for sending such Minister, and in refusing to receive him, on the ground that his powers as a negotiator *were too large*, the Mexican government gave flagrant proof that it either could not or would not redeem its pledge;—that the appointment of a Minister instead of a Commissioner was not, as Mr. Gallatin affirms, contrary to the custom of nations—in the very instance adduced by him, the negotiation of the Treaty of Paris in 1783, the representative of Great Britain being a Minister Plenipotentiary—and that in this case there was a manifest necessity for settling other questions in connection with that of Texas;—that the violent expulsion of President Herrera's administration on the express ground that they had taken a step towards peaceful negotiations with the United States did in effect put an end to the mission of Mr. Slidell;—that in his inaugural speech, Gen. Paredes gave an official pledge of hostility, which extinguished

all hopes of peace;—that the United States, in view of these plain manifestations, were not only justifiable in taking a position favorable for action, but bound to do so,—and that the nation which makes war necessary, and not that which strikes the first blow, is the aggressor.

These propositions, we believe, are all defensible, and they certainly go far to take the force from Mr. Gallatin's argument. The fault of his whole essay is, that from two or three technical points he proceeds to the most momentous moral consequences. Thus he considers the annexation of Texas as a virtual declaration of war against Mexico, because these two States were at war with each other. He should have read Mr. Webster's dispatches, in which this pretension of Mexico to be considered at war with Texas, is exposed to shame.

Again, he finds a supposed technical flaw in Mr. Slidell's credentials, and on that ground takes from the United States all credit for attempting a peaceful settlement of the dispute. The reception of a Commissioner, as well as a Minister, would have been to the extent of the negotiation, a restoration of diplomatic relations, and neither with the one nor the other could the Mexican government be compelled to go farther than it chose. The failure to agree would, on either side, have terminated the mission, and the settlement of the difficulty would also, in either case, have called for a Minister resident at Mexico. It was well known at the time that the objections to Mr. Slidell's credentials were a sham and had nothing to do with the real difficulties.

Finally, considering Gen. Taylor's march from Corpus Christi as the taking forcible possession of a territory confessedly claimed by both countries, he pronounces it an act of flagrant hostility, fully justifying an immediate resort to war on the part of Mexico, and loads the United States with the obloquy of "unprovoked" and "iniquitous aggression." To this it is replied that, admitting the title to that territory to have been disputable, Mexico refused to negotiate and insultingly sent back our messenger of peace. How can a disputable point be settled where one of the parties will listen to no propositions,—and *which* is blameable for consequences, the one that earnestly seeks peaceful discussion or the one that resolutely refuses it? "But, Mexico had only agreed to receive a Commissioner, not a Minister." *But*, again, for going so far as this towards peaceful adjustment, President Herrera's administration was driven from power by a revolution, and a man notoriously averse to all accommodation and bent on war, was placed at the head of the government. The government of the United States may have acted in advance of official notifications, but never without assurance of reasonable facts.* If it were a question of etiquette, that might

* It might be thought by some that the position is too strongly stated. Mr. Clay, indeed, in his Lexington speech, says that "while Mr. Slidell was bending his way to Mexico with his diplomatic credentials, Gen. Taylor was ordered to transport his cannon and plant them in a warlike atti-

have weight, but Mr. Gallatin raised the question of justice and moral right.

We have arrayed above the series of events that every one knows constituted the substantial causes of the war. It is the misfortune of statesmen that they are prone to over-estimate the mere forms of public law and so seize with eagerness and magnify into absurd importance matters of the most trivial moment, for the sake of getting the letter of the law on their side. The world is not deceived by these devices, and history treats with supreme contempt the question of who struck the first blow in a quarrel that had been ripening between nations, through a long course of injuries and exasperation. The President of the United States founded his recommendation of war on the fact that the Mexicans had invaded our territory and shed the blood of Americans upon our own soil. Mr. Gallatin takes issue upon this point, and makes out a very strong case against the title of the United States to the region bordering on the Rio Grande. We have never had much faith in that title, and feel no disposition to controvert Mr. Gallatin's arguments. But whatever he or the President may say to the contrary, that was not the real cause of the war, and the question of peace scarcely at all depends upon it.

The character of the Mexican people is incompatible with a government of mere laws. Military force has been found alone adequate to their control. The vast extent of the country has made it necessary to maintain such force in amount out of all proportion to the legitimate resources of the government. It has been, therefore, driven to the most desperate resorts, to forced loans, to oppressive imposts, and has contracted an inveterate habit of public robbery. No rights of property or of person could be considered as secured, no law as meaning any thing more than the regulation of the day, which the convenience of the morrow might annul without the formality of repeal. Incessant

tude opposite to Matamoras." This, if it be considered more than a mere flight of rhetoric, is a case of ὑστέρου προτέρου, or the cart before the horse, hardly to be looked for from so experienced and observant a statesman. In point of fact, Mr. Slidell arrived in the city of Mexico early in December, and it was not until the 17th of January following that the order to Gen. Taylor was sent from Washington. It was known to the United States government *officially*, that Mr. Slidell had not been received on his arrival, and that the Mexican government was not *disposed* to receive him. Still more was known on perfectly reliable unofficial evidence,—that a revolution was impending on the very pretext that President Herrera's administration was willing to make terms with the United States. To anticipate events is sometimes held for superior sagacity. And it cannot be said, in this case, that the anticipation (so far as the rejection of the Minister was concerned) in any degree produced the events themselves, for the revolution of Paredes was accomplished before the movement of Gen. Taylor was known, and no one pretends that the former had any dependence on or connection with the latter.

revolution hovered over the capital, and each new triumph of armed faction brought into power a more reckless and more needy crew of plunderers. Such was the origin of that long list of grievances which, after infinite dispute, and with extreme bad grace, Mexico partially consented to redress. From the same source of military rule, disregard of the rights of persons and sections, and continual revolutions, sprung the revolt of Texas. The Anglo-American's love of constitutions, and his sturdy devotion to a fixed and peaceful rule of law, seems to have inspired the Mexican people with an extreme disgust, that finally settled down into a perfect hatred. A design was formed and in process of execution, to destroy and drive out the whole American population of Texas, while that State was still a peaceable member of the Mexican confederacy. Can we wonder that such a state of feeling led to war, or that now war is commenced, it seems impossible to array before the Mexican people consequences terrible enough to repress the movements of this settled hatred? That defeat only exasperates it, and subjugation, smothering its blaze, gives it a more concentrated intensity? That the continuance of the war will ameliorate this hatred, we have no hope. Indeed, blows on the head and knife-points between the ribs, are not usually or naturally a cause of love or a motive of forgiveness.

How, then, can the war be brought to an end? This is, of course, the great question with Mr. Gallatin, and we sympathize most cordially with his desire for peace. The President, in his late message to Congress, says:

"I am persuaded that the best means of vindicating the national honor and interest, and of bringing the war to an honorable close, will be to prosecute it with increased energy and power in the vital parts of the enemy's country."

In accordance with this, he recommends a war loan, and an increase of the army and intimates that these means are to be used to hunt out the enemy from all his retreats, to appropriate the revenues of the country, to protect districts favorable to peace and to enforce upon Mexico a system of military contributions. Of the proposition to end the aggressive character of the war he speaks with evident repugnance.

"To withdraw our army altogether from the conquests they have made by deeds of unparalleled bravery, and at the expense of so much blood and treasure, in a just war on our part, and one which, by the act of the enemy, we could not honorably have avoided, would be to degrade the nation in its own estimation and in that of the world."

Mr. Gallatin takes a very different view of the question of honor. Hear him:

"Though so dearly purchased, the astonishing successes of the

American arms have at least put it in the power of the United States to grant any terms of peace, without incurring the imputation of being actuated by any but the most elevated motives. It would seem that the most proud and vain must be satiated with glory, and that the most reckless and bellicose should be sufficiently glutted with human gore.

"A more truly glorious termination of the war, a more splendid spectacle, an example more highly useful to mankind at large, cannot well be conceived, than that of the victorious forces of the United States voluntarily abandoning all their conquests, without requiring anything else than that which was strictly due to our citizens."

Here is an oppugnancy, not of opinion, but of sentiment, and so direct that it would seem vain to attempt to harmonize such opposites. And yet it is difficult to understand what point of honor is involved in the prosecution of a war after the resources of the enemy are exhausted, his government driven to vagrancy and all organized resistance quelled. To insist, after an opponent is stretched on the ground, disarmed, wounded and helpless, that honor requires us to beat him till he cries "enough," is rather to display the ferocity of a bully than the chivalry of a true soldier, and we are unwilling to believe that such a ruffianly sentiment would find favor either with the government or the people of the United States. Is it our policy, even if it be in our power, to trample Mexico under our heels—to inflict upon her the last degree of humiliation? On all sides the design of subjugating her is repelled. We have indeed heard that Mr. J. Q. Adams, in continuation of his "fifty-four forty" speech, might be expected to deduce from the book of Genesis the right and duty of the American people to "subdue and replenish" all Mexico. But Mr. Adams is by trade a political ruffian, and his opinions are oftener a warning of what should be shunned than a guide to be followed. Besides, as the mere head and representative of the ultra-abolitionists, he bears no share in the moral responsibilities of the country—no more than one of the rattle-snakes in our thickets is responsible for the state of agriculture in his neighborhood.

The representatives of parties or of any respectable body of men in the Union, appear to be, with one accord, opposed to the permanent conquest of Mexico. Mr. Clay, in his recent speech at Lexington, spoke with indignation of such a scheme, and with horror of the consequences of attempting to unite the two countries and amalgamate the two races,—winding up his denunciation, with more pith than reverence, by saying, "those whom God and geography have pronounced should live asunder, could never be permanently and harmoniously united together." Mr. Calhoun, in his speech on the "three million bill," during the last session of Congress, expressed opinions of the same character on the impolicy of such conquest, and the incompatibility of such a union. We take pleasure in quoting his words, full as they are of generous and manly, as well as far-seeing statesmanship. In defi-

ning the various considerations that should govern in selecting that defensive line he was recommending, he says :

"I go further, and add that it should be such as would deprive Mexico, in the smallest possible degree, of her resources and her strength ; for, in aiming to do justice to ourselves in establishing the line, we ought, in my opinion, to inflict the least possible injury on Mexico. I hold, indeed, that we ought to be just and liberal to her. Not only because she is our neighbor ; not only because she is a sister republic ; not only because she is emulous now, in the midst of her difficulties, and has ever been, to imitate our example by establishing a federal republic ; not only because she is one of the two greatest powers on this continent, of all the States that have grown out of the provinces formerly belonging to Spain and Portugal ; though these are high considerations, which every American ought to feel, and which every generous and sympathetic heart would feel, yet there are others which refer more immediately to ourselves. The course of policy which we ought to pursue in regard to Mexico is one of the greatest problems in our foreign relations. Our true policy, in my opinion, is not to weaken or humble her ; on the contrary, it is our interest to see her strong, and respectable, and capable of sustaining all the relations that ought to exist between independent nations. I hold that there is a mysterious connection between the fate of this country and that of Mexico, so much so, that her independence and capability of sustaining herself are almost as essential to our prosperity and the maintenance of our institutions, as they are to hers. Mexico is to us the forbidden fruit—the penalty of eating it would be to subject our institutions to political death."

President Polk, in his late message, expresses sentiments nearly the same, in language that deserves to be quoted.

"It has never been contemplated by me, as an object of the war, to make a permanent conquest of the republic of Mexico, or to annihilate her separate existence as an independent nation. On the contrary, it has ever been my desire that she should maintain her nationality, and, under a good government, adapted to her condition, be a free, independent and prosperous republic. The United States were the first among nations to acknowledge her independence, and have always desired to be on terms of amity and good neighborhood with her. This she would not suffer. By her own conduct we have been compelled to engage in the present war. In its prosecution, we seek not her overthrow as a nation ; but, in vindicating our national honor, we seek to obtain redress for the wrongs she has done us, and indemnity for our just demands against her. We demand an honorable peace ; and that peace must bring with it indemnity for the past and security for the future. Hitherto Mexico has refused all accommodation by which such a peace could be obtained."

There is no evidence here of a thirst for blood or a lust for conquest. It is true, the language is not quite definite as to the conditions on which the President is willing to smooth the harsh front of war. "In-

demnity for the past" is plain enough, but how we are to have "security for the future," from a country so distracted and a government so unstable as the Mexican, passes our comprehension, and still more is it incomprehensible, how the further prosecution of the war, extinguishing the last spark of national pride, hunting the government down into ignominious helplessness, and breaking up every nucleus of organization, can be considered as a means for the attainment of that end. "Security for the future," is indeed a sort of goods that the Mexicans are as little able to gain for themselves as to give to others. One kind of security we have, the same in kind and incalculably greater in degree than that which served so effectually as the shield of Texas,—the remembrance of the past, of the defeats of her armies, the capture of her cities, the occupation of her capital—a long train of victories on our side, of disasters and disgraces on hers. Is there any probability that Mexico will go out of her way to provoke the repetition of such a chastisement? Will not the very intensity and endurance of her hatred ensure the perpetuity of her fear?

It is admitted by the President that we have in our hands the "indemnity for the past." Mr. Triest was authorized to propose peace to Mexico on the basis of a cession to us of New Mexico and California. These provinces are now in our quiet possession, and the President recommends the establishment of civil governments over them, as part of the territory of the United States. It is the very simple and natural process of paying ourselves out of the Mexican funds in our possession. But the President in approving of this mode of payment, seems not aware of the obligation to give Mexico credit for the amount. But surely, if Congress follows his advice and confiscates these provinces, there can be no more question of "indemnity for the past." That must be struck out of the list of grievances unredressed, and can no more be counted among the motives for the prosecution of the war. We have already considered how "security for the future," was likely to be affected by scattering the last remains of national respectability and blotting out the last traces of political organization. National disgrace is no foundation on which to build a fabric of peace, law and justice. From such a source we look to see all public vices and disorders flow forth—the extinguishment of patriotism and that love of public faith that comes from the love of country—the general brigandage of disorganized armies—the breaking up of a nation into petty states, without character and without strength. This is not the "security for the future," that we ought to lavish life and treasure to acquire.

And, since the quarrel originated about lands and money, it is very proper, leaving alone for a moment the point of honor, to count the cost of waging active war. Our public debt is looming up imposingly. The estimates are fearfully large, and the end is nowhere visible. The "vitals of the enemy's country" have been already reached, one would

suppose, but, like a polypus, he seems just as much alive without his heart as with it,—to carry vitals in his legs, his arms,—everywhere.

Every hoped-for means of ameliorating this branch of the horrors of war—the cost,—seems to have failed of realization. Mr. Benton once urged in the Senate, in answer to some rather startling estimates of the expense of cavalry, that it was not just to draw conclusions of the cost of this branch of the army from the experience of European wars; that it would be to a great extent a self-subsisting force, fed by the wide grassy plains of the invaded country. The wide plains have been found, but as for grass, there is not enough for the grass-hoppers. These plains have proved the worst foraging country in the world. And what is worse, the Mexicans have shown themselves such adroit horse-thieves, that we should not be surprised to hear some day they had dismounted our whole cavalry force by some new device in the department of stealing. Cavalry has here proved more expensive and more difficult to subside and keep in a condition of efficiency, than ever it proved before.

Another grand stroke of policy, that was to save the Treasury from emptiness, was the system of duties to be levied on imports into the places in our possession. We are so used to having a tariff prescribed as a sure remedy for all our domestic ills, that it is not wonderful the government presumed it would also cure our Mexican complaints. They have tried the medicine, but as it appears, with a lamentable want of success. Half a million is said to have been received in the last year, which, deducting charges, will probably be found so near nothing, that the difference is not worth mentioning. The amount of money to be raised for the ensuing year from our own resources, the President says, is liable to be reduced by whatever is collected in Mexico, but he does not venture to consider the liability as so appreciable that it ought to enter into the calculations or influence the deliberations of Congress. Indeed he treats it with a reserve that borders on the mysterious. There appears to be but one way of rendering this scheme serviceable to any extent,—which is for the United States to furnish buyers of the goods so imported. The export trade being cut off, it is not presumed that the import can flourish, unless by this extraordinary aid.

Finally, as an infallible means, not only of supporting the war, but of inspiring the Mexicans with a resistless longing for peace, it was determined that the army should levy contributions wherever it marched—that it should take provisions without paying for them, and thus “compel the enemy to contribute as far as practicable, towards the expenses of the war.” The object was in a high degree laudable, but it was found, on attempting to carry it out, that the consent of the enemy was necessary, and such was the perversity of the Mexican mind, that they could not be brought to listen to it. If the American Generals

levied the contributions, they were not paid. If they sent out to collect them by force, there was nothing to be found. Men do not gather figs from thistles. If they remonstrated with the inhabitants and explained that the object of the contribution was not to promote plunder and systematize robbery, but merely to make *them* sensible of the pressure of war, they replied that they were, thank God, quite sensible of it already, and determined to add as little as possible to their experience. Gen. Taylor and Gen. Scott both replied in much the same terms to the order of the War Department, in substance, that if they were to depend for a living only on forced contributions from the Mexicans, they should starve.

The insuperable difficulty in the way of the success of this scheme, is that Mexico is miserably poor—and that especially in all the articles of food on which we subsist, it is almost destitute. Never was a country so overrated. The march of our army has every where converted blooming valleys and rich plains into desolate wastes,—not by the ravages of war, but by the sad substitution of fact for romance. Summing up all the recent descriptions of the people and their country, we find the exact counterpart in Justice Shallow's modest account of his country residence: "Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John; marry, good air." And even this solitary alleviation of "good air," is far from extending to the whole country. There is no regular cultivation, and the inhabitants gain a scanty and miserable subsistence by a thriftless industry. This is not likely to be improved by our invasion, and still less by an invitation to the people to deliver up their poor resources without payment. The old problems, to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, and to squeeze blood from turnips, are not more desperate of solution, than this of subsisting our armies on the contributions of the Mexicans. If the war is continued, we must pay for it.

What object then is to be gained by its prosecution? Is it peace? We can have the substance of peace, as Texas had it, by drawing a line and standing on the defensive. Is it indemnity for past spoliations? We have, by the concession of all, ample indemnity in our own possession, which scarcely needs defending to remain securely ours. Is it honor? We have reaped the full harvest, and so thoroughly, that there would seem no possibility of adding to it, but by magnanimously and proudly refusing to glean on our own tracks and hunt in corners and bye-paths for the last straw. Is it safety from invasion? We, to fear Mexico! It is mockery to talk of the hunted deer turning back to ravage the covert of the lion.

The topic of the Mexican War, in some of its many aspects has figured so conspicuously in the Review, that it is not without reluctance we have given to it a chapter in this our especial editorial department. But it seems to us to have gained recently a point from which a new

departure must almost of necessity be taken, either in the direction of peace, or of the gradual and sure weaving over the invaded country of a system of military despotism, from which in the end, the conquerors might find it as hard to escape, as the conquered.

2.—*Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger,—or an Excursion through Ireland in 1844 and 1845*, for the purpose of personally investigating the condition of the Poor. By A. NICHOLSON. New-York : Baker & Scribner. 1847.

FROM the designation in the title page, or even the signature of "Asenath Nicholson," attached to the Preface, the unlearned could only conjecture whether the author of this volume, were man or woman. Fortunately the narrative very soon discloses the truth, by informing us that the mysterious personage occupies a birth in common with a strange lady in an Atlantic packet. Henceforth we know her for a widow, in decent circumstances, left alone by various misfortunes, and who, having a turn for philanthropy, gossip and adventure, took the extraordinary resolution of exploring the human world of Ireland, alone and with nothing but the respectability of her enterprise for a protection. She carried with her, indeed, letters of introduction, but in nearly every case they only proved sources of mortification, and, in connection with her mission, motives of suspicion and repulse. A well educated person, moved with the desire of entering into the intimacy of destitution and ignorance ;—a Protestant, coming from afar to sympathize with Catholics ;—a woman proposing to explore, alone, the condition of a nation denounced as vicious beyond cure and savage beyond amelioration—there was reason enough for those who think good society the supreme good, to be horrified,—for those who hold such only to be righteous as are of their sect, to be scandalized,—for those who find the devil in all that is incomprehensible, to stand aghast. So, as a general rule, the well-bred people, and especially the genteel Protestants, gave Mrs. Nicholson the cold shoulder, and left her to wander over Ireland with no other recommendation than her helplessness, her benevolent talk and her title of "American Stranger." It would not be easy to devise a situation more favorable to the acquisition of sure knowledge of the character of the humble and suffering people among whom her lot was now cast, provided she was equal to the emergency, and be it said to her credit, that she rather accepted than submitted to the severe trials that belonged to it, and went through them with a cheerful courage that gives a perpetual charm to her record.

Good Mrs. Nicholson having set out to learn very plain and very earthy matters of fact, without ceremony plunged at once *in medias res*,—talked with the beggars by the way-side, the laborers at their work, the destitute in their squalid rags and wretched hovels, the old who had nearly outlived misery, and the young who had just commenced its bitter lessons. Moreover she travelled about in a way to make her, to a very serious extent, a sharer in the sufferings she went to explore. Much of the time she journeyed on foot, slept on the beds of the peasantry, subsisted on their potatoes, depended on their kindness for her sole protection, walked sometimes in rain and cold twenty miles a day, with the prospect at the end of it of having to hunt till midnight for a lodging place in a strange village, and with her purse occasionally reduced to the last shilling. A sketch of her outfit on her expedition round the coast of Munster and Connaught, deserves a place here. As the result of former experience, she says,

“I had found that money, as a reward for any little favor (except among the guides) was refused, and I resolved to give them books, as well as to read among them, as I had previously done. A good selection of tracts on practical piety, school books, and English and Irish Testaments, made up the catalogue.

“I will mention the manner of carrying these books, because it proved to me so convenient; and if any other persons should ever climb the mountains and penetrate the glens as I did, they may find it expedient also. I carried no trunk, but a basket; had two pockets in which the tracts were put; and upon a strong cord fastened two bags, into which I put the Testaments, and appended this cord about me, under a Polka coat. When on a coach or car, these did not incommode me; and when I stopped at a town, to visit upon the adjacent mountains, I took from a bag what was required, put them in my basket, and went out, always minding to carry a Testament in my hand, which every peasant walking with me would ask me to read.”

This is a picture that can only be improved by adding the personal traits of the traveller. Mrs. Nicholson is a Grahamite, conscientiously abhorring animal food—a teetotaler of the most uncompromising sort, who can never pass either the venders or drinkers of whiskey without giving them a piece of her mind—a loather of the lighted pipe to such a degree that her coach travelling is little more than a record of her disgusts and sufferings from the Irish habit of smoking in these vehicles—so bent on clean sheets, that she often wastes the time of sleep in vain negotiations and disputes about an article not to be found,—charitable and forgiving, but taking care to record all the ill-treatment she receives from respectable folks, and so minutely, that the moral roasting has the appearance of being well peppered with personal spite—and finally, rather too fond of believing and intimating that she is a favorite of heaven and the frequent subject of providential interference. These qualities of course beam out constantly in the pro-

gress of so trying an experience as hers, and each is so intent on having its impressions fully recorded, that her book is mainly a very full auto-biography. The style is scarcely worth speaking of, though in general it is a very sufficient medium for the conveyance of the matter. The author delights to interlard her discourse with phrases of scripture, and in aiming at the vivacious in style, she is rather apt to fall into the absurd. Here is a happy instance.

"I heed not who says the picture is too highly drawn. Let them see this picture as I have seen it, *let them walk it, let them eat it, let them sleep it*, as I have done."

In her descriptions too, making it a matter of conscience to tell all she saw and experienced, without disguise, Mrs. Nicholson gets up very curious scenes sometimes. She had ascended the famous Diamond Mountain in Galway, and found the higher part so precipitous that she informs us, she could only descend by sitting down and sliding,—an incident in the search after the picturesque, that, considering the sex of the narrator, might better have been suppressed. Scenes of disgusting filth in the domestic economy of the poorest and most degraded of the peasantry are not only described—which was necessary to the author's design—but are repeated over and over as often as they occur in her experience, till the reader finds himself smothered in the horrible rubbish. It is the fault of a book merely of personal observations, without generalization. Perhaps it gains something in the internal evidence of authenticity, and if so we ought not to grumble at violation of the principles of taste.

What with general sympathy with the Irish, what with repeal and famine, we have had almost as much of the "Irish question" here as on the other side of the Atlantic. But we are in the position of amateurs. English statesmen have to treat the condition of Ireland as a practical subject, involving the safety of the empire, and perplexed beyond all others by the extremity to which the people are reduced, the vast interests dependent on the existing system, the vehement and perhaps even increasing national feeling of the Irish, and the irreconcilable differences of religion. The fiction of the "United Kingdom" is very shallow. In all the essential elements of union they are wanting, while between them rolls, in nature as well as in law, a sea of separation. As far as the Irish are a distinct people, they must of necessity, in a free government like Great Britain, form a party in the State, and that party is represented in the House of Commons by one hundred in six hundred members. Such a number, composed of venal men, might be worth a handsome price in the political market; might shuffle from side to side, and decide many a political question; might vex the heart of ministers and even be sure of securing to itself a place in the cabinet and a share of the spoils; but as an honest party, a party representing and true to Ireland, it is simply a name, a fixed

minority, whose very unity is sure to bring upon it a union of all that is not Irish. The feeling that such was and must be the position of his country in the Legislature of Great Britain, no doubt tempted O'Connell to his mighty but vain efforts for the repeal of the union. In the House of Lords the case is, if possible, still more desperate. Ireland has a fixed representation in that body, while in England every man who enjoys by descent, or gains by the will of his sovereign, a certain title, has a right to a seat in it. So sure are the English of their dominance, and so little are they in the habit of treating Ireland as a part of the constituency of the British empire, that a political ferment in that country is always considered as an evidence of disaffection, while a concession to them is spoken of as a charity. That their opinion has any claim of right to modify British legislation, or that their condition concerns the duties of the government, seems not to be admitted. That legislation is intended for the benefit of the many and not of the few,—is interpreted, that it is intended for the benefit of England and not of Ireland.

Thus the protective system of Great Britain was carefully made the protective system of England only—and the latter was not only defended against the competition of the rest of the world, but quite as carefully against the competition of Ireland. Not a product of the latter that came in rivalry with those of England, could be carried across the channel without paying a heavy duty;—not a possible manufacture of hers, threatening to interfere with the monopoly of the English, that was not forbidden by law. Not only the industry of Ireland has had no freedom of foreign exchange, but it has been cornered and fettered in every possible way within the limits of Great Britain herself.

The Church of England is another precious gift of this domination. Doubtless England, in the deep conviction that her Church was the true embodiment of Christianity, proposed in all honesty to confer the benefit of it upon her subject kingdom of Ireland. Governments are so apt to be of an evangelical turn of mind, and to be moved in matters of religion by a mere love of truth and righteousness, that it would be unreasonable as well as indecorous in this case to suppose they were influenced by selfishness and a love of power. At any rate, the Established Church of England was fastened upon Ireland. At home the Church enjoyed the tenth of all the produce of the land for its support—it was allowed the same in Ireland. But the inhabitants being all Catholics, of course the Bishops, Priests and Deacons were English—how else could the *livings* be enjoyed, or the Irish be converted? In practice, it was found easier to enjoy the livings than to change the religion, and so it happens that after supporting this foreign establishment for more than two centuries, the Irish are, as they were at the beginning, Catholics.

Finally, Ireland having been subjected to the British crown by conquest, and being treated from the first with great severity and cruelty, whereby it was moved to frequent vain attempts to recover its independence, the judicious enforcement of confiscation on every possible occasion, has in the course of time vested nearly the whole of the soil of the country in the hands of English proprietors. The landholders and the laborers are of different races; the former do not reside among the latter, and not only exercise no kindly moral restraint over them, but drain the rent of the land to England, and leave the superintendence of estates to hirelings, whose office it is to extort as much and give as little as possible.

Thus Ireland is governed by a foreign Legislature,—its industry is restrained from free competition with that of other portions of the United Kingdom, and loaded with vexatious burdens,—its people, in addition to the support of their own religion, are oppressed with the weight of a foreign Church establishment which they abhor, and a great portion of the rent of its land is annually drained into another country. Could any richness of soil, or diligence of industry support such exactions? Could any people stand up under such a complication of burdens? Is it possible that Ireland should be otherwise than miserably poor after enduring for centuries such an unnatural system of government? It is but a short time since, legally, no catholic could hold office under the British government or vote for members of Parliament, and so thoroughly detestable to the English people was the law that removed this disability, that its passage shook the hold even of the Duke of Wellington upon their love and veneration. And more recently the proposal to grant a few thousand pounds for the endowment of a Catholic college, raised a storm about the head of Sir Robert Peel, only exceeded in violence by that which greeted his advocacy of the freedom of bread; and this in a country where it is held one of the first duties of government to support religion.

We do not find these things in Mrs. Nicholson's book. She is no philosopher, or political economist, or commentator on history. She says nothing of the laws which govern Ireland; knows nothing of the general results of its industry; gives no statistics of its agriculture, commerce and manufactures, and draws no general conclusions as to the effect of its conflicting religion of the State and religion of the people. Indeed so decided a want of sympathy was shown with the purpose of her visit to Ireland, that she had scarcely the means of learning anything beyond what she was taught by her own eyes. But what she saw is a forcible commentary on the operation of these causes; for the poverty and misery of Ireland did not and could not hide itself from observation, and by looking at the picture she has drawn we may learn to what extremity of wretchedness an unnatural system of legislation, long persevered in, may at length reduce a people. We do not pro-

pose to trace the lines of this picture minutely, and should vainly seek in our brief space to exhibit its lights and shades with any distinctness. We can only allude to the salient points.

First among these stands out that aspect of desolation which springs from the isolated, despised, forsaken condition of the peasantry, with reference to the government and landed proprietorship of the country. The laws have the aspect, not of a system of protection, but of domination, and their executors are a powerful army, distributed in garrisons and posts throughout the island. The proprietors either never show themselves among their tenants, or show themselves as conquerors to reluctant, despised and suspected subjects, who are not recognized as having any claim to sympathy, who are not their countrymen and fellow-citizens,—who are nothing but *the Irish*. There are of course, exceptions to this, but it is the general character of the relation of tenant and landlord. On the estates owned by English proprietors, the place of the latter is filled by a steward or manager, and if hard dealings, the extremity of exaction, the utter absence of all generous and kindly care, constituted the circle of the landlord's duties, they could not be better fulfilled than by these "middle-men."

Under such a system, labor has been reduced to the lowest pittance that can sustain life. In the whole south and west of Ireland, the number of exceptions to this extreme destitution is very few. The dwellings are such as the hardest wild beasts would scarcely accept in exchange for their native coverts. Whatever animals are reared for market or for necessary use, are housed in the same enclosure and frequently in the same room with the wretched human families, and there are gathered, cowering, half-fed, in one scene of filth, confusion and squalor, heart-broken fathers and mothers, sickly, emaciated and almost naked children, with pigs, cows, and sometimes donkeys and horses. For subsistence, they have been driven from stage to stage downwards, till they are reduced to the smallest quantity that will sustain life, of the cheapest and most prolific of all articles of vegetable diet—the potato. The extreme rate of wages is a shilling a day—generally in the south and west of Ireland it is no more than eight pence, and to a large portion of the population this is sure only at the busy portions of the year. The rest of the time they work for what they can get,—five pence or even three pence a day, and crowds of them may be seen in the market-places or the suburbs of the towns at break of day, with their implements of labor, silently and anxiously watching to see if no man will give them work. With them it is a question of life. As the result of her observations through the greater part of the island, Mrs. Nicholson contradicts broadly the imputation of laziness brought against the Irish by English writers, and her volume abounds in striking proofs of their laboriousness. On the coast of Kerry, she found the women employed in gathering sea-weed for manure of the farms. They were

at work from day-dawn till dark, in the water, and the reward was just enough to pay for the potatoes on which they fed. This is one among many illustrations.

The incongruous elements of religion appear every where, and every where add to the dark shades of the picture. The great body of the Irish are Catholics, while Protestantism is the established religion, and has been so for centuries. In the very spirit of conquest, it seems to have cared for nothing but the spoils of victory, and to have visited Ireland, not as a ministering angel, but a persecuting demon. It has never lost its foreign heart, and the weight of its hard, cold hand has been a constant, crushing tyranny. Progress in the conversion of the natives it has made none, nor gained one step in the affections, the respect and confidence of the people whom it has fed upon and professed to teach. It is admitted on all hands, says Mrs. Nicholson, herself an earnest Protestant, that the repeal of the Union would be fatal to the Protestant cause in Ireland. Not from persecution or legislative exclusion,—for the British empire would certainly secure perfect toleration to the state religion of England,—but simply because it has sought for no hold upon the hearts of the people—because it has lived by pillage and not by honest labor—because it has carefully preserved its character of a foreign and intrusive system—and the withdrawal of its exclusive state patronage would be draining it absolutely of all the blood it ever had in its veins, and it would die of inanition. We speak not here, nor in any part of this notice, of the North of Ireland, which in the matter of religion, as well as education, agriculture and the general standard of comfort, would present an aspect widely different and much less repulsive.

We have described a condition of humanity that, in regard to animal comforts, is little better than that of Swift's Yahoos, and it would be a most interesting study to examine how far this utter physical degradation had succeeded in depressing the moral and intellectual nature of the Irish to the level of that horrible creation of the great misanthropist. The most wonderful part of the study is this,—that the instant one turns from the physical wretchedness and degradation of this people, the whole current of feeling changes—it is going out of deep darkness into bright sunshine. The play of wit, the gush of eloquent feeling, the flow of expression alive with poetic imagery, the quick intuition of native genius, the devotion of an eager, passionate patriotism, an unforgetting gratitude for kindness, a hospitality that is ready to share the last morsel with a suffering stranger and shun the thanks as *naïvely* as it confers the favor—such is the moral and intellectual spirit which our author found struggling for life amid the foul discomforts, starvation, sickness, and rags of the Irish cabins. Certainly it is a wonderful people that can retain such qualities under such trials.

The condition of the Irish in connection with their peculiar charac-

ter, leaves so broad a margin for contradictions and incongruities, that it is scarcely wonderful that they have been an insoluble enigma to political economists and all manner of system-makers. They will not fall under any specific description—they rebel against all attempts at classification. The English have resented this perverse and unconquerable originality, and cut short the difficulty by insisting that all the sufferings of the Irish spring from their follies and vices, and that all their good qualities are a sham. The London Quarterly Review for last September, in a notice of a volume of Irish sketches by a British officer, holds them up to derision, because that with a family of fat pigs in every cabin, they never taste meat. But it is too costly an article of food for them. Every where the poor produce and fabricate the luxuries of the rich, but they are none the more able to use them. The Irish peasant can no more afford to eat the animals he fattens for the market, than the poor artizan in the "*Mysteries of Paris*" could afford to wear the gems he spent his life in polishing. Poverty driven to its last resorts, must feed upon the cheapest article of subsistence. The writer noticed by the Review, relates anecdotes to prove that the Irish are perversely stupid in this matter of food; that they cannot even be persuaded, when they have opportunity, to give up the potato for a more generous diet; and in confirmation of this, the reviewer states that during the height of the famine, while the people were dying by thousands, of starvation, the greatest abundance of excellent fish, in the sea and in the rivers, vainly invited them to live;—they knew how to starve, but not how to eat fish. How far this is true we cannot say. Certainly nothing rivets habits so firmly as extreme poverty. It contracts all the motions of life into so narrow a circle, and represses with so stern a hand all longing after variety—its scales of rust form so thickly over soul and body, that we are not disposed to dispute even an instance of prejudice as extreme as this. But in the United States we have the means of studying the Irish more fairly, and we do not believe that any facts can be produced among us, to support this reproach upon their intelligence. Finally the reviewer places in strong light, the monstrous folly—too gross for any people but the Irish,—of their repeal agitation, their deserting the labor on which they lived, to gather in myriads and listen to ranting speeches against the English, to strip themselves of their last shilling to fill the purse of a political empiric who undertook in their behalf what nothing but utter madness could believe him capable of effecting. To the English who had forged the chains and well knew of what temper and strength they were, and to spectators who could see the vast inequality of the contest, the agitation of the repeal of the Union did indeed seem an almost supernatural folly. But it did not seem impossible to the Irish, because their greatest statesman believed, or professed to believe it in their power, and if this foreign and unnatural tyranny could be driven out, was it not well

worth the sacrifice of the last shilling, or even the last drop of blood ! One effect it did produce, and probably that was really the immediate object of the Liberator,—it awaked, embodied and immensely strengthened the national spirit of the people, and revived the almost forgotten truth that Ireland was still inhabited by the Irish. In this regard only, the effect may well be worth all it cost. It seems almost certain that Ireland has gained power as an element of British legislation, that its condition has been more fully studied and a nearer approach made to a knowledge of the true causes and the best remedies, of the manifold sufferings of this people, and if so, then O'Connell's agitation will prove neither a curse nor a folly.

3.—*The Public Men of the Revolution, including events from the Peace of 1783, to the Peace of 1815, in a Series of Letters.* By the late Hon. WM. SULLIVAN, L.L.D., with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, and additional Notes and References by his Son, JOHN T. S. SULLIVAN. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1847.

THIS volume is a republication with some notes and additions, of a work that first appeared in 1834, and seems to have been called out by the then recent publication of Jefferson's letters and memoirs. It is a warm defence of the Federalists, and a very bitter review of Jefferson's political career. Whether there was thought to be any thing in the present position of politics that called for the revival of this controversy, or whether simply a wish to preserve in remembrance a book, the point of which is somewhat dulled by the fading interest attached to the mere personal and party opinions of Mr. Jefferson, induced its republication, we cannot say. At any rate it is not unworthy of a permanent place among books serving to illustrate our past history, and will be read with pleasure by all who are fond of party controversy ingeniously carried on, and with profit by all who think the careful comparison of the arguments on both sides necessary to a just conclusion. The author was a gentleman, and that tone which characterized the men of the revolution is not unfrequently apparent in the rules and principles by which he judges others. The form of the book is that of familiar letters—the topics are slightly handled—the order is careless, and the superficial appearance is that which might be expected from the title page. Under this surface, however, there runs a current of the strongest devotion

to the cause of the old Federal party, and of the most settled hostility to the party of Jefferson, and all that which in our day is called Democracy. On one subject the author speaks sentiments that, unfortunately, are no longer uttered in Boston, and that deserve to save even his Federalism from a harsh judgment at the South. Discussing in his preface, the causes favorable and hostile to the continuance of our system, he says :

“Closely connected with civil war and disunion is the question of *Slavery*. A most unfortunate delusion has arisen, founded partly on hostility to the principle of slavery, (a principle which, in the abstract, no reasoning can sustain,) partly on disregard of the true nature of the negro, partly on mistake of the true sentiment of all classes of society, but more than on either of these, on the error, that *the condition of the negro can be bettered by manumission, in a land where white population hold the political power and the physical strength*. This is a subject full of fearful apprehension, so long as philanthropy so entirely misapplies itself, in territories where slavery does not exist, as to attempt to govern within territories where ages have interwoven slavery with all the desired objects of life. It is already seen that this matter resolves itself into a question of mere *interest* ; and no teacher is needed to make known, that the next door neighbor to *interest* is *force* ; and that this will surely be called in, when interest finds itself presumptuously assailed. What sort of philanthropists must they be, however amiable their motives, who propose to intelligent *masters* voluntarily to exchange condition with their *slaves* !”

And again, the author refers to the subject in the concluding letter of the volume.

“The preservation of the *Union* is implied in supporting and preserving the constitution. The writer, readily admitting to all men the same independence in matters of opinion, which he claims to exercise for himself, is sincerely convinced, that some of the best intended measures now going on in the New England States, will do more towards breaking up the Union, than all that “Anglomen, monarchists and traitors” could have done, if all that Mr. Jefferson said of them were as true as he wished to have it believed to be. What-*ever* philanthropists and christians may say and feel, as to the abolition of slavery, and however sound they may be in their abstract notions, this is a subject in which those dwelling in non-slaveholding states have not the right to interfere, but are positively forbidden to do so by the constitution and laws. All-sufficient as these difficulties may be to arrest one’s progress, these reformers overlook the fact, that their measures can do no possible good, while they are sure to effect the most serious evil—evil, which will be felt by irritated reaction, on all the most precious interests of the North and East. This policy, if pursued, will inevitably conclude in the separation of the Union ; and then an Andrew Jackson may be a blessing.”

These passages were written, be it remembered, in 1834, when the

Abolition *party*, as such, did not exist, and when that fell spirit which has for so many years domineered over Congress, converted State Legislatures into emissaries of mischief, and state legislation into systematic warfare upon the constitution and laws of the Union; which has buried the best interests of the country under the *debris* of a fratricidal strife and convulsed the land with the violence of open and loudmouthed treason—was as yet veiled in humble manners and modest speech, and to only the most far-sighted gave promise of the monstrous proportions to which it has since swelled. We cannot but admit that the citizen of Boston, who thus foresaw the evil, and thus gave the warning, was both a wise man and a true lover of his country. We might find matter equally worthy of commendation in his remarks on the dangers of the spirit of faction; but we took up his volume with no intention of making it the basis of a discussion either of slavery or of general principles of politics.

In the extract above there is a reference to President Jackson, which may remind the reader that this book, written during the exciting years of his second term, and by one, who, glorying in the name of Federalist, saw in the usurper, tyrant, deified hero, etc. etc., the legitimate result of Jeffersonism. So would Jefferson have lorded it over his party; beheaded hosts of innocent Whig officials; known no law of patriotism and treason, but subserviency and opposition to his wishes;—so, too, would he have vetoed banks, removed deposits, issued specie circulars and played the deuce in general. Every allusion by the author to his own times, stigmatises Jackson as the last and most terrific monster spawned by democracy; and he seems to himself to find full, final and conclusive justification for all the severity of his condemnation of Jefferson, that under his banner marched the party which raised to the presidency Andrew Jackson. A few years have so far modified the fiery passions and bitter judgments of those days, as to make it rather the weak point in the condemnation of Jefferson, that out of his dust sprung in due course, that famous “Hickory,” which dealt such a world of hard knocks upon the heads of all comers. It is a comment worth making, that the most resolute and self-willed of all our presidents, and the one who approached the powers of that office nearest to the energy of monarchy, was succeeded by the least enterprising of all, and that from the moment of his retirement, the presidency has been in effect no more than the chairmanship of the cabinet. Undoubtedly, a succession of men like Jackson, would be able very seriously to change the working of any form of government except that of simple despotism; but such a succession is so remote a possibility in a republic so vast

as ours, that it scarcely needs to be provided for even in books of political philosophy.

Our author justifies his severe handling of the character of Mr. Jefferson on the ground that the latter had carefully prepared for posthumous publication, memoirs containing the most serious charges, not only against the patriotism of the Federalists as a party, but against distinguished individuals of that party, by name, and that this treasury of political scandal was delivered over to his executors to be passed into the currency of authentic material for history, at a time when most of the parties were in their graves, and it might be supposed the evidence necessary to their vindication had been buried with them. "It is to be remembered," says he, when in the course of his sketches he comes to the presidency of Jefferson, "that this is not an attack, but a defence; and that in defending, it is indispensable to shew Mr. Jefferson's own character, as disclosed by himself." All this is fair enough, and indeed, it needed no argument to prove the propriety of a man's defending his party and his opinions from imputations derogating from the honesty of both.

We doubt very much, however, whether the old Federal party needed vindication from many of the hearsay scandals which Mr. Jefferson has dignified with a place in his memoirs, and consequently whether Mr. Sullivan has really effected much in exposing the flimsy texture of which they were made. They were the offspring of party night-mare, and if we could hunt up and arrange all the horrible tales and gloomy predictions on which Federalism nourished its passions in those days, we should only prove that the venom of calumny was then, as ever, a part of the armory of all faction, and that of all forms of credulity there is none more absurd, or more thoroughly at war with man's pretensions to be a reasonable animal, than the credulity of excited partisans. The Federalists, however, have experienced, in part, the fate of the Carthaginians; they were so utterly and irretrievably destroyed as a party, that even their name has become a kind of scare-crow, and is most of all disowned and eschewed by those who have succeeded to more or less of their political estate; while the very nick-name they fixed as a stigma on the party of Jefferson, has become so popular as to be fought for by both the great parties of the Union. Federalism, dying out so utterly, left its popular history to be written by its enemies, and, like the Carthaginians aforesaid, has been "mightily abused." Even Hannibal has survived the hatred of his conquerors, and his history has been reconstructed out of their own admissions and contradictions, so as to make a most respectable show; may not the Federalists, as

well? No new evidence, however, or new readings of old evidence, can in the least contract or soften this one grand overshadowing fact both in the case of the Carthaginians and the Federalists, that they were at last routed, overwhelmed and exterminated—that, in conflict with their adversaries, they lacked the elements of permanent success. They had not a sufficient basis; and of the latter it must be said, their principles were rather the exceptional than the universal.

The Federalists are fond of tracing back their party to the revolution. It is claimed that *they* formed the constitution—that *they* were the supporters of Washington's administration,—while the Republican party originated with the enemies of the constitution, who were also the enemies of Washington's administration, and who triumphed once and for all in the election of Jefferson. This is partly true,—true in a shadowy sense,—but in substance it is not true. There was a portion, and no inconsiderable portion of the people of the States, who were opposed to delegating so great a body of power to the federal government—who believed that with such a beginning its tendency would be to enlargement, and that the end would be the annihilation of the power and respectability of the States. There was another portion who strenuously contended for the delegation of much larger powers than those conferred by the constitution as it was adopted. When this instrument was submitted to the States for ratification, the two parties stood in a very different relation. The strong-government party were convinced that it was the nearest approach to their views that could be hoped for, and they urged its adoption. The States-party were equally sure that its rejection would lead to the formation of a weaker central government, which they desired, and they therefore opposed its adoption. There was a great class to whom it seemed a fair and moderate compromise, and who of course gave it their support without the misgivings of either extreme. When it was adopted, all parties submitted to it as the supreme law of the land, and claimed and had an equal right to its protection, and an equal voice in its interpretation. So far from there being any distinction made at the commencement of the administration of Washington, to the disadvantage of the representatives of any one of these dissentient opinions, the first cabinet exhibited an amalgamation of them all; and its two most eminent men, Hamilton and Jefferson, were the leaders of the two extremes. No charge of hostility to the Union was ever brought against Patrick Henry, the warmest of all the opposers of the adoption of the constitution. He was no candidate for the Presidency—he was not in the way of the Federal party—he had run his career before parties became defined.

With no better foundation, Jefferson, because he had disapproved of the same constitution which Henry denounced, was stigmatised and vilified as a disunionist, and every expression he used in condemnation of the Federal measures, tending, as he maintained, to stretch the powers of the government by unwarrantable construction, was perverted into a declaration of hostility to the Union.

In part he may himself have been the cause of this early and settled hatred of the Federalists; for, considering the breadth and originality of his mind, Jefferson was unaccountably fond of mere gossip and had an extravagant liking for political slang. Perhaps he learned it among the French Republicans,—the hardest party haters, the most dexterous and powerful wielders of abuse, of political dirt, and political brick-bats, that the world has ever seen. It detracted much from the dignity of his character, and possibly added something to his popularity. It was part of the same fault that he did not allow all this to be buried with him. But the gradual separation of the elements of Washington's administration into distinct parties, representing irreconcilable principles, not in respect to the existence, but the interpretation of the constitution, was inevitable. It could not but happen that those who had desired and urged the adoption of a stronger government, should seek to discover in the existing system the powers which they thought ought to belong to it—honestly, perhaps,—perhaps not always honestly;—but the mere bias of mind, always acting, would surely carry them in that direction; while, as surely, those who had thought the powers dangerously large, would seek to limit them. To this end they could use but one means,—insisting that no powers were delegated but those which were explicitly conferred, or were clearly necessary to the execution of the delegated powers. The arguments of Hamilton and Jefferson, for and against a United States Bank, as they are analyzed in Marshall's *Washington*, will show the precise point of departure of these two master minds, in their interpretation of the constitution. But this was a difference in regard to measures, and it extended no further than to engender some coldness and distrust between the leaders. There was no division of the people into parties during Washington's administration, and the election of Adams and Jefferson to the Presidency and Vice Presidency at his retirement, is full of proof, if any were needed, that party took its organizations afterwards. In fact, the line was drawn during the administration of Mr. Adams, and it was especially upon his measures that the broad and hostile distinction of parties was first formed. Mr. Jefferson is accused of having first organized faction under our

constitution. The proof is in the fact, that Mr. Adams, with a high revolutionary fame, with the advantage of having been eight years Vice President and four years President, was defeated in his canvass for re-election, and defeated by Jefferson. Beyond this there is no proof that mere party machinery was brought to bear against him. On the contrary, to all appearance, Mr. Jefferson was very quiet during his Vice-Presidency, and there is no record of extraordinary means used to combine men against the administration. It acted out its character in as much peace as was consistent with the liberty of the press and of speech, and it fell by the verdict of the people upon its measures. Mr. Jefferson received a decided majority of the electoral votes, and it was only the accident that gave the same number to Burr, the Republican candidate for Vice President, which carried the election into the House of Representatives.

This election was the first great hand-to-hand struggle of Federalism and Republicanism, and in its progress may be seen to what extent the one party and the other was accountable for the savage passions that afterwards characterized their divisions. Jefferson commanded, in the House, the vote of eight States—the Federalists had six, and two were equally divided. Let it be remembered that the election was carried to the House from no doubt of popular sentiment—the people had given Jefferson a decided majority—but by mere oversight, they had given to their candidate for Vice President an equal number of votes. The Federalists had no hope of carrying their own man, but at the very first ballot threw their whole strength for Burr. The vote was for Jefferson *eight* States,—for Burr *six*, and *two* blank, from the equal division of their representation, and this continued unchanged for thirty-five balloting, extending over a period of seven days. The excitement was terrible. The Federal party had tried to gain some assurances from Burr of favor for their cause, as a motive for adhering to him, but he kept aloof and silent. They then sounded Jefferson, and among the most prominent points on which they sought to make terms with him, was that of the safety of the Federal office-holders. This appears, by their own account, to have been the great subject of anxiety with them, and for which they were ready to yield most of the others. Where was faction, in this case? On the one side was the candidate of the country, whose election was left to Congress by an accident certainly not contemplated by the constitution. On the other, the party which claimed to be the only true guardians of the constitution, of the Union and of sound political principle, taking advantage of that accident, not to put into office a representative of their

own principles, but to induce a subordinate of their opponents to sell his faith, for a chance of the Presidency;—and that the man, of all others, for whom proud, pure and patriotic Federalism was thus ready to reverse all recognized rules of fair dealing and convulse the country with the scandal of undisguised corruption, should have been Aaron Burr! Is it wonderful that political divisions, after such an exhibition, either of gross venality or of perverse hatred, so intense as to blind men to the distinctions of good and evil, should have assumed an aspect of personal bitterness, and that henceforth, for a time, a great gulf should have yawned between the parties! It was, in fact, the death-blow of Federalism as a ruling party, and inflicted by its own hand. So perilous to the country seemed the strait to which Federalism had driven it in this election, that a constitutional majority of the States readily concurred in an alteration of the mode of electing the President and Vice President.

But our author, who evidently defends his cause from hearty conviction, and with the spirit of a true knight, is willing to try parties solely by the measures and policy that distinguished their dominance. He maintains that the administration of Adams was eminently patriotic, and illustrated on all sides by wise laws and useful measures, and that Jefferson's was, on the contrary, selfish, partizan and mischievous. This is certainly broad enough and bold enough. Let us touch a moment on the parallel.

One of the measures of Adams, much contested at the time, has certainly received, since, the general approval of the country,—the resistance to France in 1799. The spirit of the people will always justify, in the end, a resolute bearing towards foreign nations, and all the more certainly, because it is the safest as well as the most honorable way of maintaining the relations of peace. The measures of passive resistance to England, so perseveringly tried by the succeeding administrations, did not finally save the country from war, and in the meantime, they did much to abase the courage and diminish the resources so greatly needed when the struggle came on. The condemnation of the embargo and non-importation laws has been as decided as the approval of the resistance to France. Mr. Jefferson's friends are chary, too, of expatiating on his gun-boat navy—a scheme on which a great statesman could not safely risk his claims to immortality. But aside from these measures, the characteristic of the parallel is just the reverse;—the measures of Adams having the sickly life of a day, and those of Jefferson deeply stamped upon the long future of the Republic.

The United States court was reorganized, under Adams, on the

principle of an entire separation of the courts of original and of appellate jurisdiction—they being composed of distinct classes of Judges. The law was repealed in the first year of Jefferson's administration, and the court organized in a form that has remained unquestioned to this time. The alien and sedition laws are first among the characteristic measures of the administration of Adams. At this distance of time we can look at those enactments without being blinded with the dust they raised or moved by the war-cries with which they were assailed and defended. It is worthy of observation, however that, whether good or bad, no attempt has ever been made to revive them, though the number of aliens among us has increased ten-fold, and the amount of violent invective against the high functionaries of the government has certainly not diminished. They were essentially at war with the spirit of our institutions, and no time can make them congenial. The first of these laws put all aliens under the immediate guardianship of the President. He could order them all out of the country; he could grant them special license to remain; could compel them to give bonds for their good behavior—and all this at his own mere discretion. So wide a discretionary power as this, over a large body of men, little attached to our institutions from residence, cannot but be considered as dangerous. The power of harassing, gave, in scarcely a less degree, the power of using them. Our author touches the matter tenderly—admits that subsequent experience is against confiding such power to the Executive, and finally urges in defence of the law that it was never in a single instance put in force! This is rather a proof of its odiousness than of the moderation of the President, who certainly intended to enforce it when he advised its enactment. The term of residence preparatory to naturalization was also extended by this law, which was repealed the first year of Mr. Jefferson's administration, and the naturalization laws placed on the footing they have ever since maintained.

The sedition law, equally odious at the time and sharing the same fate with the other,—a speedy death with no hope of resurrection,—will, as far as the mere principles of law are concerned, much better bear examination. Its important provision was the making it punishable by fine and imprisonment, to publish defamatory accusations against the Congress or the President, or attempting to bring them into contempt, and to stir up the hatred of the people against them. It allowed the accused to give in evidence, under the general issue, the truth of the matters charged, and in this respect the law was rather a mitigation than aggravation of the law of libel. But it

created a new *political offence*, and one the boundaries of which were absolutely indefinable. There was no degree of opposition which might not be construed into an attempt to bring the government into contempt. All which was new in the scope of the law could not but be regarded as an attempt to shield Congress and the Executive from the free scrutiny of the people; while, so far as it merely provided for cases of libel, it transferred to the United States courts a jurisdiction in criminal matters, properly belonging to the State courts. Furthermore, it must be regarded as the initial to other measures, and, looking to its tendency, who could set limits to the principles on which it was founded?

A bankrupt law was enacted during this administration, which expired by its own limitation during the next, and was not renewed. Even in this case, the abiding opinion of the country was followed; for although bankrupt laws have since been enacted, they have only been allowed to live during the exigency that gave occasion to them. So that where a ghost of one of the measures of that time has revisited us, it has been allowed to stay only long enough to show that it was not a being of this world.

The leading laws enacted under Jefferson's administration, have, on the contrary, been distinguished for permanence. A constitutional change was made in the mode of electing the President and Vice President, which has never been disturbed—the naturalization law, still in force, was enacted—the United States Court was reorganized in its present form. Above all, Jefferson set the precedent for the acquisition of foreign territory, which has exercised so grand an influence over the development of our power, and has so deeply rooted itself in the policy of the country. Even in matters of form, he was a lawgiver. He first introduced the practice of sending written messages to Congress—he established the precedence of the Secretary of State in the Cabinet, and the system of parliamentary rules he drew up in his Vice Presidency, is still of authority. We do not touch those political maxims and principles which he disseminated, and which have entered deeply into the faith of the country—they would illustrate quite as forcibly the enduring character of all that proceeded from Jefferson.

In that division of the country characterized as the French and British parties, it was equally his fortune to be on the side of the natural and enduring sentiment of the people. The memory of our "old ally," is still green and flourishing—still appealed to as an influence of peace and a bond of amity; while the charge of sympathy with our "old enemy" can hardly now be made without being re-

ceived as an insult and repelled as a calumny. The partizanship then was carried to great excess, and in its consequences led to that unnatural feeling which marked the progress of the war with England, and fixed upon a portion of the country a stigma of indifference to its honor, if not of treachery to its safety, which after ingenuity has vainly sought to wipe out. Our author has treated of this branch of his subject at great length, and with even more of the bitter judgments and harsh language of mere party, than marks the preceding part of his book. He will have it that the whole foreign policy of Jefferson was dictated by a slavish subserviency to France, and a settled hatred of England. Such accusations may safely be left for answer to their own absurd extravagance. The preference for France, on the part of the Republicans, it would be vain to deny; and as vain to deny the preference of the Federalists for England. Neither party would have thought of denying it, during Jefferson's administration, and each party challenged judgment on the reasonableness of its partiality. The succeeding age has decided that the Republicans were right; that, allowing France no claim to our sympathy but this, that she had been a true friend in the time of our utmost need, and that probably without her aid, we should have been subjugated and enslaved, not only losing that great boon of independence, but suffering all the bitterest penalties for daring to claim it; with no argument in her favor but this, it appears now to calm-judging persons little short of monstrous that a question should ever have been raised, of the honesty of preferring her to the enemy with whom we had been so long and so fiercely in conflict.

But it is said—and this is the great point in the Federal argument—that England was fighting for the liberties of Europe against the progress of a great military despotism, and that the republican party joined hearts with the myrmidons of the despot against the champions of freedom. The succeeding age has passed judgment upon this point also. It is to be remembered that England began the war and without provocation, against France still a republic, and for the purpose of re-establishing the old despotism. To the continuance of war with all Europe, for her own independence,—a war so grand in the scheme of attack and so absorbing in the necessities of defence, that all France was turned into a camp, and arms became the sole passion of the people,—was due the catastrophe of the republic, and the growth of an empire founded on conquest and moved by the spirit of aggression. The responsibility of England for this result is not small. In the outset, she was not, then, the champion of liberty, but its enemy. Try her by the final issue, and just as little will her

claim be allowed. Her party triumphed most effectually. What became of the liberties of Europe? The old monarchy was re-established in France, with a paper charter which no man believed would be respected, and nothing saved France from immediately relapsing into the old despotism but the remains of the revolutionary spirit which England had done her utmost to destroy. A monarchy was established in old republican Holland. The Bourbon despots were installed again upon the thrones of Spain and Naples. Egypt had before been given back to the Turks. Such was the grand result of England's championship of the liberties of Europe. Wherever she planted her foot, there despotic legitimacy sprung up and freedom perished. The whole struggle of Europe since those wars, has been to shake off or lighten the yoke which England then riveted upon her neck.

- 4.—*A Voice from the South: comprising Letters from Georgia to Massachusetts, and to the Southern States:* With an Appendix containing an Article from the Charleston Mercury on the Wilmot Proviso, together with the Fourth Article of the Constitution, the Law of Congress, the Nullification Law of Pennsylvania, the Resolutions of Ten of the Free States, the Resolutions of Virginia, Georgia and Alabama, and Mr. Calhoun's Resolutions in the Senate of the United States. Baltimore; Samnel E. Smith. 1847.

THE title of this pamphlet explains sufficiently, that it is intended to embody a comprehensive statement of the present aspect of that great question, which, whether named political, religious, social or sectional, is fast swallowing up all others under each and every of these heads, and separating the North and South at so many points, and by so many fiery and impassable gulfs, that, if it is not soon and effectually quenched, its ravages will be too mighty ever to be effaced, and we shall wake to the importance of resisting it at the moment only when all resistance will be impotent except to madden its fury. It is perhaps even now too late, and a strong, if not conclusive argument of it, may be found in the notorious fact, that the North will not listen to argument or remonstrance—that the memories of the past have lost all sacredness—the suggestions of policy all restraint—the portents of the future all terror—that they coolly

predict the most frightful consequences from the accomplishment of their designs, and the more frightful, the more ardently do they hug their plots, and the more vehemently drive on to their execution. They believe that the end of abolition will be the dissolution of the Union, and they pause not. They believe that it will lead to a fearful struggle in arms, of the North and South, and they hesitate not. They believe that it will be the destruction of the Southern States, and they shrink not. Each new and more direful consequence that yawns in their career, is greeted with a savage yell of triumph, as a new glory to their cause, and a new motive to their fury. What hope is there of arresting passions so excited, so widely diffused, so blind, and fed by so many and pervading influences? Who is to speak peace to these raging passions—to bring sanity to this maddened brain—to open these surd ears to the voice of reason.

We said that the North would not listen to any representations from the South on this subject, however respectful in tone, weighty in matter and urgent in application. "Who reads a Southern book?" says the *North American Review*. If it had asked who reads a Southern speech, remonstrance, argument or rebuke, addressed to the sense, the patriotism, the morality, the christian forbearance and common humanity of the North, the sneer would have been as true in its import as it is base in spirit, and disgraceful to the pompous pretenders who claim its benefit. The pamphlet before us is one among a multitude of proofs of this determination of the North not to listen. A package of them was sent to a Northern publisher to be sold—it was believed the book contained arguments, facts and representations that could not but deeply impress whoever examined them, with the wickedness and madness of Abolition. The package was returned to the publishers by the next mail. These Northern *freemen*,—these furnishers of mental food for free States—these representatives of the literature of a people who are all born with the dignity of sages, the intuition of science, and the purity of angels—a people that know no fear and dread no reproach, and who march through life with the supreme satisfaction of unlimited self approval—these caterers for the appetites of the only perfect representatives of liberty in law, in religion, in society, in thought and in speech, shrunk in terror from the chance of being caught dealing in the honest expression of a Southern man's opinion, and made hot haste to rid their counters of a book that spread before the North a true and unvarnished story of the manner in which the Northern people had discharged and were discharging their duties to their country and their brethren. Doubtless they understood that dealing in such goods would subject them

to the imputation of being leagued with the "great brotherhood of thieves"—of colloquing with "man-stealers"—of buying and selling the souls of men—of taking a price wet and dripping with the blood of the slave,—and they saw in horrible prospect the dark edict of proscription stalking amid hoarse whispers through the ranks of the faithful. The fact is a sufficient commentary on the boasted freedom of speech and opinion at the North. It is a sad answer to those who think that Abolition can be met and the Union saved by reason and truth,—reason, which will be strangled as a spy in the camp of these banditti, and truth, that will be hunted down as a friend of man-stealers and murderers, as often as she shall show her honest form beyond the boundary.

It is important for us to understand and to impress upon our everyday habit of thinking, this fact that the North will not listen—that all hope of modifying the influences of abolition by communing together, is utterly delusive. Our representatives meet theirs in Congress, and we have daily before us the proof that the more it is made apparent that their agitation is shaking down the pillars of the Union, the more fiercely do they agitate. The press of the South may teem with the most cogent answers to the assaults upon us—Southern newspapers are proscribed at the North. Go and talk with them face to face, and see what hope their answers will afford that they are accessible to any arguments but such as feed their prejudices, embitter their hostilities, and widen the gulf between us. Remind them that we are bound together by a political union consecrated by the blessing of those who won our independence, and they will tell you that they are participants in the guilt of slavery so long as they abstain from warring upon it. Convince them that their agitations are leading surely to the dissolution of the Union, and they will answer with devilish delight, that that will be the death of the slave power. Show them that their laws and their mobs to deprive Southern men of their property are in flagrant contempt of the constitution and laws of the country, and they will tell you that no law is sacred that conflicts with their determination to put down slavery. Prove to them that the Bible from beginning to end, in the plainest terms, sanctions slavery and regulates the duties involved in the relation with as little indication of disapproval as it defines and enjoins the duties of parent and child, and husband and wife, and they will pronounce you an impious blasphemer, and declare they would deny the justice of God, and the truth of his revelation, if they could be made to believe that the one or the other had sanctioned slavery. Offer them the plainest evidence of reason and testimony that the

condition of the slave at the South is one of general comfort and contentment, and they will point for refutation to the encyclopedia of lies fabricated and compiled by a gang of political banditti, who gain their living by breaking up the peaceful relations of the North and South. Certainly to these miscreants the South does not propose to address the arguments of truth and patriotism. With scarcely greater hope can we offer them to the people whom they have besotted with their atrocious appeals, and whose hearts and understandings they have so long fed with the poison of premeditated calumny.

And yet to hear them talk, not only in private companies, and the conventicles of the abolitionists, but even in the resolves of State legislatures, one might suppose they were not proscribers but proscribed,—not persecutors, but persecuted,—not wilful and malicious disturbers of the peace, but quiet and saintly folk that had been set upon by ruffians and made desperate by oppression. Massachusetts talks of the strides of the slave power as if they were made over her body, and invokes a league of the free States “to restrain and overthrow” this power. The abolition society of Massachusetts declares that the country has long been ruled by the slave power, that the slave holders are their “masters,” and there is no hope of deliverance but in “revolution.” They might pay more heed to the opinions and wishes of their masters; and it might be a subject at least of rational amusement, if not of anxious interest, to study the character of their rulers, and know by safe and authentic proofs what is their spirit, what their power, their opinions, their hopes and their plans. While Massachusetts is seeking in every conceivable way to exasperate the South, her pulpits, her political arena, her newspaper press, her literary assemblies and legislative halls resound with this wretched cant of the Union being governed by slave holders, and the destinies of the country shaped by the slave power. If it be so, it follows very clearly that the South has had a value to the Union, flowing not from numbers but from intellect. If it be true that nearly every measure that has redounded to the honor of the country has originated with Southern men; if it be true, as a Northern man once said, that there are no statesmen north of the Potomac, it is as certainly true that Southern statesmen have been eminently the upholders of the Union and the representatives of the whole country—while it is equally true, that the highest ability at the North has for half a century devoted itself to the party whose progress, after infinite doublings and treacherous pretences, has planted it at last in avowed war before the constitution and the Union.

The author of the “*Letters from Georgia to Massachusetts*,”

seems to have been duly impressed with the futility of attempting to win the ear of the North, and we see, through the whole series, proofs that he aimed rather at enlightening his compatriots as to the true history, present position, and manifest designs of Abolition, than at holding up the mirror and seeking to shame the monster with an image of his own hideous aspect. The author is one of the most distinguished citizens of Georgia, and a man not more distinguished for ability, wit and knowledge, than for the purity of his life, and the amiable qualities of his temper. Removed from all connection with party politics, he is above the suspicion of being prompted by any other motives than the love of truth and the love of country, to undertake the unmasking of a band of conspirators, who having strangled the one are rushing on to destroy the other.

The author throws aside, at the outset, his own personality, and speaks as the State of Georgia, addressing her sister, Massachusetts. He seems especially to have pointed his remonstrance to the favorite assumption of Massachusetts, that she is loftier and more unassailable in her moral position than the other States, and finding her in fact, and by her own claim, the fountain of this baleful torrent that has thrown down so many of the ancient landmarks of patriotism, and swallowed up to so fearful an extent the common sympathies and mutual trust of the members of the confederacy; he explores her history, as well to test her right to the crown of a high morality, as her pretext especially to obtrude herself for the solution of the question of slavery. He pictures Massachusetts first and foremost in the pursuit as in the gains of the slave trade;—Massachusetts, in the convention that formed the constitution, seeking to rivet an almost unlimited central government upon the States;—Massachusetts, in the war with England taking sides with the enemy, voting it immoral to rejoice in our victories, refusing her troops to the service of the country, and afterwards pursuing the government (and successfully,) for payment of the militia that had *not* served, and winding up her services, during a contest waged mainly to protect her own citizens from British impressment, by a treasonable convention to give the formality of resolves to the disaffection that had paralyzed the strength of the Union;—Massachusetts, that as soon as the war was over, had appealed to Congress for the special protection of her industry against foreign competition, and having gained a step in the treasury, had crowded on from stage to stage, with an appetite ever increased by feeding, till the enormity of the plunder had outraged the spirit of the country, and when resistance was threatened to the robber system, the same Massachusetts moving to clothe with al-

most despotic power the President whose whole official career had been strowed thick with her curses and denunciations;—Massachusetts, first to propose the violation of that compromise of the constitution which gives a partial representation of slaves, first to urge a violation of the compromise of the tariff, which saved the country from civil war in '33, and now standing foremost in urging the violation of the Missouri compromise, in advance and by supposition—as if fearful that there might not be an opportunity of making bad faith conspicuous in the test of a practical question—and urging this gratuitous, and as it were, prophetic treachery, in a moment and on a point to make it the most serious obstacle in the way of terminating a war which she has stigmatised with every epithet of condemnation and abhorrence, and to which she has manifested her most Christian and most moral opposition in the characteristic way of refusing to vote a dollar for the outfit of her own regiment, and rejecting with a scowl of transcendental pharisaism a resolve of thanks to the brave old hero of Palo Alto, of Monterey and Buena Vista, for the distinction he had conferred on the arms and character of the country.

We might trace this analysis of the pure and lofty career of Massachusetts more minutely, but the picture of her acts compared with her pretensions, is too revolting; and besides, we feel the full force of the consideration that stayed the expression of the author of these letters—that there are many, very many, looking to Massachusetts as their mother, who not only deserve no part of the reproach of her political course, but who may be remembered among the best and truest friends of their country. For them we not only have no reproaches, but a grateful sense of the high and proud manhood that has carried them through the trial of their patriotism untainted by the influences that on every side tempted them to stray.

Abolition is treated as the consummation and perfect expression of the soul of Massachusetts. It is her own legitimate offspring—her last and greatest gift to the Union. She alone could exhibit to the world the spectacle of a mob meeting, assembled to denounce a master of a vessel for restoring a fugitive slave according to the laws of his country, at which meeting an ex-President of the United States should return thanks for the distinguished honor of presiding, and sentiments of hostility to the Union be received with enthusiastic applause on the sole ground that it gave protection to the property of one half the States!

Our author treats of this question of abolition and emancipation in many lights, and in all with the ability and high spirit that might be expected of him and that becomes a man who speaks in the name

of Georgia. We cannot follow him. But one point he has presented in bold relief, which we must notice. He looks upon the natural result of abolition as a dissolution of the Union, and examines the consequences of such a catastrophe. His conclusion is that the Southern people have in their hands, in a remarkable degree, the elements of successful defence, and that never was a grosser miscalculation than that which supposes that by ourselves we should be weak, and poor in the resources of self protection. He scouts the opinion, (the hope of the North and the fear of the timid-hearted at the South,) that our domestic institutions would be a source of weakness in war. They would give strength. They would furnish resources undisturbed and undiminished by the confusion and distraction of war. Nearly the whole body of the slaves are engaged in agriculture—in the production of the essential articles of subsistence—self-supporting, as well as supporting the white population,—not gathered in great cities to be starved by the first check on the demand for articles of fancy and luxury. Without concert among themselves, without any sympathy with an invading enemy, with no strong motive of discontent, it is absurd to suppose there would be any danger of insurrection among them. We have had ample proof in our past history that there is no such danger. Twice the South has been exposed, open and nearly defenceless, to the inroads and ravages of a foreign enemy, and never the first inclination showed itself among the negroes to take sides against their masters,—but instances innumerable where in danger and distress they have proved themselves warm and faithful friends. Slavery has been the characteristic social feature of nations the most memorable in history for their sufferings and achievements in war, and was never taken into account as an element of weakness or danger. It would not be so with us.

The South would be united in such a struggle. No social hatreds to nurture the seeds of internal division, homogeneous in character, one in heart and cause, beset by a common danger, compact in position, her institutions naturally the nurse of a proud and hardy manhood, she would present many and striking points of contrast to the North in connection with such a struggle, and in all the contrast is to her advantage. She would have, too, the strong and sustaining sense of justice on her side,—the remembrance that in the Revolution she had embraced the cause of independence against her interest for the sake of great principles of good government and public liberty;—that in the Union she had been faithful to all the compromises of the constitution and redeemed all pledges; that she had

been remorselessly hunted down by calumny and a world of petty, unintermitted annoyances ;—that the North had made a virtue of dealing faithlessly with her, despoiling her of her property, denying her equality of right, and stigmatizing her as unworthy of their association ;—that, finally, she had been driven from the Union by intolerable insult and aggression, by a solemn league of the North to direct the majority in Congress, and of the sovereign States within themselves, and of bandit associations fostered by their approval, to the purpose of murdering her peace, hemming in her limits and uprooting her institutions. With such a cause, could a brave people be conquered ? With such a cause on the other side, if the North has yet remaining any conscience to whisper of retribution for treachery, oppression and injustice, would she dare to provoke the trial ? Judging from her whole past history, since the revolution, our author is very sure that Massachusetts, at least, would never support a war by which no money could be made.

The author concludes with two letters, addressed to the Southern States, moderate in tone, but firm and of good counsel. The South relies upon the constitution, and to that she ought to cling so long as there is any hope of averting the catastrophe. To defend every provision of that instrument, to discharge faithfully all our duties under it, to encourage the freest interchange of counsel among ourselves, to beware of every cause of disagreement and distrust between the Southern States, to let no subordinate question blind us for a moment to the overwhelming importance of this, to guard against putting arms and resources into the hands of our enemies by weak concessions, and by every rational means of preparation at home to familiarize ourselves with the danger and the most effectual means of meeting it,—these are the heads of his advice.

We are safe in the Union so long as any one of the co-ordinate departments of the government shall remain sound. How long this may be, perhaps in some degree depends upon the wisdom and union of the South. The North has already the full control of the House of Representatives, and has given ample proof of the manner in which they are disposed to use that power. The admission of Wisconsin into the Union will give them a majority in the Senate. The union of the people of the North, as their Representatives in Congress are now united, would insure an anti-slavery President. The Judiciary would alone remain, and it is manifest that the Judiciary would soon follow the other branches of power, and equally manifest that the South could not live under a government, all of whose departments were hostile to her existence. These are posi-

tive and conspicuous land-marks of progress that we cannot mistake. If we can arrest the government at any one of these, and for so long as we can arrest it, we are safe. But they are barriers that, the moment we cease to sustain, watch and defend them, will crumble and melt in the tide of Northern hostility. Such is a brief outline of the position and duties of the South, as drawn by one of her most faithful and able champions.

We should notice that the Letters from Georgia to Massachusetts were originally published in the Western Continent newspaper, Baltimore, and that we owe their appearance in pamphlet form, with notes and an appendix embodying much valuable information bearing upon their subject, to the just appreciation by the editor of that paper, of the momentous interest of the question discussed and the importance of putting in a convenient form for distribution and preservation so admirable a handling of it. Our object has been far more, in this notice, to invite attention to these letters and pay a tribute to their merit, than to attempt to embody their substance. They should be disseminated through the whole South, and read by every Southern man.

5.—*The Poetical Works of Lord Byron*; complete in one volume.

Collected and arranged, with Illustrative Notes by THOMAS MOORE, LORD JEFFREY, SIR WALTER SCOTT, BISHOP HEBER, SAMUEL ROGERS, PROFESSOR WILSON, J. G. LOCKHART, GEORGE ELLIS, THOMAS CAMPBELL, REV. H. H. MILMAN, &c. &c. With a Portrait and View of Newstead Abbey. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

THIS edition of the Poetical Works of Lord Byron is both in the matter and the style of execution, we believe, an exact copy of Galignani's Paris edition. It is in no way inferior to its original, and the volume does great credit to the American publishers. Its characteristic features are, that it is a complete collection, embracing all the suppressed passages of Childe Harold and Don Juan, and the poems not acknowledged by the author, and that the spirit of contemporary criticism is preserved by a large body of extracts from the writers named in the title page. In his vindication of Southey, Mr. Coleridge takes occasion to say: "whenever the time shall come, when all his works shall be collected by some editor worthy to be his

biographer, I trust that an appendix of *excerpta* of all the passages in which his writings, name and character have been attacked, from the pamphlets and periodical works of the last twenty years, may be an accompaniment." The wish has not yet been realized in regard to Southey, and perhaps may never be, but it seems to have suggested the design of this edition of Byron, with the variation, which we cannot but think due equally to truth and charity, of setting forth fair specimens both of unfavorable and of friendly cotemporary criticism. The true object, as far as the author is concerned, of preserving these opinions and judgments of his own age, is to present a faithful picture of the scenes of his literary life—to show in what an atmosphere he moved, and so to retain a clue to the feelings under which he wrote, which may often be the only clue to the *meaning* of what he wrote. To preserve only the malignant elements of this atmosphere, is to do wrong to the times, and to present the individual to posterity in a false light, as a man of high genius who had lived without friends, or sympathy or recognition—a thing that probably never happened.

Setting aside the author's interest, the literary criticisms of any age are an important part of its history—perhaps the truest, because the accidental and unconscious exhibition of the character of its political and social parties. Thus, in the points which will be selected in a new work, for praise and condemnation, we can detect the creed of the faction to which the critic belongs, and form some notion of the comparative prominence of the different articles of the creed by the degree of passion displayed in the handling of each one. When it comes to false statements of the meaning of the author, and senseless reasonings, and still more, to mere denunciation or eulogy, we may be sure that faction has reached that blind madness when to call a man by a particular name is to call him all that is good or all that is detestable. Much of this last stage of party would show itself, if we could gather all that was written in respectable periodicals concerning Lord Byron. A few specimens, just a glimpse of it, may be found in this volume, quite enough to satisfy the reader. Some portions of the history of society and opinion can only thus be glanced at. Its details are too corrupting to taste, not to be prohibited by the general verdict of the world. To preserve them in all their freshness and fullness might perpetuate all the venom and madness of party without any of the alleviations and excuses that we make for it in allowing the individual partizan to be the involuntary and unconscious victim or representative of the pervading spirit of his time.

Undoubtedly it is painful to think that this dominion of party should thus be extended to literature—that under its dictation the highest genius should be lauded for qualities it has not, and abused for faults it has never committed—that the universal rules of criticism should be perverted and corrupted to afford room for the indulgence of party spleen, or should be utterly thrown aside, that the very semblance of restraint may be evaded and the judgment of criticism may deliver itself blinded and fettered to work in the treadmill of faction,—retaining of its own proper and genial spirit no trace,—of eloquence, nothing but the fury of declamation,—of wit, only the pungency of malice,—of philosophy, only the universality of misjudgment,—of conviction, only a devouring eagerness to show that its office is to pass sentence without hearing,—of knowledge, only an intuitive divination of the predominating passions of its party, and a ready skill in showing that the author of the opposite party has written in contempt of these passions. What had the great poets who have ennobled this century, to do with such a world, or how could they live in such a hurly-burly of fierce partizanship? Fate is stronger than party, and they did live through it, but amid what fever of heart! Wordsworth endured it better than any, because he had the blessed faculty of listening to the voice of his own high musings, instead of the brawlings of the critical rabble. Southey, with strong arm and sturdy courage, helped himself to the scourge and paid his assailants in kind. But Byron and Shelly they drove from England, and Coleridge they banished, bewildered, disgusted, disheartened and beggared, from his favorite walls of literature.

The Edinburgh Review found in the mere title of Lord Byron satisfactory assurance that a young Tory was aspiring to fame, and fealty to the whigs demanded that he should be strangled at once; hence that out-break of malignant scoffing which greeted the publication of his first volume of poems. The same spirit, from the other side, hunted down and vilified every act, word and thought of Lord Byron the Liberalist,—almost the republican. To Coleridge and Southey, it happened that in the simplicity of boyish enthusiasm, they entertained certain unripe notions of universal equality and brotherhood, which, being Greekish withal, they denominated Pantisocracy. Was not this good reason for the Anti-Jacobin to treat them as own brothers of Marat and grand-children of Beelzebub the prince of devils? A few months cured them of the project, and a few years made them very good Englishmen, and then the scurril abuse of the Anti-Jacobin, rehashed and new named, was served up by the Liberals, with a moderate sprinkling of "traitors," "turncoats" and "deserters,"

by way equally of grace before meat, and pepper and salt for the dish. Wordsworth, having been their fast friend first and last, was denounced as all the worse Jacobin, because he never said a word on politics, and all the more bigotted a churchman because he dealt only with nature, the human heart and the universal principles of morals. Still harder was the case of Shelly. Starting in life prematurely, and gifted with reason, imagination and poetic enthusiasm as precocious as the learning that stimulated and impelled his almost preternatural powers to measure their strength against systems and customs, he committed errors grievous and lamentable, but naturally referable to the circumstances of his early education, and, without that palliation, bearing no proportion to the violence with which he was assaulted, the raging fury with which this gentlest of men was driven, amid hootings of derision and yells of abhorrence, from the land of his birth—hunted forth as a wild beast, the pest and enemy of the human race!

Will genius be always so judged by its cotemporaries? Clearly it will, till mankind shall take to its heart a lesson of wisdom from the contempt with which the after age is sure always to treat the scandal, the quarrels and the party railing of its predecessor. To us, of what weight are the distorted arguments, the bitter sarcasms, the merciless judgments, the passionate abuse, that during the life-time of these great poets, filled the air they breathed, as it were, with the flashing deadly weapons, the din and the sulphur-smoke of battle. Do we pay further heed to it, than to wonder how mankind could have been so blind, so deaf, so wicked, so absurd? Will the next age repeat the same judgment against ours? Fortunately we have not a herd of great poets to defame and run down, so we may escape the condemnation of posterity by escaping its recollection.

Even that worst of all the many malignant influences of party intruded into literature, that genius itself does not escape its infection, and too often becomes one of its ministers as well as its victim, loses all its consequence with the calm-judging age that follows, and we read the hostile effusions of poets, the biting epigrams of wits and the fierce invectives of orators, with no other sympathy than the intrinsic merit of each as a composition inspires, or as they indicate the manner in which the men of other times managed their quarrels. Who thinks less of Euripides, for the jeers and lampoons of Aristophanes, or less of the latter, because his wit and buffoonery were poured forth upon the defects of a great poet, rather than a poor wretch, whose name could only be rescued from oblivion by the touch of a satirist. Even Dante has only succeeded in making fa-

mous, not in damning, the men whom he visits with his poetic vengeance in the "Inferno." No more do we inquire what justice there was in the bitter pasquinades that Byron and Southey passed upon each other. We are interested only in tracing the history of the quarrel, thus immortalized, that we may have a true view of the temper of the men and the spirit of the times. They are no longer the heads of parties—no longer represent living passions—no longer raise a laugh or draw a sigh, but by the innate force of what they wrote. Such virtue is there in time, the motion of whose wings is justly called healing. Over the whole mighty tract of the past reigns the spirit of peace, and it is only by identifying it with the present that we can give to it even the appearance of a party to our conflicts, and desecrate its rest with the presence of passions that have to do only with the interests of living factions. This but seldom extends to literature, and forever blessed be the fate that gives to the lovers of the works of genius this wide and variegated field of delights, unclouded by the dark passions of party, undisturbed by the jargon of belligerent critics, with its own light playing broad and free, over scenes that were else buried, deep as the men who represented it, in the dust of the past.

We did not propose any criticisms on Lord Byron as a poet. The uproar of faction having ceased, mankind very soon made peace with him, and he is quietly reposing among the few really great poets of his country—a rank which criticism can no longer call in doubt, or confirm. What is to be said of him now concerns more the publishers than the author, and in this case, as we have already intimated, there is occasion only for praise.

6.—*The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck, now first collected.* Illustrated with Steel Engravings, from Drawings by American Artists. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

THIS edition of Halleck's Poems is, we believe, uniform with reprints by the same publishers of the works of several of the less voluminous Poets both of the United States and of England, among them Goldsmith and Bryant. We have not seen the others, but if this is a specimen, Appleton & Co. may be considered as having made the nearest approach yet realized in this country, to the fine finish of the best style of English publication. We rejoice in this

improvement, and cannot but think there is a real virtue in beautiful books, and that the taste which delights in the embellishment of their form is at least akin to that which exults in the riches of their contents.

Halleck deserved this costly ceremonial, partly because he has produced some very beautiful things, and partly because, there being no hope of his producing any more, the ceremony of inurning him during his life-time, ought in courtesy to be more than commonly agreeable. It has not often happened to a man to get the reputation of a poet on a more slender foundation, and yet his is undisputed, and that too in the face of the fact that his most elaborate pieces are failures. "Alnwick Castle," pretty as some of its passages are, is, as a whole, without passion, without invention, without much fancy and with no design in which any one seems called to sympathize, and "Fanny" is a specimen of comic dullness quite distressing. But "Marco Bozzaris" is possessed with the true lyric fervor, and grace reigns through the whole of it. Next to this, we place the tribute to Burns, of which it is the best praise to say that it is worthy, both in the elevation of the thoughts and the manly simplicity of the verse, of the great poet it commemorates. The stanzas on "Red-Jacket," exhibit a power of condensing the pourtraiture of remarkable individual character, which we do not find in any other of the author's works, save in the lines to Burns. These three pieces have "poet" stamped upon them unmistakably, but all the rest add nothing to the evidence, and for the most part are as deeply penetrated, and as fully pervaded with the spirit of common place, as the others with the spirit of genius. Whether it was, that on rare occasions Apollo caught the author unawares, and perforce made him utter the true oracles of the sacred mount, or that in him the noble fervor and power of genius have been chilled by colder influences and bowed down by the heaviness of worldly labor, perhaps he can explain—certainly we cannot; although there is hardly in the language a poem that seems to have sprung more spontaneously out of the author's soul than "Marco Bozzaris:"—*O, si sic omnia!*—but there is no use in expressing the regret, and much reason to rejoice in the specimens of true poetry, that, few as they are, have yet been able to consecrate to fame, the name of Fitz-Greene Halleck.

- 7.—*A New Medical Dictionary ; Containing an Explanation of the Terms in Anatomy, Human and Comparative ; Physiology, Practice of Medicine, Obstetrics, Surgery, Therapeutics, Materia Medica, Pharmacy, Chemistry, Botany, Natural Philosophy ; with the Formulas of the principal Pharmacœpias, and valuable Practical Articles on the Treatment of Disease. On the basis of HOOPER and GRANT. Adapted to the present state of Science, and for the use of Medical Students and the Profession. By D. PEREIRA GARDNER, M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, etc , etc. New York : HARPER & BROTHERS. 1847.*

The plan of this work is, as stated in the preface, the same as Hooper's, and the matter of it is mainly taken from that standard book of reference. The same necessity, however, which calls for such a compendium of the sciences, forming or associated with that of Medicine, equally demands the constant revision of it as the sciences are enlarged, their obscurities are cleared up and the errors that may have clung to them are separated. Much new matter has been added by the present editor, and much that seemed unnecessarily extended has been compressed, so that it is still a less bulky book than Hooper's. Without trusting our own judgment, we have good authority in the profession for saying that Gardner's Medical Dictionary may be relied on for all the purposes it pretends to subserve. The publishers have done their part well ; the page is a fair one, the impression neat, and the book substantial—qualities that all scholars will acknowledge the value of in a dictionary.

NOTE.—As there occur some strong resemblances of view between the recent report of the Secretary of the Treasury and the article on "The Growth and Consumption of Cotton," it is proper to say, on behalf of the author of the latter, that it was in our hands sometime before the former appeared.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Biographia Literaria; or Biographical Sketches of My Literary Life and Opinions. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. From the second London edition, prepared for publication in part by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge; completed and published by his Widow. In two volumes. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847.

Views and Reviews in American Literature, History and Fiction. By the Author of "the Yemassee," "Life of Marion," "History of South-Carolina," "Richard Hurdis," &c. &c. Two volumes in one. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847.

Usefulness: an Oration, delivered before the Euphemian and Philomathian Societies of Erskine College, So. Ca., at the Annual Commencement, held Sept. 15th, 1847. By Rev. WM. T. HAMILTON, D.D., of Mobile, Alabama. Charleston: Burges, James & Paxton. 1847.

What It has done, and what We must do: an Address, delivered before the Grand Division of the Order of the Sons of Temperance of North-Carolina, in the Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, on the 19th October, 1847. By CHARLES F. DEEMS, Professor in the University of North-Carolina. Published by the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, North-Carolina. Philadelphia: T. K. & P. G. Collins. 1847.

The true Origin and Source of the Mecklenburg and National Declaration of Independence. [Extracted from the Southern Presbyterian Review, by request.] By Rev. THOMAS SMYTH, D.D., Columbia, S. C.: I. C. Morgan. 1847.

Description of the American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, now in operation between the cities of Washington and Baltimore. Illustrated by fourteen wood engravings. By ALFRED VAIL, Assistant Superintendent of Elec. Mag. Tel. for the United States. Washington: J. & G. S. Gideon. 1847.

The Whig Almanac and United States Register for 1848. New-York: Greely & McElrath.

Appleton's Library Manual; containing a Catalogue Raisonné of upwards of twelve thousand of the most important works in every department of knowledge, in all modern languages. Part I. Subjects—Alphabetically arranged. Part II., Biography, Classics, Miscellanies, and Index to Part I. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

Calavar: or the Knight of the Conquest; a Romance of Mexico. By R. M. BIRD, Author of "the Infidel," &c. A new edition, in two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1847.

The Poetic Lacon, or Aphorisms from the Poets: a Collection of laconic and beautiful Sentiments, culled from ancient and modern Poetry. By BENJAMIN CASSEDAY. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

Miscellaneous Poems, Original and Translated. By FRANK KEMBLE. Augusta, Ga.: James M'Cafferty. 1847.

An Address delivered at Columbia, So. Ca., before the State Agricultural Society, on the 25th November, 1847. By R. F. W. ALLSTON. Published by order of the Society. Charleston: Miller & Browne. 1847.

The Natural History of the Ballet-Girl. By ALBERT SMITH. Illustrated by A. Henning. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

Riches have Wings; or a Tale of the Rich and Poor. By T. S. ARTHUR, Author of "Keeping up Appearances," "The Young Music Teacher," "Lady at Home," &c. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1847.

The American in Paris. By JOHN SANDERSFN. In two volumes. Third edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

Tam's Fortnight Ramble, and other Poems. By THOMAS MACKELLAR, Author of "Droppings from the Heart." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

Titus Livius; Selections from the first five books, together with the twenty-first and twenty-second books entire. Chiefly from the text of Alschevski, with English Notes for Schools and Colleges. By J. L. LINCOLN, Professor of Latin in Brown University. With an accompanying plan of Rome, and a map of the Passage of Hannibal. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

The History of the Consulate and Empire under Napoleon. By M. A. THIERS, late Prime Minister of France, Author of the "History of the French Revolution." Translated from the French by D. F. Campbell, with notes and additions by Henry W. Herbert. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

From Paris to the other World. By LUCIUS. Translated from the original French M.S. by Paul Everton. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co. 1847.

A Defence of Negro Slavery, as it exists in the United States. By MATTHEW ESTES, of Columbus, Mississippi. Montgomery, Ala.: Press of the "Alabama Journal." 1846.

Artist-Life: or Sketches of American Painters. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, Author of "Thoughts on the Poets," &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

A Plea for Amusements. By FREDERICK W. SAWYER. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of General William Hull, prepared from his Manuscripts by his daughter, Mrs. MARIA CAMPBELL; together with the History of the Campaign of 1812, and Surrender of the Post of Detroit, by his grand-son, JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

Catawba River, and other Poems. By JOHN STEINFORT KIDNEY. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1847.

SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXVI.

APRIL, 1848.

ART. I.—PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF PERU.

The History of the Conquest of Peru, with a preliminary view of the Civilization of the Incas. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

"Congestæ cumulantur opes, orbisque rapinas
Accipit." *Claudian, in Ruf. lib. I. v. 194.*

"Lo color de religion
Van a buscar plata y oro
Del encubierto tesoro."
Lope de Vega, El Nueva Mundo, Jorn. 1.

In two volumes. Harper & Brothers; New-York. 1847.
(Continued and Concluding Notice.)

WE resume from the work before us, our narrative of the Conquest of Peru. We left Pizarro in possession of the great capital city of the Incas. His progress, thus far, has been most easy. His very audacity has been the secret of his successes. The Peruvians have been taken by surprise, and awed into temporary submission by the novel aspects and the presumption of the invaders. It was necessary that the Spanish Captain should secure himself in the position which he had gained. Pizarro was too sagacious not to perceive that, with the increased familiarity of the Peruvians with the arts and arms of their conquerors, they would renew their courage. Oppression would rouse the nation into rebellion; and the shame which a proud

and military people would naturally feel at their overthrow, by such a handful of enemies, would prompt them to the most desperate exhibitions of their strength. There was yet a method by which they might be disarmed—by which their passions might be modified in the gratification of their national vanity. The true heir of the Peruvian Sceptre,—the legitimate son of Huayna Capac, the Inca, was still surviving in the person of Manco, the brother of Huascar, who had been murdered by Atahualpa. The latter, we must not forget, had been an usurper, who had been punished for his offences against Peruvian legitimacy by our loyal Spaniards. To raise Manco to the throne of the Incas, and thus secure the devotion of the Peruvians, was now the policy of Pizarro. But this elevation by no means implied the independence of the native monarch; on the contrary, it was the proof of his humiliation. He was to be the mere creature of the invader, chosen simply for his purposes, to be used as a means of deluding his people, and to be cast off when his employment was no longer profitable to the conquerors. We shall see that Pizarro was somewhat deceived in his calculations. No pains were spared, however, in making the pageant of his coronation as complete as possible, the better to deceive the Peruvians. The nobles and the people, with the Spanish army, were all paraded to behold and participate in the event. The great square of Cuzco was crowded with assembled multitudes. The Spanish priest, Valverde, went through the ceremony of the mass, and the hand of Pizarro conferred upon the Inca, Manco, the fringed diadem of Peruvian Sovereignty. But the very proceedings which asserted the royalty of the Inca, declared the supremacy of the Castilian Crown, and required the obeisance of all present to its authority; and the cup of sparkling *chicha* which Manco pledged to the Spanish Captain, in the moment of his inauguration, was a pledge of his own self-sacrifice, and the degradation of his race. The ceremonies were closed with a spectacle, in accordance with the custom of the Peruvians, in all such cases, which is too curious and peculiar to be omitted in this notice.

The dead were called upon, as witnesses of the elevation of their successor. The Incas, by whom he had been preceded, had been embalmed and preserved as mummies. In this art, the Peruvians seem to have been even more

skilful than the Egyptians, since they were able to preserve the mortal features of the corpse with a singular truthfulness and fidelity to the lineaments and form of the living man. These mummies of their princes, thus preserved, were all consigned to the great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. Here they occupied a vast apartment to themselves, the Incas on one side and their Queens opposite, each occupying a chair of gold, clothed in regal attire, sitting with their hands crossed placidly upon their bosoms, and looking as they had done in life; conscious to all appearance still, but subdued as it were, in contemplation and prayer, with heads drooping upon their bosoms, and eyes closed in devotion. In this awful sanctuary, the living prince might gather lessons of his own state and mortality, and be ennobled in his purposes by contemplating the persons of those most glorious in their achievements among the princes of the past. Some such influence was probably desired in the adoption of the custom, by which these dead witnesses were required to be present at the coronation of each new sovereign. The practice was too important to be omitted at the elevation of the *protégé* of the Spanish conqueror. At the banquet table which was spread in the great square of the royal city, each ghostly form took its appointed seat, attended each by a special retinue, who performed all the menial offices, as if the object of their care were still sensible to their attendance. The guests drank deep in honor of the illustrious dead,—and in the potency of their draughts, the degraded Peruvians, their new sovereign at their head, seemed wholly to forget that their orgies were dictated and devised by an invader whose foot was upon their own necks. Could their silent witnesses have spoken! The festivities were continued, night after night, by the giddy population of Cuzco, who were either insensible to their shame, or were disposed to drown their remembrance in the uproar of excitement. The Spaniards, meanwhile, were busily employed in securing for themselves, all the substantial of authority. Pizarro devised for Cuzco, a municipal government borrowed from the cities of the parent country. Among his magistrates, were his brothers, Gonzalo and Juan, and he himself adopted the style of Governor; Valverde, the priest, was named Bishop of Cuzco, and the interests of religion were not by any means forgotten in the rapacity of avarice or the wild excitements of war.

The elevation of Manco, did not pacify the nation. There were still chieftains, adherents of Atahualpa, who burned to revenge his fate and to wrest their nation from the grasp of the invader. These hung about the neighborhood of Cuzco in watching for their opportunities. Had the whole nation been informed by their spirit and patriotism, the Spaniards had not triumphed. But they were unsustained by the great body of the people. Against this force, Pizarro sent Almagro with a small body of horse. He was accompanied by the new Inca with a large array of natives. The expedition was successful after several sharp encounters. The Indians were dispersed, and Quizquiz, their commander, one of the best and bravest of the officers of Atahualpa, was at length massacred by the remnant of his own followers, who, despairing of success, from repeated defeats, were wearied out by his frequent misfortunes, and by that stubborn courage which refused to sink beneath them. But, the conquests of Pizarro were not complete by the overthrow of the Peruvian chieftain. He was not permitted to sleep upon his securities. He was threatened by a new and still more formidable danger. This was from the sudden arrival upon the coast, of a strong body of Spanish troops, under Pedro de Alvarado, the celebrated officer who had served with so much good fortune and distinction, with Cortéz, in the invasion of the Aztec empire. To this cavalier had been assigned, as the reward of his great services, the government of Guatemala. But his cupidity was not satisfied with this possession. The wonderful reports of Pizarro's successes in Peru, excited his emulation and his avarice. He had been told that those conquests were confined chiefly to Peru, and did not extend to the northern kingdom of Quito, the ancient residence of Atahualpa, and the supposed depository of all his treasures. Alvarado wanted nothing but a pretext, and he quickly found one. Affecting to regard the latter region as entirely without the jurisdiction of Pizarro, he threw himself into the country with a force admirably appointed, of five hundred men, and began his march directly for Quito. He little knew that Pizarro had been before him. One of his captains, Sebastian Benalcazar, "a cavalier who afterwards placed his name in the first rank of the South American Conquerors, for courage, capacity and cruelty;" had already, after repeated conflicts with the Indians,

planted the banners of Castile on the towers of Atahualpa. But his spoils had not met his expectations, and while he meditated his disappointments, he was suddenly roused by tidings of the approach of Alvarado.

This latter chieftain, when he set forth upon his expedition, neither dreamed that a Spaniard had been before him, nor conjectured the perils of the enterprise he had so rashly and so improperly undertaken. The details of his fearful march through the snowy passes of the mountains in mid-winter, form one of the most terrible chapters in history. Mr. Prescott has given it with excellent effect in the narrative before us. The courage and firmness of Alvarado enabled him to triumph over obstacles beneath which most leaders must have perished or succumbed. His followers were frozen in their saddles, and the carcasses of men and horses marked each day's fearful progress. One-fourth of his Spanish troops perished, and fully two thousand of his Indian auxiliaries, ere he emerged from the snowy passes of the mountains. With the tidings of his march, Almagro was despatched to reinforce Benalcazar, who was in possession of Quito, and whose fidelity was somewhat questioned, as his expedition to Quito had not been authorized by his commander. Almagro awaited the approach of Alvarado on the plains of Riobamba. His force was still inferior to that of Alvarado; but he had the authority of law in his favor. His policy was to avoid an open rupture; a policy which, now that Quito no longer offered temptations to cupidity, was also that of Alvarado. Negotiations were opened between the two captains, which resulted in the transfer to Almagro of all the forces brought by Alvarado, his fleet, stores, troops and munitions of war, for an equivalent in money. One hundred thousand *pesos de oro* was the stipulated sum which the latter consented to receive for his entire armament; a sum which did not compensate him for his outfit and losses, and certainly offered but an inadequate satisfaction for those wild hopes of plunder which had first prompted the expedition against Quito.

This negotiation put at rest the worst apprehensions of Pizarro. "The reduction of Peru might now be considered as, in a manner, accomplished." Some barbarous tribes in the interior still held out, but it required but a moderate force to bring them into subjection. Quito and

Cuzco, the two imperial cities, had submitted. The armies of Atahualpa had everywhere been beaten—the empire was in fact dissolved, and the prince who bore the shadowy sceptre of the Incas, was, at this time, a mere puppet in the keeping of the conqueror. To consolidate his conquests was the first object of Pizarro. A capital city was to be established. Cuzco was among the mountains, too remote from the seaboard and unsuited to commercial purposes. The fruitful valley of Rimac, through which flowed a broad and beautiful river, won the preference of Pizarro. His intelligent eye beheld the commodious haven for a large commerce in the stream before him. The situation was central, the climate was delightful, and the ocean lay in submissive waiting at its doors. Here, then, he laid the foundations of his capital, to which he gave the imposing, but fatiguing name of *Ciudad de los Reyes*, (City of Kings,) a name which soon gave way to the simpler one of Lima, which it still bears, and which is supposed to be only a corruption by the Spaniards, of the Indian word Rimac, by which the valley was known before. The city was well laid out, on an improved and princely plan. The Indians were drawn from a distance of more than a hundred miles to aid in the work, which, prosecuted under the eye of Pizarro himself, went forward with a degree of rapidity which soon made the greatest results apparent to the eye. The Spaniards built solidly as well as rapidly, and Lima still affords proofs of the excellent masonry of that day, which has stood, in addition to the assaults of time, the shocks of those repeated earthquakes which have so frequently threatened to lay the fair capital in ruins.

Meanwhile, Hernando Pizarro had made his appearance in Spain. His return, laden with proofs of the wealth of Peru, the trophies of his brother's conquests, had confirmed all the promises which the latter had made to the crown. He was received with the highest favor and distinction, was honored with nobility, empowered to equip and command an armament, and the royal officers were required to assist and facilitate all his objects. The royal grants already made to Francisco Pizarro were confirmed, nor was Almagro forgotten. He was empowered to discover and occupy the country for the distance of two hundred leagues, beginning at the southern limit of Pizarro's territory. Almagro was in charge of Cuzco, whither he had

been sent by Pizarro, when the tidings were first brought to him of this new commission from the monarch. The effect was to disturb his equilibrium. The old soldier was jealous of the Pizarros. They had no doubt given him cause of jealousy, and the deportment of Hernando Pizarro in particular, had outraged his dignity and self-esteem. He was anxious to shake off his dependence upon them, and the rumors of his new distinctions seemed to afford him the desired opportunity. As yet, the official information had not reached the country. Hernando Pizarro, on his return, had been met by contrary winds and driven back to Spain by storms. When, finally, he had reached Nombre de Dios, no preparations had been made for his coming, and his command was dispersed by various disasters. A weary time elapsed before he could rejoin his brother in Peru, and, in the meanwhile, the friends of Almagro had succeeded in conveying to the old soldier a garbled extract from the despatches, by which his authority had been assigned him. Construing this authority as best suited his desires, Almagro entered upon the sway of Cuzco, which Juan and Gonzalo Pizarro, acting under instructions from Francisco, unhesitatingly yielded up to him. Greatly elated at his position, he now ventured to declare that, in the exercise of his present authority, he acknowledged no superior. His flatterers encouraged him in this arrogance, and insisted that Cuzco was south of the territory assigned to Pizarro, and was consequently within that which had been allotted to the jurisdiction of Almagro. The soldiers who came with Alvarado, and who were chiefly in the command of Almagro, fomented this spirit of assumption and insubordination, and, in the errors of their leader, they found a sanction for excesses which Pizarro had never suffered among his followers. They preyed upon the native population of Cuzco, in a spirit of unbridled license which stopped at no excesses, and plundered the citizens as recklessly as if the place had only just been taken by storm. Fearing the evil consequences that might ensue from these wanton and ill-judged proceedings, Francisco Pizarro, still at Lima, sent despatches to his brothers to resume the government of Cuzco. He himself did not yet know what was the extent of Almagro's authority, and had his own doubts whether the control of the latter did not really include the capital city of the Incas. But as Almagro had

no official right yet to enter upon the government, he was resolved that he should not anticipate his authority, and his instructions to his brothers were avowedly temporary, and to extend only to the period when Almagro should receive his credentials. But the latter was by no means satisfied to relinquish a power which he was prepared to regard as his right, and the result was the division of the parties into separate factions, which absorbed all the population of the city, the native as well as the Spanish. Matters were proceeding to extremities, the contending factions were about to decide the question by an appeal to arms, when Francisco Pizarro, advised of the fatal consequences of his recent mandate, suddenly made his appearance among the excited parties. A reconciliation was effected between the two chiefs, and witnessed by a treaty, the guaranties to which were solemnly sought in oaths taken by both parties, upon the Holy Sacrament. These bound them to mutual forbearance in their selfish relations, and mutual endeavors in the further prosecution of the conquest, and thus did these ancient politicians enter into grave and deliberate stipulations to entertain good faith and practice honesty, which would scarcely seem to have been necessary among men having the slightest claims to any virtue. But these mutual promises and pledges did not deceive either of the professing parties. They were only shows with which each sought to maintain appearances himself, and perhaps gain something from his neighbor. The Spaniards knew each other perfectly, and but few of them, after a single lustre's experience in the New World, would be taken in by any promises or professions which policy might tempt the professing party to violate. It was in the absence of any more certain securities, though without the slightest confidence in these, that they required from each other the awful sanctions and solemn offices of religion. Faint hope might harbor in the bosom of one or both of the parties, that the other would respect the pledges which he himself only needed a profitable occasion to fling away from him with indifference and scorn.

The substantial result of these negotiations was in favor of Pizarro. It secured the departure of Almagro from Cuzco. This was a prudent step on the part of the latter. He was by no means a match for Pizarro, whose power he feared, and whose policy he felt to be at all times vastly

more far-seeing than his own. Raising his standard for Chili, accordingly, he prepared to put a sufficient space between himself and his rival ; and, for a season, appeared tacitly to yield his claims upon the city of Cuzco. Being a popular favorite, frank in his manners, and liberal to profligacy in his favors, he did not find it difficult to obtain an imposing array of recruits for his new enterprize. His departure, with the least subordinate of the adventurers, relieved Pizarro from a fruitful source of disquiet, and enabled him once more to concentrate himself upon those duties, in the organization of his government, in which this rude and hardy soldier had shown himself quite as competent, as in his merely military character. Lima grew rapidly beneath his fostering protection and guardian energies, and still remains, one of the most noble witnesses of his enterprize and genius. Other towns and cities he established along the Pacific, less imposing and beautiful, but still valuable as marts of commercial wealth and industry ; and still other plans and purposes were working in his mind, the accomplishment of which, however, was suddenly checked by a dangerous influence which now threatened the conqueror from an unexpected quarter. This was the native population.

Hitherto the Peruvians had shown themselves sufficiently submissive. The puppet which had been put on them, with the name of the Inca, had pacified their national pride for a season ; but Manco was not satisfied to be a puppet. He was a man of more character than the Spaniards had supposed him ; and when he found himself in possession of the shadow of authority only, and denied its substance, he grew discontented. His repeated demands, to be permitted the exercise of a power commensurate with his title, had always been evaded by Pizarro ; and this denial was followed up by humiliations at the hands of the Spaniards, which he was compelled to endure in common with his people. Vexed to find himself a tool, and despised by the very hands that used him, his personal mortification led the way to the development of his national sympathies. A sense of his wrongs became the avenue to his patriotism, and seeing through his individual griefs, he more readily perceived those injuries to which the whole nation had been subjected under the rule of the foreigner. These wrongs had been sufficiently numerous. To say nothing

of these usurpations which had butchered a monarch, and massacred his favorite chiefs—which had subverted the ancient institutions of the country and degraded its aristocracy, there were other crimes of which the Spaniards had been guilty, which stung the popular feeling through all its sympathies. The temples of their religion had been converted into stables; the sanctity of the religious houses had been violated; their convents—for the Peruvians maintained institutions of this sort devoted to chastity, in which there were thousands of maids and matrons—were sacked, and the wretched inmates became the prey of a licentious soldiery. The wife of the Inca himself, fell a victim to the lusts of some of the Castilian officers, and this last crime, in all probability, gave vitality to that sentiment of independence in the breast of Manco, which prompted him to an effort by which his country might be rescued from the domination of the stranger.

The first step of the Inca towards the attainment of this object, was to effect his escape from Cuzco and the actual presence of the Spaniards. His plans were freely discussed among his nobles and the native priesthood. They proposed to take advantage of the dissensions between Pizarro and Almagro, and to prepare their people for insurrection as soon as the troops under Almagro had withdrawn from the city. But the preliminary purpose failed. The Inca did succeed in leaving Cuzco, but he was pursued by Juan Pizarro, found concealed in a thicket, brought back and placed under a strong guard in the fortress. Here he might have remained until relieved by death, or by some such proceeding as that which relieved his predecessor, the Inca Atahualpa, from his humiliations,—the stake;—but for the return of Hernando Pizarro from his foreign mission. To this brother, Francisco Pizarro consigned the keeping of Cuzco, which was now discovered to lie within the domains which the royal grant had conferred upon himself, and was accordingly entirely free from the jurisdiction of Almagro. Hernando immediately proceeded to take possession of his government, in order to maintain an adequate watch upon the movements of Almagro, and defeat any attempt of the latter at usurpation. Hernando, on reaching Cuzco, exhibited an unusual degree of kindness for the imprisoned Inca. Though one of the haughtiest of Spanish captains, among his own people

and associates, this warrior had ever shown a most remarkable sympathy for the Indians. He had been very friendly to Atahualpa, and had he been in the camp, at the time of the execution of that Prince, it was thought that his cruel fate would have been averted. He now released Manco from prison and took him to his own intimacy. The crafty Indian, with the cunning which is characteristic of the race, availed himself of his new liberty to prosecute his plans for the insurrection, but so secretly and adroitly that he gave no cause for suspicion. Aware of the besotting infirmity of the Spaniards, and that avarice was the blinding weakness of the conqueror, the wily Inca professed to be in possession of certain secret knowledge which would conduct to heaps of hidden treasure. His story was so plausible, and the cupidity of Hernando so great, that he readily found belief, and was at length permitted to depart, under the conduct of two Spanish soldiers, in pursuit of a golden statue of Huayna Capac, his father, which lay in waiting for him in some cave among the neighboring Andes. It need scarce be said that Hernando saw no more of him, and heard no more of the golden statue. The Inca availed himself of his freedom to arm his people, and when Pizarro sent out in search of him, the whole country was found to be in arms, with the Peruvian monarch as its leader! Juan Pizarro at the head of sixty horse, was encountered by a formidable force at the river Yucay, and in a severe fight, succeeded rather in trampling down than discomfiting the enemy. They were prepared to renew the battle the day after, all the passes of the mountains being filled with their warriors, and exhibiting a discipline and martial spirit such as filled the Spanish captain with equal wonder and dismay. A second battle resulted as the preceding had done, in the temporary defeat of the Peruvians, but not in the victory of their assailants. These unprofitable hostilities still continued for one or two more days, when Juan Pizarro was surprised by a summons from his brother, to return with all expedition to Cuzco, which was now besieged by the enemy. Closely followed by the Indians, with whom he had so fruitlessly fought, and who pursued him with songs and yells of hate and triumph, he arrived with his diminished squadron, before nightfall in sight of the capital. Here the spectacle that met his eyes was such as might well confound the soul of

most chivalric enterprize. The city was environed by a host computed to contain no less than two hundred thousand warriors. For the first time the Spaniards beheld in all its pomp and terrors an army of the Peruvian Incas. The sight was no less grand and beautiful, than imposing from its terrors. The military costume of the Peruvians, enriched with golden crests and glittering banners, and rich plumes, and panoplies of the most exquisite material and workmanship, presented a spectacle of rarest magnificence. Their dusky battalions were spread away, on every side, to the very verge of the mountains. Their long lances and battle axes, barbed and edged with shining copper, waved in forest-like masses, in intricate confusion, beneath the rays of the setting sun. But this mighty host offered no obstacle to the entrance of Juan Pizarro and his little squadron within the walls of the city. They were only so many more victims passing within the toils, to be swept away by fire or by famine hereafter. The siege of Cuzco commenced in February, 1536, and constituted one of the most memorable events in the conquest of Peru. Juan Pizarro had arrived in season to behold the opening of the scene. The Spaniards were aroused before the dawn, by the hideous clamours of the first assault,—the conch, the trumpet, and the atabal, mingling their dissonant music with the fierce war cries of the savages, as they hurled their missiles into the city. Their darts and stones, for they were slingers as well as bowmen, fell harmlessly; but not so with their fiery arrows, which, wrapped in cotton, and previously steeped in bitumen, descended with an unconquerable blaze upon the roofs of the houses, and speedily set them on fire. The conflagration began simultaneously at different quarters of the city. The roofs made of thatch, were soon ignited. The city was soon one mighty mass of flame. The Spaniards were encamped in the great square, partly under awnings and partly in the halls of a former Inca. The roof which sheltered them was repeatedly on fire, but by the active intervention of the Blessed Virgin, who was distinctly seen to hover over the spot, the flames were soon extinguished, and indeed refused to burn. St. James was also busy in a like service, and to his activity at this time and in subsequent conflicts with the Peruvians, the Spaniards acknowledge themselves to have been particularly indebted. Indeed, it is very certain, that as res-

pects the fire, they could do nothing for themselves. They were particularly fortunate in occupying a position which afforded them a large open space, thus separating them from the immediate scope of the conflagration. Day and night the flames continued to rage. Tower and temple, hall and hovel, went down beneath their indiscriminating fury. Full one-half of the great capital, the pride of the Incas, the abode of their tutelar deity, was laid in ashes by the hands of his own worshippers. But their piety excused the sacrilege, on the plea of their patriotism—as the spot had been previously defiled by the conquerors.

The Spaniards did not tamely submit to the assaults of their enemies. Their sallies were frequently made, and, on such occasions, were marked by a slaughter which, but for the prodigious multitudes of their besiegers, must have soon ended in their dispersion. The Peruvians prepared themselves for these terrible sallies with a genius which had not disdained to take its lessons from their enemies, and which had studied its master with considerable diligence. They planted stakes and threw barricades across the path of the cavalry, to remove which was a work of time, which the Indian archery did not suffer to escape unemployed. The bow, the sling and the *lasso* became equally fearful to the horsemen entangled among the ruins of fallen houses, and struggling against impediments artfully arranged to neutralize all the advantages which the lance or the sabre could gather from the employment of the steed. The horse or rider once overthrown, the Peruvian dexterously bestrode the animal—thus attempting a feat which the fiercer Aztec found too much for his courage. Many of the Peruvians were thus mounted. The Inca himself rode a war-horse, which he had learned from the Spaniards themselves to manage with considerable address. His time had not been left unemployed while in captivity. He had adopted the European costume, and, with several of his nobles, wore a helmet and carried sword, lance and buckler, after the fashion of the conquerors.

The Spaniards were kept at their weapons night and day. The fortress, which overlooked the city, and which, in their too easy confidence, they had feebly garrisoned, now fell into the hands of the besiegers, and from which they sent down showers of missiles, which constituted the worst danger to the besieged. Many were for abandoning

the place and cutting their way through the enemy. But though commending itself to the chivalrous, the measure was not one to be adopted with any hope of success. Besides, it was a point of honor with the Pizarros to hold the place, and they had arguments, full of hope, which encouraged them to oppose the European capacity for endurance, to the capricious enterprise and valor of the Indian. A desperate sally was now devised by Hernando Pizarro, which took the Peruvians completely by surprise. For some moments there was little resistance, and the slaughter was terrible; but the Indians gradually recovered themselves and fought hand to hand with the assailants, with a courage and a degree of discipline which they are said to have derived from certain of their prisoners, whose lives they had spared on account of their military lessons. The fight was hotly contested. European art and endurance finally triumphed, and it was only when sated with slaughter that the Castilian General returned to the capital. He seized this moment of temporary success to endeavor the recovery of the citadel, whose commanding position had been the sorest annoyance to his forces. The enterprise was confided to Juan Pizarro, an adventurous warrior, full of chivalrous ambition, and brave like the rest of the Pizarros. The enterprise was one of exceeding difficulty and danger. The fortress stood high on a rocky eminence, inaccessible on one side, where it was defended by a single wall, which overlooked the city. Easy of access from the open country, it was protected on that side by two semi-circular walls, each about twelve hundred feet in length and of great thickness. Within the interior wall was the fortress, consisting of three strong towers, one of great height. These were held by a strong garrison, under the command of one of the Peruvian nobles, a man of athletic person and of the most dauntless courage.

A judicious movement, which diverted the attention of the besiegers from his true object, enabled Juan Pizarro to penetrate the mountain passes without opposition. His progress was a work of caution as well as valor. But, in spite of most of his precautions, the Peruvians were prepared for him when he approached the second parapet. The outer wall he had only succeeded in passing during the night, when the Indian nations do not attempt enterprises themselves and scarcely anticipate them in their foes.

The Spanish Captain proceeded at once to his work, to make a breach in the fortifications, in the face of a perfect storm of stones, darts and other missiles. He had been wounded some days before in the jaw, and, as his helmet gave him pain, he rashly threw it aside, and, though leading the assault, relied wholly for protection on his buckler. The parapet was taken after a desperate conflict, and the rallying point of the fugitive Peruvians was a kind of terrace, which was protected from the principal tower. Leading the assault again, Juan was struck down by a blow from a huge stone upon his head. Prostrate and incapable, sensible, perhaps, that his hurt was mortal, the dauntless captain still cried to his men in language of encouragement. Hernando Pizarro, apprised of Juan's fall, was yet sensible of the necessity of prosecuting the enterprise. Leaving the town in charge of Gonzalo Pizarro, he took the place of Juan, and laid vigorous siege to the fortresses. One of them soon fell into his hands. The other, the strongest, which was held by the valiant noble, whose strength and spirit had already commanded the admiration of the Spaniards, offered a more formidable resistance. This chief, covered with a Spanish buckler and cuirass, and wielding a formidable mace garnished with knobs of copper, strode the barriers, striking down each more adventurous assailant who came within his reach. Hernando Pizarro, who could admire valor in his enemy, gave orders that he should be taken alive; but the warrior was not to be taken. When resistance was hopeless, and the Spaniards, after a terrible conflict, made themselves masters of the fortress, this valiant noble flung himself from the battlements and perished like an ancient Roman. Hernando secured the tower by a small garrison and returned in triumph to his quarters.

But his successes brought him little real relief. The siege was protracted for weeks and months, and there were no reinforcements. Was he abandoned by the Governor, his brother, to his fate? This was not the case. But the insurrection had been so well planned that the explosion was simultaneous in all the places in possession of the Spaniards. The Peruvians had assailed Francisco at the same moment with Hernando Pizarro, laying siege to Lima as they had done to Cuzco. But the valley of Rimac and the country around the capital, open, of level character,

and suitable to the operations of cavalry, offered no such securities for Indian warfare as in the mountainous regions of the interior. Francisco Pizarro, as soon as menaced by the Peruvians, sent such a force of horse against them as drove them in hopeless terror from his neighborhood. But they did not disband in consequence of this defeat. They kept in the distance, but between Lima and the capital. They cut off all his intercourse with the interior. He conjectured, if he did not absolutely know, the condition of Cuzco, and made repeated efforts to relieve it. Four several detachments of horse, under his best leaders, four hundred men in all, were despatched, at different times, for this purpose. But they were invariably cut off by the Peruvians, who suffered them only to penetrate the mountain passes where they were easily destroyed or overcome. None of them reached their place of destination. Great was the consternation at Lima. Many of the Spaniards would have abandoned the country, and were for using the shipping for that purpose. But Pizarro would not consent to such a base desertion of his people in the interior. He removed the temptation to flight from his followers by sending off the shipping for assistance to Panama and other places, making the most liberal proposals to Alvarado, among others—the invader whom he lately so much feared—to come and help him in the maintenance of his conquests. This large concession, of itself, sufficiently proves the peril of the conquerors.

Nearly six months had elapsed, and the legions of Peru still lay encamped around the city of Cuzco. They had shown themselves equally enduring and tenacious of their purpose; but they were beginning to suffer by the want of provisions. It was necessary that their crops of maize should be planted, and to this necessity of the Indians were the Spaniards indebted for their withdrawal from the leaguer. The Inca was compelled to disband the greater part of his forces, but he still kept a sufficiently numerous army in attendance on his person, while he withdrew to a strongly fortified place, called Tambo, south of the valley of Yucay, which had been a favorite residence of his ancestors. He had also in the field several large bodies of troops, which were kept for the purposes of observation, and with the view of cutting off supplies from the Spaniards. Relieved, however, from the presence of their

mighty hosts, Hernando Pizarro soon found his way to the open field, and gathered ample stores for his troops. But these forays were only obtained after a struggle, and at the cost of blood. The Peruvians greatly increased in skill and audacity, and, in personal combat, armed with sling, bow, lasso and sometimes with battle-axe, the Peruvian warrior was not greatly inferior to the Spanish cavalier. "The ground around Cuzco became a battle-field, like the *vega* of Granada, in which Christian and Pagan displayed the characteristics of their peculiar warfare, and many a deed of heroism was performed, which wanted only the song of the minstrel to shed around it a glory like that which rested on the last days of the Moslem of Spain." One attempt of Hernando Pizarro, at the head of a select body of horse, to surprise the Inca, Manco, in his stronghold at Tambo, in which the Spaniards were baffled and severely handled by their enemy, showed the Peruvian monarch to have gained in vigilance, while he lost nothing in valor, in withdrawing from the more active operations of the field. "But this was the last triumph of the Inca." He was subsequently murdered by certain Spaniards, of the faction of Almagro, to whom his people had given protection, and whom they massacred in turn; but not immediately in connection with the events in which we are now interested. But as he no longer occupies that prominent interest in our narrative which his achievements necessarily commanded, we shall anticipate the regular course of events, by summing up, in this place, the few details which distinguish his subsequent career, and which Mr. Prescott happily conveys in his brief but comprehensive delineation of his character. "Though foiled in the end," says our historian, "by the superior science of his adversary, the young barbarian still showed the same unconquerable spirit as before. He withdrew into the fastnesses of his native mountains, whence, sallying forth, as occasion offered, he fell on the caravan of the traveller, or on some scattered party of the military, and, in the event of a civil war, was sure to throw his own weight into the weaker scale, thus prolonging the contest of his enemies and feeding his revenge by the sight of their calamities. Moving lightly from spot to spot, he eluded pursuit amidst the wilds of the Cordilleras, and, hovering in the neighborhood of the towns, or lying in ambush on the great thoroughfares of

the country, the Inca, Manco, made his name a terror to the Spaniards. Often did they hold out to him terms of accommodation, and every succeeding ruler, down to Blasco Nuñez, bore instructions from the crown to employ every art to conciliate the formidable warrior. But Manco did not trust the promises of the white man, and he chose rather to maintain his savage independence in the mountains, with the few brave spirits around him, than to live a slave in the land which had once owned the sway of his ancestors."

Let us now resume our narrative, from the period when Hernando Pizarro failed in his attempt upon the Inca in his stronghold at Tamba. The conquerors no longer found their enemies in the natives, but in one another. We have seen Almagro on his march for Chili. He was destined to find danger, defeat and disappointment, where he looked only for treasure and triumph. His progress was over the untrodden regions of the Cordilleras, wild mountain ledges, deep ravines and terrible precipices. Cold and hunger hung close upon his footsteps. His men perished from frost and famine, and the survivors were soon compelled to feed upon the dead carcasses of their companions. Yet these horrible sufferings did not prompt them to entertain a sentiment of pity for the miserable natives whom they encountered. They destroyed without pity where they came. Their path was marked by desolation. They carried fire and murder in their hands, and massacre was the familiar companion of their progress, which produced none of the promised fruits, and disgusted the adventurers. Finding no gold, in all his explorations, Almagro was easily persuaded to retrace his footsteps. His followers found it easy to convince him that Cuzco was really within the dominion assigned him by the royal charter, and that he should only defraud his son of his rights did he forbear to wrest that capital from the hands of the Pizarros. In an evil hour he listened to their counsel, and turned his face once more to the north. It was on this return, and when within sixty leagues from Cuzco, that he heard of the insurrection of the Peruvians, and that the leaguer of that city was still continued. Almagro had once been on good terms with the Inca, and, presuming on that intimacy, he despatched an embassy to the Peruvian prince, arranging an interview with him, to which the latter ac-

ceded, and designated the vale of Yucay as the place of meeting.

Almagro proceeded to the conference with one-half his army, while the remainder established themselves at a post within six leagues of the capital. Hernando Pizarro, apprized of the approach of Almagro, and suspecting evil, drew nigh to the forces of the latter, and some correspondence took place between the followers of the rival generals. This excited the suspicions of the Inca, who was counselled by his nobles to beware of treachery. Persuaded that Almagro designed a snare for him, the Inca suddenly fell upon him with a body of fifteen thousand men. Almagro, however, was too good a soldier to be taken by surprize. The Peruvians were defeated with great slaughter, and their Prince was too much crippled by the result, to give either party much present molestation. Almagro, after this victory, sent an embassy to Cuzco, demanding its surrender to him as its lawful Governor. The authorities evaded the summons in order to gain time, while Hernando was busily employed in strengthening his defences. Almagro's troops, suffering from exposure, and advised of the approach of Alonzo de Alvarado with a large body of troops to the relief of the capital, urged upon their commander to anticipate his approach by taking possession of it. He did so. Under cover of a dark stormy night, he surprized the city, taking Hernando Pizarro, with his brother, Gonzalo, prisoners, after a desperate resistance in which several lives were lost. Almagro followed up this blow, by marching upon Alvarado, whom he surprized and defeated also. These successes determined him upon still more boldly prosecuting his rebellious fortunes, and he declared his purpose of advancing upon Lima, as also within his jurisdiction. Francisco Pizarro tried the effect of negotiation, but for some time it proved unavailing. Almagro was in too exulting a mood, and had too many counsellors to violence, to listen to the more moderate suggestions of prudence and forbearance. Some of them urged upon him to put Hernando and Gonzalo Pizarro, with other of his prisoners, to death; but he contented himself with ordering the latter into close confinement, while he took the former with him, in a progress to the coast, where he proposed to found a town in direct opposition to that of Lima. Meanwhile, Gonzalo Pizarro, with his companions,

succeeded in making their escape from confinement, and found their way in safety to the government of Francisco. Hernando would probably have paid for this misfortune with his life, but for new negotiations which Francisco had opened with Almagro, and which were pending at this very juncture. An interview followed between the rival chiefs which resulted only in mutual criminations. An arbitration succeeded to this, in which the award was rejected by Almagro; a second was had, which was more satisfactory. The result was, that Hernando Pizarro was set at liberty, having sworn to defend the treaty that was now made between the parties under the award.

But the Pizarro's were not the persons to forgive,—and when Francisco was sufficiently prepared to assert his claims, he advised Almagro that he should no longer hold himself bound by their negotiations; and required him at once to relinquish his pretensions to Cuzco, and to withdraw within his own territory. Almagro was not prepared for the issue. His officers failed to secure the mountain passes in which he might have baffled an enemy's approach. He made no provisions against the danger—had kept in a false security, and was becoming infirm equally in mind and body. His health and fortunes were both upon the wane. Hernando Pizarro having traversed the pass of Guaitara, which led to the valley of Zangalla, where Almagro was at present established, and which should have been effectually closed against him—it became the necessity of the latter to make his way, with all expedition to Cuzco, where he might prepare himself for his enemy with all his strength. He himself, from disease, was unable to command. His lieutenant was Rodrijo de Orgoñez, an officer of great courage and ability, who had held the rank of ensign under the Constable de Bourbon, at the famous sack of Rome. He was a good soldier, but seems to have been more prompt than judicious. His counsel, had Almagro taken it, would have relieved him from the enemy immediately opposed to him. He earnestly counselled, while Hernando Pizarro was a prisoner, that he should be put to death. He knew the Pizarro's better than Almagro. It was now too late for reproaches on this score. Nothing remained but to fight the enemy whom they had suffered to escape. Orgoñez, mustering his forces, left Cuzco, and took post at a place called Las Salinas, but

half a league from the city. The choice of ground was injudicious, since it was uneven and broken, and was thus unfavorable to the movements of calvary, in which the chief strength of Almagro lay. He was counselled against the position ; but insisted upon it, because he was, in some degree, protected by a little stream which flowed along a marsh directly in his front. His force, in all, was about five hundred men, half of which were cavalry. These he divided into two equal bodies, which, with six small pieces of cannon, he posted on the flanks of his infantry. Thus prepared, he awaited the approach of his enemy. The forces of Hernando Pizarro were more numerous. His strength, in arquebusiers, was greater than that of Almagro ; his horse inferior. He drew up his men in an order of battle, like that presented by his opponent ; his infantry occupying the centre, while his cavalry were placed upon his flanks. One corps of these, he placed under Alonzo de Alvarado ; the other, he himself commanded. The infantry was headed by his brother, Gonzalo, supported by Valdivia ; whose disastrous fortunes among the Araucanians, at a subsequent period, form the burden of the melancholy Epic of Ercilla. As both of these Spanish armies were engaged in doing battle for the faith, mass was said ere they went into the fight. It was not the least curious part of this spectacle, that the surrounding hills were covered with multitudes of the natives eager to behold that struggle between the Spaniards, in which, whatever side might be victorious, they should still be able to exult in the defeat of an enemy.

The battle was begun by Gonzalo Pizarro, who boldly led his infantry across the marsh and river, which lay in front of the forces of Orgoñez. This passage, made under the heavy guns of the latter, was not effected without loss. The leading files of Gonzalo were thrown into confusion, but their order was restored by the passionate appeals and the gallantry of Gonzalo and Valdivia. Once in possession of the solid ground, their fire proved superior to that of their enemy, scattering his spearmen, and sorely distressing the cavalry on his flanks. Taking advantage of the moment, Hernando united his two bodies of horse, and crossed them under this fire of his infantry. The marsh once passed, he darted at once upon his opponents. Orgoñez, forming his two squadrons of horse into one, after the

manner of his assailant, spurred gallantly forward to the encounter. The terrible shock which ensued was greatly to the admiration of the Indians, by whom the hill-sides were covered. Their yells of delight hailed the mutual overthrow of their enemies, and must have sounded in the ears of the combatants with a curious significance that denounced the folly of a contest, which was likely to be so fatal to the successful, no less than the overthrown. The conflict that followed the first shock of the encounter, was broken into so many personal combats, in which the bitterness of individual quarrels, hates and jealousies, gave a peculiar fervor to the sharpness of ordinary collisions. A series of duels ensued, marked by such incidents as were frequent in the strifes of the middle ages,—incidents of remarkable valor, and of a brutality no less remarkable. Orgoñez was overthrown after he had achieved deeds of great valor; he yielded his sword to a menial, only that its blade might be thrust into his own heart. Their leader slain, the fight went against the forces of Almagro. His infantry sunk under, and were scattered by the superior fire of Hernando's arquebusiers. The latter was wounded in a personal conflict with Pedro de Lerma; but his triumph was complete. Almagro, too feeble to sit, reclined on a litter, and, from a neighboring eminence, surveyed the progress of the conflict. When the issue was no longer doubtful, he mounted a mule, and sought to escape by flight, but was pursued and taken. That he was not slain by his captors, was his misfortune. He was rescued for a more conspicuous mode of death. He was tried under various charges by judges who needed no proofs for his condemnation; and though, forgetting his distinguished career as a soldier, he abjectly entreated his conqueror to spare his life—reminding Hernando of his own forbearance when the latter had been his captive, he was suffered to implore in vain. He suffered by the *garrote*, in prison, and was decapitated in the great square. "Thus obscurely," says Mr. Prescott, "in the gloomy silence of a dungeon, perished the hero of a hundred battles!" He was about seventy years of age at the time of his execution;—a brave man, but a weak one;—evidently the victim to his own passionate caprices, and to the counsels of those who knew how to influence his erring and evil moods. Such a man must always be the loser in a collision with a cool, circumspect

and determined character, like that of Francisco Pizarro; who, with no less valor, had more deliberation, and with a mind as eager after conquest, was possessed of a sagacity and forethought, which made him equally considerate of the future as the present—who used the present with a due regard to the future, and who was never so feeble in the present, as not to be able to reserve some hidden resources to be used hereafter. Almagro, with many wrongs to complain of, had put himself in the wrong in seizing upon Cuzco. He paid the penalty of his error with his life.

The death of Almagro brought much odium upon the Pizarros. Francisco disclaimed it, but was no doubt quite as guilty as Hernando. The followers of Almagro, particularly his officers, denounced the crime, and several of them refused to serve under Pizarro. When Francisco visited Cuzco, which he did soon after the execution of Almagro, Diego de Alvarado, one of the friends of the latter, applied to him for the government of the Northern Provinces in the name of young Almagro, whom his father had consigned to his protection. Pizarro answered that "the Marshal, his father, by his rebellion, had forfeited all claims to government." In the same spirit he treated all the followers of Almagro, confiscating their estates and transferring them to his own people. For his own brothers he provided amply. To Gonzalo he gave a strong force, with which to act against the natives of Charcas, a hardy people occupying the territory assigned by the crown to Almagro. Gonzalo met with much severe fighting, but succeeded in reducing the province to obedience. This country included the silver treasures of Potosi, upon which Europe has been drawing for so many generations. Hernando Pizarro was the first European to break the crust of this rich region. His policy was to provide himself with a sufficient treasure, to enable him to appear with impunity at court. Thither, Diego de Alvarado and other friends of Almagro had already repaired, and were now industriously engaged in urging the claims of his son. Hernando in possession of the requisite gold, had no apprehensions from this quarter. But he had his misgivings on separating from his brother Francisco, who was no longer the vigorous and active soldier of his early manhood. "Before his departure, he counselled his brother to beware of the 'men of Chili,' as Almagro's followers were called ;

desperate men, who would stick at nothing, he said, for revenge. He besought the governor not to allow them to consort together in any number within fifty miles of his person; if he did, it would be fatal to him. And he concluded by recommending a strong body guard; "for I," he added, "shall not be here to watch over you." But the Governor laughed at the idle fears, as he termed them, of his brother, bidding the latter take no thought of him, "as every hair in the heads of Almagro's followers was a guaranty for his safety."

Success had rendered Francisco Pizarro too confident of his fortunes. Hernando better appreciated the danger than himself. He was less sagacious in respect to himself and his own affairs; since his arrival in Spain, in spite of his treasure, was met by the indignation of the Court. He was thrown into prison, and when he emerged from his bonds, after a lapse of twenty years,—a generation had passed away—his youth had gone, and with it all the high hopes and exulting spirit which he had carried with him from Peru. Still he survived long enough to see friends, foes and kindred cut off by battle, in strife and under the blight of age, and died at the extraordinary age of *one hundred*. He was a remarkable man, brave, acute, circum-spect and vigorous in all his enterprises. He had a better education than the rest of his brothers; was quick in his perceptions and fruitful in resources; but his good qualities were impaired and enfeebled by his insatiable avarice, his sleepless and unlimited ambition, the arrogance of his pride, and the vindictiveness of his temper.

The treatment of Hernando Pizarro, at Court, was probably due quite as much to the doubts which were entertained of the loyalty of the brothers, as to a sense of justice and sympathy with Almagro. The state of affairs in Peru rendered necessary the interference of the Crown. But the mode of procedure was a matter of considerable difficulty. Peru was quite too remote from Castile to be managed by the government at home, and to appoint an officer with such a commission as would seem to threaten that of Francisco Pizarro, might be to force that unscrupulous Commander into such an exercise of his authority, now firmly established in the country, as would shake it free entirely of the Crown. The proceedings in the case of Almagro, and of Almagro himself, were enough to alarm

the Government for the loyalty of adventurers who had shown themselves so reckless. Some one was to be sent, therefore, who should exercise a concurrent power with Pizarro, while seeming to act only in subordination to him. For this purpose, the Licentiate Vaca de Castro was chosen, a learned man, of integrity and wisdom, of great address and great knowledge of character. "His commission was guarded in a way which showed the embarrassment of the Government. He was to appear before Pizarro in the capacity of a royal judge; to consult with him on the redress of grievances; to concert measures for the prevention of future evils; to possess himself of the condition of the country and transmit his intelligence to Court; and, in case of Pizarro's death, to produce his warrant as royal Governor, and claim the obedience of the authorities throughout the land."

While these things were in progress in Europe, and the Licentiate was on his way to America, Francisco Pizarro was conducting the affairs of Peru, with a strong and not injudicious hand. Now fighting and now treating with the Inca of his own making, he was by no means neglectful of the general interests of his government. He established military settlements in the districts where the natives were most disaffected; invited colonists; protected them in their wild possessions; gave an equal eye to commerce and agriculture, and judiciously planted his colonies and cities with a view to the native wealth, or the facilities for trade, which the several localities promised or presented. Lima was his favorite capital, but he provided for, and established other settlements along the Pacific. The fields were cultivated; European seeds imported; the mines were worked; and the country began to flourish under a sagacious administration, while emigrants flocked in from every quarter, satisfied now, that the region was in their possession where the precious metals really grew. Nor did the Governor neglect the contiguous countries. Valdivia was sent on his memorable expedition to Chili; and Gonzalo Pizarro was assigned the government of Quito, with instructions to explore the unknown countries to the east. In the interval which seems to follow in the affairs of Francisco Pizarro, we will trace the progress of Gonzalo.

Gonzalo Pizarro, though inferior in talent to his brothers, inherited their bravery, and many of their qualities. His

birth was obscure like that of Francisco. He was bred a soldier, and distinguished himself by his skill in martial exercises; was an excellent horseman, and esteemed one of the best lancers in Peru. Equally courageous with his brothers, and quite as unscrupulous in his measures, he had neither their coolness nor their craft. His temper was confiding; his address frank and soldier-like; his spirit high and adventurous, and he was popular with his followers, into whom he could infuse his own eager impulse and impetuous courage. As a guerilla chief, to move promptly in bold and hazardous expeditions, there was none better. It was his misfortune to be called to the exercise of other and higher commands. The appointment to the government of Quito was grateful to his ambition, as it opened to his view a new field for conquest and discovery. He soon proceeded to enter upon his government, and to collect followers for his enterprise. The region which he prepared to explore, was reported to be one of oriental attractions. It had long appealed to the imagination of the conquerors. Gonzalo found little difficulty in mustering a force of nearly four hundred Spaniards, and four thousand Indian auxiliaries. One hundred and fifty of his command were mounted, and all were admirably equipped. A large supply of provisions was procured, and an immense drove of hogs, following in the rear, seemed to offer a sufficient guaranty against famine. He set out on this famous expedition in the beginning of 1540. At first, while he traversed the immediate territories of the Peruvian Incas, his progress was sufficiently agreeable. But he soon passed into a different region. In the intricate and lofty ranges of the Andes, our adventurers soon began to shiver beneath the icy blasts that swept down the frozen sides of the Cordilleras. Descending the eastern slopes, the bitter cold was exchanged for the most stifling heat. The earthquakes which had convulsed the mountains over which they came, and terrified them with the sights of villages engulfed, now gave way to such storms of thunder and lightning, as threatened dangers equally terrible and sudden. Months of travel, enlivened only by danger, horrors and extreme suffering, brought them at length to *Canelas*, the Land of Cinnamon. The trees of spice were around them in abundance, but of no profit to them where they were. Seduced by assurances from the natives of a rich country yet beyond, inhabited

by populous nations and abounding in the precious metals, they continued their progress to a region of new fatigues and dangers. Interminable forests environed them, the magnitude of whose trees was itself a terror. Their provisions were spoiled, their live stock were either consumed or had escaped, and the thousand dogs which formed a part of the military strength of the army, were now butchered to furnish food for their masters. To this lean and loathsome food succeeded the use of roots and herbs of the forest, which they were compelled to eat, though doubting, at every morsel, whether it was not bane as well as nutriment. Thus groping onward, the Spaniards came to "a broad expanse of water formed by the Napo, one of the great tributaries of the Amazon." The course of this stream, they followed in search of a more practicable route. "No living thing was to be seen but the wild tenants of the wilderness, the unwieldy boa and the loathsome alligator basking on the borders of the stream." They crossed the river, but gained nothing by the exchange. Occasionally they met with tribes of Indians, from whom they got little but battle and defiance. They heard of a fruitful country below them, and toiled in pursuit of it, until worn out with fatigue and suffering; when Gonzalo resolved to construct a bark large enough to transport his baggage and the feeblest among his followers. Two months were consumed in the construction of a brigantine, which carried half the company—the first vessel of European build which had ever floated on these inland waters. The command was given to Francisco de Orellana. The troops marched along the course of the river, the brigantine keeping pace alongside. In this manner, the progress was continued for weeks, until they had devoured the last of their horses, their saddles and the leather of their belts. They fed upon toads, serpents and other reptiles; and hearing of a still greater river flowing into the east, into which the Napo emptied, the mighty Amazon itself, Gonzalo resolved to encamp where he was, and despatch Orellana with the brigantine, to the confluence of the waters, where he was told lived a populous nation, to procure a supply of provisions. With fifty cavaliers, accordingly, Orellana undertook the voyage. He was soon out of sight. Weeks elapsed, and still the wretched Spaniards strained their longing eyes along the water in search of the returning barque. They watched

in vain. Unable to endure the suspense, in the misery which was consuming them, Gonzalo determined to resume his march towards the junction of the rivers. It required two months to accomplish this formidable journey. They reached the Amazon, the most majestic of American rivers, but found the country as sterile as that which they had left, and inhabited by races yet more ferocious. They saw no brigantine, and while they lamented the fate of their comrades whom they supposed to have perished by famine or by the hands of the natives, they were surprised by the appearance of a white man, famine-stricken, and half naked, who approached them from the woods. It was Sanchez de Vargas, a cavalier of character, who had a tale to tell as dismal as their own. Orellana had abandoned them! With his barque upon the Amazon, he conceived the idea of descending the great river to its mouth, resolved to visit the rich nations that were reported to dwell upon its borders, emerge upon "the great ocean, cross to the neighboring isles, and return to Spain, to claim the glory and the guerdon of discovery." The excuse offered for this treachery, was found in the fact that he could procure no supplies for the comrades he had abandoned, that he could not make head with his brigantine against the current, and that the journey by land was not to be entertained for a moment. But he could have waited for his companions. It may be briefly mentioned in this place, that he succeeded in his purpose, descended the river safely, crossed the ocean to Spain, was honored with a commission to make the conquest of the region he had traversed, but reaped no further reward from his treachery. He died on the returning voyage, and without enjoying "the undivided honor of giving his name to the waters he had discovered."

The wretched cavalier whom Gonzalo thus encountered, and from whom he received the tale of Orellana's treachery, had opposed himself to the design of his captain, and was abandoned, in consequence, to the situation in which Gonzalo found him. His story froze utterly the hope which, till this moment, had warmed the courage of the Spaniards. They yielded themselves up in despair. But their commander rose to the emergency with the courage and soul of a Pizarro. He determined to return to Quito, from which they were now four hundred leagues. He

promised his soldiers that they should return by another route. He encouraged their hopes. He raised their resolution. A year was consumed in the homeward march, but they achieved it—achieved it through perils and distresses even greater than those which had accompanied their outward progress. Their numbers had diminished to eighty, and more than two thousand of the Indian auxiliaries had perished. The expedition which they survived, for its duration and hardships, is perhaps without a parallel in any history.

Gonzalo Pizarro reached Quito only to unfold a chapter of disasters even more extreme than those which had marked his own expedition. "A revolution had taken place during his absence, which had changed the whole condition of things in Peru." The "men of Chili," against whom Hernando had counselled his brother Francisco, had naturally transferred their attachment from the elder Almagro to his son. This youth, the son of Almagro by an Indian woman, possessed many of the best qualities of his father, whom he resembled, and like him, had the happy faculty of securing the affections of his followers. Like them, the overthrow of his father, reduced him to great distress. The decided adherents of Almagro, distrusted by the Pizarros, received no employment at their hands, and remained in such destitution, that it was commonly said that a dozen cavaliers, having but one cloak among them, were compelled to wear it by turns. They suppressed their hostility to Pizarro with commendable patience, as they had heard of the appointment of Vaca de Castro, and looked for his coming to afford them the redress and remedy which they desired for their wrongs. But the squadron in which that officer had sailed, was dispersed by a storm; most of the ships had foundered, and he was supposed to have perished with the rest. The adherents of Almagro, impatient under the sway of Pizarro, subjected by some of his baser followers, to the most contumelious treatment, and now hopeless of the appearance of the Royal Commissioner, determined to take the matter into their own hands; and came to the desperate resolution of assassinating their enemy. Young Almagro does not appear to have been a party to this decision, but he was no doubt aware of all the purposes of the conspirators. His own quarters were their place of rendezvous, and here eighteen

or twenty in number, they were to assemble on Sunday, the 26th day of June, 1541, for the purpose of carrying their design into execution. One of the conspirators under some compunctious visitings of conscience, declared the plot to his confessor, who lost no time in reporting it to Picado, the Secretary of the Governor. But whether Picado, who was of a frivolous and worthless nature, slurred over his communication, when he made it to Pizarro, or that the latter overrated his own securities, it is certain that he treated the matter with contempt. No precautions were taken. The Judge, Velasquez, to whom Pizarro communicated the intelligence, instead of ordering the immediate arrest of the conspirators, confirmed the Governor in his indifference, assuring him that, "while the rod of justice was in *his* hands, no harm should come to him." Still, it was deemed advisable, to obviate every possibility of danger, that Pizarro, on pretence of illness, should refrain from going abroad, on the day assigned for the assassination. This decision increased the audacity, with the alarm, of the conspirators. Their scheme had been laid to assail him as he came from mass. When it was found that he remained at home on Sunday—so different from his usual habit—they immediately came to the conclusion that their plot was discovered. It was decided then, that their only chance of safety, was in assaulting him instantly and in his own dwelling. What they resolved to do, that they did with sufficient boldness. They were led by one Juan de Herrada, a man of years, who still preserved all the fires of his youth. Throwing open the doors, he rushed forth, compelling his associates to follow him, by declaring that if they did not, he would denounce their proceedings to all whom he met. They could hesitate no longer, and with cries of "Death to the Tyrant!" they darted through the public *plaza*, on the opposite side of which stood the Governor's palace. It was approached by two court yards, the entrance to the outer of which, was protected by a massive gate, which, if closed, might have been kept against a hundred men. They found it conveniently open; and still shouting their cry of murder, they rushed towards the inner court. Here they met two domestics, one of whom they slew, while the other fled, giving the alarm. Pizarro had just dined, and was surrounded by a party of friends. Among these, was his half brother, Don Marti-

nez de Alcantara, the Judge Velasquez and several cavaliers, to the number of fifteen or twenty. Some of these made their escape by a corridor, from which they let themselves down into the gardens. They were unarmed, and might be excused for their precipitate flight from a danger which they had not the means to oppose or avert. Pizarro, as soon as he learned the nature of the tumult, "called out to Francisco de Chaves, who was in the outer apartment opening on the staircase, to secure the door, while he and his brother Alcantara buckled on their armour. Had this order, coolly given, been as coolly obeyed, it would have saved them all, since the entrance could easily have been maintained against a much larger force," until assistance from without could be received. Chaves, unfortunately, instead of obeying his superior, stopped to parley with the assailants, and was run through the body for his pains. The attendants of the murdered cavalier soon shared his fate, and the conspirators then rushed into the apartment. Here they were encountered by Alcantara, assisted by two pages of Pizarro. A desperate struggle ensued, in which two of the assailants were slain, while Alcantara and the pages were repeatedly wounded. Pizarro, unable in the hurry of the moment, to adjust the fastenings of his cuirass, now threw it away; and wrapping one arm in his cloak, seized his sword with the other, and sprang to the assistance of his brother. He came too late, and only in time to see his fall. Though now sixty-five years of age, the Governor threw himself upon his enemies with the courage and dexterity of a more youthful cavalier. "What, ho!" he cried, "Traitors! have you come to kill me in my own house!" He dealt his blows with rapidity and force. Two of the conspirators fell beneath his weapon. But they rallied, and were enabled by means of their numbers to relieve each other in a combat which must soon terminate in the exhaustion of the single champion. But the entrance was narrow, and the conflict was a protracted one. Impatient of the delay, at length the fierce Juan de Herrada taking one of his companions, Narvaez, in his arms and using him as his shield, thrust him directly on the Governor. The sword of the latter instantly passed through the body of Narvaez, but before he could extricate it, the weapon of Herrada was in his throat. Twenty more swords were thrust through him as he sank on the floor,

with the name of "Jesu" upon his dying lips, and his feeble fingers striving to trace the figure of the cross on the bloody ground beside him. Thus perished Francisco Pizarro, a man remarkable amidst many vices, for his character, his courage, his capacity for endurance, his enterprise, his cool head and determined spirit. In the interesting analysis which Mr. Prescott has made of the character of this distinguished adventurer, we have some doubt whether he does not underrate him unjustly, when he compares the circumstances in his career, with those of the Conqueror of Mexico. It is true he makes occasional allowances for the inferior training and education of Pizarro, but he does not always keep this in mind in making up his estimates.

When he compares the massacre committed by Pizarro on the Peruvians on the seizure of Atahualpa, to that of Alvarado when left by Cortés in charge of Mexico, and speaks of it as an event that might have been as disastrous in the one case as the other, but for the milder character of the Peruvian people, he is not disposed to accord the estimated result to the policy of Pizarro. "The blow which roused the Mexicans to madness, broke the tamer spirits of the Peruvians. It was a bold stroke, which left so much to chance, that it scarcely merits the name of policy." The result is in proof to the contrary. The capture of Atahualpa was eminently successful, and, much more than that of Montezuma, paved the way for the conquest of the country. And why should it not have been the policy of Pizarro to strike this terror into the Peruvians,—assuming, as we may safely venture, that by this time so old a soldier, who had been with Vasco Nunez and other leaders, had some sufficient knowledge of the relative respects in which the Indian character might be supposed to differ, and that he calculated to produce the very result which he desired, in this sanguinary proceeding. The very inequality of his force to the work before it, rendered necessary some such extraordinary measure as that which he attempted. Cortés had much in his favor which Pizarro did not possess. He had a larger and better army—the superstitions of the Mexican monarch and of the priesthood were in his favor, and he had allies besides, in the Tlascalans, a military and powerful people, who, without his succour, had been able to maintain their independence in defiance of the Mexicans, at their very doors,

when all other tribes and nations were trampled down or incorporated with the adventurous and valiant conquerors. We are bound to accord to Pizarro all the credit of the policy which, he deliberately employed, even against his counsellors, the results of which are admitted to have facilitated his designs. The great mistake was in the cruel execution of Atahualpa, who should have been guarded and protected to the last, and, at the worst, could have given them no greater trouble than did the Inca Manco, the monarch of their own creation. Generally speaking, the policy of Pizarro was far inferior to that of Cortés, but his indiscretions were scarcely more frequent. His policy was chiefly inferior, because of his inferior morality. His will was more powerful than that of Cortés, but his objects were less noble and his ambition far less elevated. His heart was hollow and corrupt, his faith in man was too humble to allow him properly to estimate the claims of others or to do justice to his own. And yet his civil government was quite as comprehensive, as beneficial and marked by as sound a judgment as that of Cortés. But we leave him to another tribunal.

The conspirators by whom Pizarro had been slain, seized upon the power of the country, where they could, and proclaimed young Almagro Governor. Where his authority was proclaimed under the support of the military, it was acknowledged; but several of Pizarro's officers, who had commands of troops, withheld themselves, and took active steps against the usurpation. Among these were Alvarez de Holguin, who lay, with a considerable force, near Lima; Alonzo de Alvarado, who lay in the north with two hundred men, and Benalcazar, the conqueror of Quito. These all prepared to rally around the Licentiate, Vaca de Castro, the Commissioner of the Crown, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, but who had at length arrived safely in Peru, in season to meet the emergencies of the country. He had, if we remember, a commission as Governor, in the event of Pizarro's death. The contingency thus provided against had occurred, and the Licentiate prepared to act upon it. Alonzo de Alvarado, on receiving tidings of his general's assassination, at once wrote to Vaca de Castro, advising his rapid movement to the south; Benalcazar joined him with his forces, and Gonzalo Pizarro sent in his adhesion. The Licentiate proceeded towards Quito, where

he displayed his commission and set up the ensigns of authority. This he followed up by sending emissaries to the principal cities, requiring their obedience. For this purpose he employed discreet representatives, and, in order that time should be allowed for his requisitions to take effect, he pursued his march towards the south with the utmost deliberation. The Spaniards are a loyal people,—where they lose nothing by it,—and on this quality the new Governor placed some reliance. Indeed, it had its effect in discouraging some of the purposes of the faction of Almagro, since many of his officers opposed themselves to any movement which might bring them into direct collision with the crown. This young officer was surrounded by numerous restless and impatient spirits. His chief lieutenant and counsellor, Juan de Herreda, died soon after the arrival of de Castro. The officers immediately after him, in the favor of Almagro, were jealous of each other, and strife among them was succeeded, in one instance, by assassination, their General, for his own safety, being compelled to assassinate the murderer in turn. These circumstances show a condition of affairs which promise badly for the success of rebellion. But Almagro was a youth of ability and was not disheartened. He proceeded to the work before him with a becoming spirit, skill and energy. He cast cannon, manufactured gunpowder, and, with the assistance of certain Greeks in his pay, made helmets and cuirasses of mixed silver and copper, so admirably as to vie with those from the famous workshops of Milan. He was assisted, strange to say, in thus preparing himself, by the Inca Manco, who, not unwilling to promote the mutual destruction of the invading race, readily supplied him with such implements of war, swords, spears, shields, and weapons of every description, as were to be found in his armory, consisting chiefly of the spoils which he had acquired at the famous siege of Cuzco. Manco also promised him the support of the native troops. Thus encouraged, Almagro was yet prudent enough to attempt negotiation. But his application to the Governor received no answer, and he prepared for the final issue of arms. He grounded his proceedings on the fact that the Licentiate had received no appointment from the crown over the territory of New Toledo, settled on his father, and, by his father, bequeathed to him ;—that his efforts were only for the recovery of his

inheritance, and that, in denying him this, Vaca de Castro exceeded his authority and provoked hostilities himself. But Almagro did not do justice to the commission of the new Governor, which contemplated the pacification of the country, the punishment of offenders, and gave him, in the prosecution of these objects, a very ample discretion. The force of Almagro amounted to about five hundred men, two hundred of whom were cavalry. His infantry, formed of arquebusiers and pikemen, was excellently equipped, and many of his horse were clad in complete mail. But his chief strength lay in his heavy ordnance, consisting of sixteen pieces, large and small, forming a beautiful park of artillery. At the head of this force, Almagro left the city of Cuzco, about midsummer, 1542, and moved in the direction of his enemy.

Vaca de Castro, meanwhile, had not been idle, but his proceedings, though less ostentatious, had been quite as effective for his purposes. He had been gaining friends, been confirming the doubtful in their loyalty, and had so discreetly managed as to secure the affections or the respect of all those with whom he came into contact. He had been particularly successful in reconciling the jealousies and disputes among his leading officers, so as to prevent those assassinations which young Almagro was compelled to behold, and in which, for his own safety, he had to participate. Vaca de Castro was no soldier, but a scholar, bred to the law; but he had the art to manage soldiers; and though totally unpractised in military affairs, he could, upon any occasion, and when necessary, take his part in the services of active warfare, with that capacity, afforded by a generally excellent judgment, which could not help acquiring, with the will to do so, the knowledge of what was right and proper in the exigency. At Xauxa, he mustered his forces, and found them to amount to seven hundred men. His chief strength lay in his cavalry, which was superior in numbers to his opponent, but not so well equipped or mounted. His infantry, besides pikes, was indifferently well supplied with fire-arms; but his artillery, consisting of three or four miserable falconets, was not to be named with that of Almagro, in which the chief strength of the latter lay. Thus then, with a force and materials decidedly inferior to his enemy, Vaca de Castro was yet bold enough to reject the proffered services of Gon-

zalo Pizarro, just returned from the "land of cinnamon." He was probably governed in this rejection, by a remembrance of the cause of his original appointment, which had been made with a due regard to the apprehended usurpations of the Pizarros—their arrogance, and the restless and grasping spirit by which they were governed. Besides, he might yet have to sit in judgment upon the case of the Pizarros, in regard to their treatment and murder of the elder Almagro. But, in rejecting the services of Gonzalo, he did so with great kindness and courtesy; thanking him for the promptness with which he had offered his support—which he promised to seek as occasion should require it,—and advising him to remain in his province, and take his rest after his late wearisome expedition. Advised that Almagro was about to occupy a fortified place of considerable strength, about thirty miles from Xauxa, called Guananga, Vaca de Castro, by forced marches, succeeded in anticipating him. At Guananga, he received a second embassy from Almagro, deprecating hostilities and proposing an accommodation which should put him in possession of the government of his father. To this, the Licentiate replied, by demanding the delivery of all those implicated in the murder of Pizarro, and the disbanding of his troops. A compliance with these conditions would secure him a pardon for his treason, and a reinstatement in the royal favor. Almagro laid these terms before his captains, who, as a matter of course, rejected them with indignation. Nothing remained but the last issues; and they demanded to be led against the enemy. The Governor, meanwhile, had withdrawn from Guananga to the plains of Chupas. Here, on the sixteenth of September, 1542, he was advised of the approach of Almagro, who was advancing with the apparent intention of occupying the highlands around Chupas. The royal troops were set in motion for the attainment of the heights by which the valley was commanded. A body of arquebusiers, supported by a corps of cavalry, was detached on this service. On reaching the eminence, it was ascertained that Almagro's forces had come to a halt, and had established themselves in a strong position at a league's distance. It was now late, and lacking but two hours to sunset, the Governor hesitated to begin the action with the prospect of being overtaken by night; but Alonzo de Alvarado counselled that, as the troops were

prepared and eager for the fight, it was better to take advantage of their ardor, than to discourage it by delay. Vaca de Castro acquiesced in this argument, and made his dispositions for the attack, accordingly,—exclaiming at the same time—"Oh, for the might of Joshua to stay the sun in his course!" In the centre he placed his infantry, consisting of arquebusiers and pikemen. His flanks were covered by his cavalry in equal bodies; the right, with the royal standard, being under charge of Alonzo de Alvarado; the left under Alvarez de Holguin,—supported by a gallant body of cavaliers. His apology for artillery was in the centre. He would have led the charge himself, but from this was dissuaded by his officers, who convinced him that his life was too large a stake, for the royal cause, to be perilled unnecessarily. He was contented, therefore, to head a body of reserve, consisting of forty choice cavaliers, drawn chiefly from the troop of Alvarado. His preparations completed, and his soldiers encouraged by a judicious speech, which appealed equally to their loyalty and cupidity, Vaca de Castro gave the order to advance. Turning a spur of the hills, they came in sight of their enemies, who occupied the crest of a gentle eminence, and were disposed in an order of battle, not unlike that of the Governor. In the centre was his powerful artillery, covered by arquebusiers and spearmen. His cavalry rode on the flanks. The troops on the left, Almagro led in person. His ground was taken with judgment. His artillery opened a destructive fire on the assailants as they came within reach. Vaca de Castro saw the danger of a direct advance upon so formidable a position; and taking advantage of a winding of the hills, his troops under the conduct of Francisco de Carbajal, were protected from the shot of the enemy, until very near him. In this approach, they were assailed by the Indian auxiliaries of Almagro, which had been furnished by the Inca; but these were soon dispersed by the fire of a corps of musketeers. When, at length, the royal troops emerged from their cover, into view, the artillery of Almagro again opened upon them with a tremendous effect. "It was but for a moment, however, as from some unaccountable cause, the guns were pointed at such an angle, that, although presenting an obvious mark, by far the greater part of the shot went over their heads." These guns were in charge of Pedro de Candia, one of the

thirteen, who so nobly stood by Pizarro, in the island of Gallo. Some disgust taken with his ancient leader, led him into the embraces of the Almagro faction. The young Almagro, as he beheld this fruitless fire from his artillery, suspecting the treachery of this man, run him through the body; and training one of the guns himself, struck down a whole file of the royal infantry with its discharge. But the time lost was not to be recovered, and a charge of the cavalry of Vaca de Castro suggested a new issue which Almagro's chivalry prompted him, though imprudently, to encounter with a similar force. Ordering the advance of his own squadron, he encountered the assailants, midway on the plain, in a shock which was doubly terrible, since the combatants, who were personally known to each other, and not unfrequently kinsmen, neither asked nor accorded mercy. The infantry, meanwhile, kept up their fire on both sides; the battery of Almagro, now well directed, mowed down the advancing columns of foot, and nothing saved them from yielding beneath its murderous discharges but the desperate valor of Francisco de Carbajal, who, throwing himself in the very path of the rending missiles, cried out to his followers, that he was "twice the mark for the enemy of any of them." He referred to his own superior size and bulk. Throwing off helm and cuirass, that he might show to his followers that he claimed no protection better than they possessed, he sprang boldly through the tempest of smoke and fire which enveloped the field. With his partizan swinging lightly over his head, he leapt upon the hostile batteries, and supported by his troops, at the happy moment, succeeded in making himself master of the guns.

Night came on, and still the fight continued, the parties striking and striving under the rival cries of "de Castro" and "Almagro," and distinguishing each other by these shouts, and by the red flag of the one, and the white banner of the other. It was a battle of frequent fluctuations. We have seen the conquest of Almagro's artillery. It was made too late and was useless to its captors, in the darkness. Holguin, who commanded on the left of the royalists, was slain early in the action; but his cavaliers still maintained the fight so vigorously, that their opponents could scarcely keep their ground in that quarter. But these advantages were more than counterbalanced in other

portions of the field. On the right, where Alonzo de Alvarado commanded, he was encountered by Almagro in person. This young man fought bravely as became his name. His eager and impetuous courage and superior numbers, bore down the opposition of Alvarado in successive and desperate charges. The inferior strength of the latter, his men being not only fewer, but wretchedly mounted and equipped, compelled him, in spite of the most astonishing efforts, to give ground slowly before his assailant, who, sure of the victory, in possession of two of the royal banners, shouted to his followers to make captives, and no longer kill their enemies. But his assurances were premature. It was now the moment for Vaca de Castro, with his reserve. He had long waited impatiently for the exigency which should justify his participation in the struggle. He dashed into the *melee* at the proper season. Alvarado's followers, late so completely overborne, now took heart and renewed the desperate conflict, when they found themselves thus opportunely supported by a new corps, eager and fresh for action. The tide was turned. But the Almagrians were loth to lose the fruits of their struggles. They rushed desperately to the charge against their new assailants. Thirteen of the fresh men of Vaca de Castro fell dead under this charge; but it exhausted the strength of those who made it. It was in vain that their young leader offered himself to the torrent of fugitives that yielded in exhaustion to the force they could no longer oppose. They bore him off with them by the sheer force of physical pressure, and dispersed in all directions from the fatal field. It was nine o'clock when the battle ceased. The number of killed is variously estimated, from three to five hundred on both sides. Vaca de Castro remained upon the field that night, keeping his troops under arms, while the Indians, who had watched the fight, through all its terrors, from the hills, now descended in the sheltering darkness, like so many vultures, to strip the bodies of the slain. Almagro fled to Cuzco, where he was arrested by the magistrates, whom he had himself put in office; was subsequently tried under a commission, and was beheaded in the great square of the city, where his father, for a similar offence, had met his fate before. He had fought gallantly, and was, in most respects, a youth of worth and promise, to whom we cannot well refuse our sympathies,

though his fate was, necessarily, due to his errors. Like his father, he was the victim of bad counsellors.

Vaca de Castro continued his career of government with the same judgment and successful policy which had already achieved so much. It was in vain that Gonzalo Pizarro sought opportunities for quarrel—sought for provocations which might seem to justify an outbreak. The Governor conducted himself with so much gentleness, nay meekness, and was, withal, so firm and so strong, that the discontented cavalier was soothed and subdued, and, taking counsel of prudence, retired wisely upon his mines at La Plata. So with numerous other cavaliers, whom the Governor employed in distant explorations along the great Rio de la Plata, and thus wisely diverted into walks of usefulness that restless spirit which, left unexercised, would have only exhausted itself in mischief and insurrection. He provided such wholesome laws for the better government of the colony, and so wisely administered its affairs, that the colonists petitioned the court of Castile to continue him in authority. But such was not the policy of the crown. He was succeeded by Blasco Nuñez Vaca, a knight of Avila, a cavalier of ancient family, but one quite unfitted to succeed to such a person as Vaca de Castro, of whose services and usefulness in Peru the home government could have but a very imperfect notion. It was particularly unfortunate that an inferior man should have been chosen for this office at a juncture when the Court contemplated an entire revolution in the practices prevailing among the Spaniards in the Indies. This revolution was chiefly due to the interposition of Las Casas, and his sympathies with the natives. The result of his good offices was a code of laws, which declared the Indians to be true and loyal vassals to the Crown, and recognized their freedom; which enfranchised slaves on the death of their present proprietors; forfeited them to all those who had neglected or ill-used them; to all those who held office under government; to ecclesiastic and religious corporations; and, lastly, to all who had taken part in the feuds of Pizarro and Almagro. This latter clause covered the whole country. It was further ordered that the Indians should be only moderately taxed; that, *where they did not choose*, they should not be compelled to labor; and that, where it was necessary to compel them, they should receive a fair compensation.

The same code decreed the reduction of all the land *repartimientos*, wherever they might be deemed excessive, and the entire forfeiture of the estate where the proprietor had been notoriously guilty of any abuse of the slave. To carry out these regulations, in a country which had always shown itself so insubordinate as Peru, it was to be governed by a viceroy who should be armed with powers becoming one who was to be the representative of his sovereign. He was to be accompanied by four judges, constituting a royal audience, with extensive powers of jurisdiction, criminal and civil. The Viceroy's court was to be established at Lima, which was henceforth to be the metropolis of the Spanish empire on the Pacific.

The system which thus revolutionized the whole state of society, the customs, the rights, the interests of all parties in Peru, was communicated to the people by their friends in Spain, prior to the departure of Vaca de Castro. They appealed to him to protect them against the tyranny of the court. He counselled them to be patient,—that their violence would only defeat their own objects,—and to wait for the arrival of the new Viceroy, who might be prevailed upon to suspend the ordinances till further advices could be received from Castile. They were not satisfied with this suggestion, but made their next application to Gonzalo Pizarro. But Vaca de Castro, who suffered no movements to escape his eye, and whose sagacity conjectured many things which he could not see, wrote to Gonzalo to be cautious, and not to suffer himself to be seduced from his allegiance by any rash desires for reform. By this active yet considerate regard to all parties and persons, and by a prompt decision, which checked every thing like seditious speech or movement, he restrained the commotions of the people, who were thus persuaded to wait with tolerable patience for the coming of the Viceroy.

This person at length reached Nombre de Dios, in Jan. 1544. Here he found a vessel laden with silver from the Peruvian mines, and ready to depart for Spain. Upon this vessel he laid his embargo, as containing the proceeds of slave labor. At the Isthmus of Panama he caused the liberation of more than three hundred Peruvian slaves, whom he sent back to their own country. It was in vain that the public authorities implored him to proceed more temperately. His reply was that he had come to execute

the laws and not to discuss them. At Tumbes, where he was well received, he liberated a number more of slaves, at the application of their caciques. Thus, step by step, the new Viceroy proceeded to outrage the feelings of the people whom he came to govern. His conversation, which was strangely unguarded, gave them still greater apprehensions. The whole country was thrown into consternation. Meetings were called in the chief cities. A deputation from Cuzco exhorted the people of Lima to close their gates against him, and it was with great difficulty that Vaca de Castro could persuade the citizens to receive their new ruler with proper respect, and give him time to revise his judgments. But the great body of the people were still dissatisfied, and made a second and more urgent appeal to Gonzalo Pizarro. He was now in a better mood to listen to their demands. The new ordinances ruined him as well as the rest, and it was reported that the Viceroy had particularly declared that he was to be dealt with according to his offences, in the matter of the war between his brother and Almagro. Among the imprudent speeches which this weak officer is said to have uttered, was one referring with contempt to the base origin of the Pizarros. "He was determined to take such measures as would rid the country from the dominion of swineherds and muleteers."

Gonzalo Pizarro, though of inferior intellect to his brothers, partook of their ambition. His interest gave force to this passion when he listened to the appeals of the Spaniards in Peru. With eighteen or twenty cavaliers and a considerable supply of silver, he repaired to Cuzco, in compliance with the invitation of the citizens. They received him with shouts, and hailed him with the title of Procurator-General of Peru. The municipal authorities, after some hesitation, yielded to his demand to be made Captain-General, with the privilege of raising and organizing an armed force, ostensibly for the purpose of ridding the country of its old enemy, the Inca Manco, who was still troublesome when an opportunity offered,—though he was not destined to trouble it much longer. He was murdered soon after by some of the followers of Almagro. Blasco Nuñez, meanwhile, continued his journey towards Lima. He met, every where, sufficient intimations of the popular feeling; but it did not lessen his determination to carry out the ordinances at all hazards. He reached the capital, and was received

in state by the authorities. His first act was to proclaim his inflexibility in respect to the offensive laws. He denied himself any discretion in the matter, and called for the implicit obedience of the people. They thought of any thing but obedience. Secret conspiracies were formed in Lima and other towns. An order of the Viceroy, to Gonzalo Pizarro, to disband his forces, was treated with contempt, and only prompted the latter to new efforts to recruit and strengthen his army. He possessed himself of the fine park of artillery which Vaca de Castro had taken from Almagro; and, with the aid of money from the royal treasury, which he did not scruple to use, he was soon enabled to set out from the capital with a force of four hundred men. His numbers, somewhat impaired by desertion, at the outset, swelled gradually as he advanced, to nearly double his original force. The Captains of the Viceroy deserted his colors for those of the rebel; until, becoming suspicious of every body, this headstrong and arrogant person even proceeded to arrest his predecessor, Vaca de Castro, whose worst offence was that of having advised him to exercise a more becoming moderation. This high-handed measure was followed by the imprisonment of several other cavaliers, on grounds perhaps quite as frivolous. Feeling his weakness, his next proceeding fully proclaimed his fears. He sent an embassy to Gonzalo, with proposals of a general amnesty, and some propositions of a more tempting character, for himself. But Gonzalo was not to be won at this late moment, and the Viceroy proceeded to prepare for war. He fortified the capital, and soon, by extravagant bounties, raised a force considerably larger than that of his enemy. But while he guarded against the foe without, he was making more formidable enemies within. Already had he differed from the judges who constituted his audience. He had rejected their counsels, and he denounced their proceedings. The matter ripened to an open quarrel. Meanwhile, a shocking act of the Viceroy, roused all parties against him, and endued the audience with a degree of courage, which they might not otherwise have shown. In a dispute with one of his officers, whom he accused of treason, Blasco Nuñez struck him with his poniard. This was a signal to the Viceroy's followers, who instantly followed up the blow by putting the unfortunate officer to death. The Viceroy became conscious of his

crime when too late to repair it. The body was secretly buried; but the affair was noised abroad; the grave was opened, and the remains of the murdered cavalier established the guilt of the criminal. From this moment he was looked upon with equal fear and abhorrence. His very friends were insecure, since the murdered person had been among the most devoted to his interests. Blasco Nuñez, in the moment of his greatest peril,—for Gonzalo continued to approach,—suddenly found himself alone. Terror succeeded to arrogance. He could no longer rely upon his troops,—and he proposed to abandon Lima for Truxillo, transferring all its population from the one place to the other. The judges opposed him. He threatened them with force. They appealed to the citizens, mustered a body of men for their protection, and finally, without the loss of a single life, succeeded in arresting the petty tyrant, and sent him off to Panama. They next turned their regards upon Gonzalo Pizarro, a more formidable adversary. The judges had no idea of sharing their power with him, and he as little of yielding his advantages to them. They announced to him that the ends had been gained for which he had been called into activity,—the overthrow, namely, of the Viceroy, and the suspension of the offensive ordinances; and required him to disband his forces and retire upon his estates. They reckoned without their host. A sharp judgment of Carbajal, (an officer of Pizarro,) upon three of the cavaliers who had abandoned that commander on the route from Cuzco, and whom he hung in sight of the city, convinced the judges of the propriety of yielding to a power whose proceedings were so summary; and Gonzalo was invited into the city. The oaths of office were duly administered by the very judges who had required him to disband, and he was proclaimed Governor and Captain-General of Peru, until the further pleasure of his majesty could be known.

Gonzalo Pizarro commenced his proceedings with sufficient vigor; banished his enemies, elevated his friends, improved and increased his forces, and built vessels at Arequipa, the better to command the seas. While thus engaged, he was apprized of the escape of Blasco Nuñez, the Viceroy, in consequence of the treachery of the officers to whom he had confided him. This dignitary re-appeared at Tumbes about the middle of October, 1544, where he

issued a manifesto, denouncing as traitors, the new Governor and all his supporters. Here, in the royal name, he called for volunteers. At the end of a few weeks, he found himself at the head of five hundred men, horse and foot, and sallied forth against several of Pizarro's lieutenants, over whom he obtained some decided advantages. But the eye of Pizarro was upon him; he was not idle, but in due season prepared to act. He was soon at the head of his little army of six hundred men, and pushing towards San Miguel, where the Viceroy had taken up his position. Here Blasco Nuñez would have awaited his approach, but his soldiers were generally raw levies, and were intimidated at the name of Pizarro. They forced him to forego his purpose, and retreat to the upper country, where they could be reinforced by Benalcazar, a veteran of whom we have heard before, first as the officer of Francisco Pizarro, and next, in the same relation to Vaca de Castro. Gonzalo lost no time, on arriving at San Miguel, in pushing after the Viceroy. He followed closely upon his footsteps, and reaching the skirts of a mountain chain, which the former had entered but a few hours before, sent Carbajal forward, with a body of light troops to overtake the fugitive. The incautious trumpets of that rapidly-moving Captain, roused the weary troops of Blasco Nuñez from their midnight slumbers. The blunder which awakened them, before the assailant was prepared to strike, was properly punished by the volley which received the pursuers. Carbajal was compelled to retreat, and wait the approach of his commander. Pizarro was greatly incensed, but Carbajal was too deservedly a favorite, and too necessary at the present moment, to be quarrelled with, or punished for his incautiousness. He was permitted, with his light troops, to resume the pursuit, which was destined to become a weary one. The route of Blasco Nuñez led him across the uncultivated valley of Caxas, which afforded no sustenance for man or beast. Day after day, was the chase continued; and so closely, that the indefatigable Carbajal frequently succeeded in cutting off the baggage and the mules of the fugitives. Famine and suffering marked, though in different degree, the tracks of pursuer and pursued. The men of Blasco Nuñez began to faint and linger by the way, and went to those who had ever deserted the banners of Pizarro, and were overtaken. The old suspicions of trea-

chery haunted Blasco Nuñez in his flight, and added to his many disquietudes. Several of his cavaliers were executed because of these suspicions, and probably without any just reasons for their doom. The jealous and irritable character of the Viceroy, conscious of his own weakness, would naturally prompt him to rash and arbitrary proceedings at such a moment. The chase continued to the gates of Quito, his northern capital, where his reception was so equivocal, that he continued on his flight to Pastos, in the jurisdiction of Benalcazar. Pizarro entered Quito but a short time after, and instantly resumed the pursuit, declaring that "he would follow him to the North Sea, but he would overtake him." At Pastos he nearly accomplished his object. His advance-guard, fainting with toil and heat, staggered feebly to the waters of a rivulet, on the opposite side of which their enemy had halted. Could Blasco Nuñez have brought his followers to the charge, this body could have been annihilated. But they had fled so long, that flight had become an instinct and they obeyed it. Pizarro continued the pursuit some leagues farther, when he gave it up. He had driven the Viceroy into the territories of Benalcazar, and found it prudent to repair the exhaustion of his troops, within his own, before rousing up a new enemy. Blasco Nuñez reached the capital of Benalcazar's province, and rested from the fatigues of a march of two hundred leagues. He recruited his spirits and forces together. Weeks elapsed, and Pizarro became impatient to see his enemy emerge from the territories of his neighbor. He employed a *ruse* to make him do so. He marched out of Quito, with the greater part of his forces, giving out that he was going to support his lieutenant in the south; and took care that this declared purpose should reach the ears of the Viceroy. His artifice succeeded. Blasco Nuñez moved upon Quito, and found himself very soon in immediate proximity with his wily opponent. Benalcazar, who commanded for Blasco Nuñez, soon discovered that Pizarro's position was too strong to be assaulted successfully, and he proposed to withdraw his forces secretly during the night, make a *détour* round the hills and fall upon the rear of his enemy. The scheme was resolved upon; but by a blunder of the guides, or from false intelligence, it was found that the army had made too great a circuit, and daylight surprized them before they were near the point of at-

tack. Failing in the effort to surprize, the Viceroy pressed forward on the route to Quito. Pizarro followed him; and gathering courage from despair, the former prepared to meet him. He marched out to the encounter on the 18th day of January, 1546. His force was little more than half of his enemy's, but his cavalry was nearly equal. The opposing armies were formed nearly in the same manner. The assault was begun by Blasco Nuñez. It commenced with volleys from the arquebusiers, under cover of which, the infantry, with levelled pikes, charged forward, and were soon engaged with the spears of their opponents. The charge of cavalry followed, and was made by the force of the Viceroy, with such spirit, that the horse of Pizarro reeled beneath it. The advantage was only temporary. The recoil of the wave bore down the assailants with irresistible torrent, overwhelming man and horse. It was in vain that they rallied and renewed their efforts. Jaded by the severe circuitous march of the previous night, they were no match for their antagonists. The dead and dying strewed the plain, man and horse piled up and struggling together. It was the wreck of the Viceroy's hope, as well as his strength. Yet he fought on with the gallantry of a knight-errant, until stricken down, perhaps mortally wounded. In this condition, his head was stricken off by the order of Carbajal, who thus revenged himself for the murder of a brother. The fate of the day was decided. The troops of the Viceroy,—such as survived,—were dispersed. But one-third of them had perished in the fight. We need waste no words upon the character of such a man as Blasco Nuñez. His brief career shows him to have been grossly unequal to his situation. He was one of those wretchedly weak men who constantly mistake the shadow for the substance, and who would have lost the empire to his sovereign, rather than have abated the exercise of the least law, by which he might avert all danger.

Pizarro used his victory with moderation. His pursuit of the fugitives was not urged. He was greatly displeased at the indignities which his wild followers had offered to the body of his enemy. He pardoned most of his captives, and took the defeated troops into his own service. His administration was seldom disfigured by acts of violence. He took care of the natives as well as his own followers; promoted religion among them; faithfully appropriated to

the crown its proper dues, and so managed the public affairs as to secure the good opinion, at least, of those he governed. Some minor insurrections put down by Carabajal, left him undisputed master of Peru. "From Quito to the northern confines of Chili, the whole country acknowledged his authority. His fleet rode triumphant on the Pacific, and gave him the command of every city and hamlet on its borders. His Admiral, Hinojosa, a discreet and gallant officer, had secured him Panama, and marching across the Isthmus, had since obtained for him the possession of Nombre de Dios, the principal key of communication with Europe. His forces were on an excellent footing, including the flower of the warriors who had fought under his brother, and who now eagerly rallied under the name of Pizarro; while the tide of wealth that flowed in from the mines of Potosi supplied him with the resources of an European monarch." This condition of good fortune unseated his discretion. He affected a degree of state which was inconsistent with the condition of a subject; and though, when counselled to make himself independent of the Crown of Spain, and assume that of the Inca's, he declined the counsel, it is yet to be conjectured that the idea was more agreeable to his vanity than offensive to his loyalty. The advice, indeed, was the best that could be given him. Unfortunately for Gonzalo, with the courage to rebel, he had not courage sufficient to become entirely a rebel. His fears, or to phrase it more tenderly and perhaps justly, his habitual dependence as a subject, were adverse to that ambition which counselled him to be a king. Besides, he still entertained hopes—in the teeth of all past experience—that he could vindicate his cause in the ears of his Sovereign, secure amnesty for the past, and a confirmation of his authority in Peru, as the successor to his brother!

He little knew the temper of Philip II., or of the government of Spain. Great was the sensation caused by the tidings of these events when they reached the Court. All parties were now agreed to condemn the unwise ordinances which had produced such terrible results; but they were all equally agreed, that the course of Gonzalo Pizarro was that of a most atrocious rebel. The government was compelled to retrace its steps, but this was not to be done through the agency of the great offender. Yet, by whom

was this to be done? The success of any proceedings, must depend wholly upon the character of the person employed. Pedro de la Gasca, an ecclesiastic, was finally chosen for the purpose. This was a most remarkable man. He had distinguished himself, while yet a youth, by his wisdom, courage and loyalty. He had been frequently employed on public affairs, and had always exhibited these possessions in a high degree. "With great suavity of manners, he combined the most intrepid resolution." His demeanor was humble without being abject, and with the acutest perception, he entertained principles of the most perfect rectitude. He was the man, if any, who could best hope to succeed in the delicate mission of rescuing Peru from the grasp of an usurper, who was not only in possession of all the essentials of power, but who had won the hearts of the people from their sovereign. He accepted the mission; but when he examined his credentials, he found that they were such as were totally inadequate to the exigency. They left him too little discretion; and he boldly asked that he should not only be the representative of the sovereign, but that he should be clothed with all the authority of the sovereign himself. The demand, which confounded the royal counsellors, was conceded by the Emperor. His commission, which styled him President of the Royal Audience, placed him at the head of all the departments, civil, military and judicial. We need not detail these powers. Enough, that they were quite as ample as he demanded or desired. He embarked for the new world in May, 1546, having with him but a slender retinue. Among them, however, was Alonzo de Alvarado, who had served under Francisco Pizarro, and who could be equally useful in negotiation or in war. He reached Nombre de Dios after a short voyage, and appearing in a modest attitude without any military array, was readily permitted to land by Herman Mexia, the officer to whom Gonzalo had confided this strong gate to his dominions. Mexia, apprised of the character of the envoy, and in some degree, of his mission, received him with the honors due to his rank. The President, as we shall now style him, briefly explained to Mexia, in general terms, the objects with which he came; told him that he came only as a messenger of peace, with authority, not only to grant a free pardon to all, without exception, who at once sub-

mitted to government, but to revoke the offensive ordinances also. As the attainment of these ends had been the sole object of the revolution, to contend longer, would be manifest rebellion, and without motive; and the convictions of Mexia, to this effect, led him to signify to the President his own prompt return to his allegiance and his hearty co-operation in bringing about the allegiance of the people. This was an important acquisition. The next step was to gain over Hinojosa, the Governor of Panama, in the harbor of which city, lay the navy of Pizarro, consisting of more than twenty vessels. To this captain, the President first sent Mexia and Alonzo de Alvarado, to advise him of the purport of his mission, and to prepare the way for his own coming. But Hinojosa was a less flexible subject than Mexia; and after he had listened with deference to the representatives of the President, he answered by a demand to see his powers and to know whether they gave him authority to continue Pizarro in his present office. The President evaded the demand, by stating that the time had not arrived for the exhibition of his powers, but that they were such as to secure ample consideration from every loyal servant of his country. Hinojosa was not satisfied; and immediately wrote to Pizarro, telling him plainly, that the President had no authority to confirm him in his government. By the same vessel which carried his message, went a Dominican Friar. The President succeeded in securing the services of this man, in the distribution of certain manifestoes, in which, while he proclaimed a free pardon to all who should return to their obedience, he announced the revocation of the offensive ordinances. Meanwhile, he gradually won to the royal cause, several of the principal cavaliers in Panama, and prevailed upon Hinojosa himself, so far as to obtain the means of directly communicating with Gonzalo Pizarro. A letter from Charles V. himself, to the ambitious chief, was thus forwarded, accompanied by another from the hands of the President. These letters were complimentary and kind, but evasive; they were politic and furnished Pizarro with the best reasons for his submission, but they promised nothing. He was simply referred to the President, as one who would acquaint him with the royal will, and with whom he was to co-operate in restoring tranquillity to the country. Other letters were forwarded, both on this occasion and by the

Dominican, addressed to other persons; all of which were admirably adapted to the degree of intelligence, and the peculiar character of the persons to whom they were dispatched. Weeks and months passed, and brought no answer from Pizarro. The cavaliers meanwhile, at Panama, who had yielded to the royal cause, were for seizing upon Hinojosa and obtaining possession of the navy. But the President rejected their offers. His successes were to be obtained by moral and not physical agencies. His despatches had been received by Pizarro; who was troubled, but not alarmed by the mission of Gasca. He determined still to exclude the latter from Peru, and in the meantime, prepared an embassy to Spain, which should vindicate his proceedings and request the royal sanction for his authority. With these despatches for government, a letter from the inhabitants of Lima was sent to the President. This advised him that he had come too late; that the peace of the country was restored; and that it was quite prosperous under the rule of Pizarro. They expressed the conviction that Gasca's presence would only renew the popular distractions, and might result disastrously to himself. The embassy having charge of these despatches, consisted of Lorenzo de Aldana, a cavalier of courage and discretion, and high in the confidence of Pizarro, and two other cavaliers. To these were joined the Bishop of Lima. An interview of the President with Aldana, resulted as it had done in the case of Mexia. He was won over by the arguments and address of Gasca, and abandoned his mission to Castile. His example of submission was followed by Hinojosa, the Admiral, who placed the government of Panama, and the fleet in the hands of the President. They surrendered their commissions and took the oath of allegiance. They were pardoned for all past offences, and with just policy and judgment, their commissions were at once restored to them. The stronghold of Pizarro, the key to his territories, and some of his best cavaliers and officers, were thus won from him by the moral and intellectual powers of a single man.

In possession of the fleet, the President adopted a more decided policy. He raised men and supplies. He spared no money in satisfying the troops, and in securing the necessary degree of support for the royal cause. Letters were written to Guatemala, Mexico and the provinces

north of Peru, requiring their assistance, whenever they should be called upon, against the insurgents; and Aldana with four vessels, was despatched to cruise off the port of Lima, with instructions to give protection to all those who favored the royal cause. He was also entrusted with authenticated copies of the commission of the Viceroy, to be delivered to Pizarro, as a last incentive to his return to his allegiance, before the gates of mercy should be closed against him. His proclamations and letters, meanwhile, were working in Peru according to the objects of the writer. The people, whom they promised to secure in their possessions, had no longer a motive for rejecting the royal authority. The changes of opinion, accordingly, though silent, were continual, and were only retained from open demonstration by the presence of a strong military authority. Pizarro was not insensible to this defection, but he deceived himself as to its extent. The despatches of the President were brought him, and a council was called, of his chief officers, to determine upon them. There was a difference of opinion. Carbajal, who had formerly counselled Pizarro to shake off the royal authority, and, uniting with a princess of the Inca blood, establish the joint influences of the Peruvian with the Spaniard, in the formation of a new empire, now recommended his submission. The times had changed. "This man," said he, speaking of the proclamations of the President, "is more to be dreaded than the lances of Castile." Unfortunately, his counsels failed through the selfish and artful suggestions of other counsellors, which better responded to the vain desires of Pizarro's own heart. He decided to reject the proffer of grace, and to throw himself once more into the arms of fortune. He had scarcely done so, when he heard of the defection of his cavaliers at Panama, the loss of his fleet, the defection of some of his principal towns in the north, and the loss of Cuzco; which had been surprized by a loyal chieftain named Centeno, who had been defeated by the troops of Pizarro in the previous warfare with Blasco Nuñez. This man, now, on the arrival of Gasca, had emerged from a cave where he had taken shelter, raised the royal standard, and, with a small body of followers, had fallen upon Cuzco in the night, and made himself master of it, for the crown. He soon allied himself with the officer who commanded for Pizarro in La Plata, and

took the field against the insurgent Governor, with a force of a thousand men.

Pizarro was sufficiently prompt in putting on his armor. With a thousand men, splendidly equipped, he left Lima, which place declared for the Crown soon after his departure. The defection was not confined to the towns. His army was seized with the same caprice, and his force was diminished, in a short time, to less than half its number. Meanwhile, the President had reached Tumbes, where he landed on the thirteenth of June, 1547. Here he was received with enthusiasm, and proceeded to rendezvous in the rich and fruitful valley of Xauxa. At this place he received advices from Centeno, informing him that he held all the passes by which Gonzalo could make his escape from the country, and that the insurgent chief must soon fall into his hands. But Pizarro, as Centeno soon discovered, was not so easy a victim. He was destined to die game. His force was but half that of Centeno, and he attempted negotiations with the latter; but the result of the correspondence was a resort to battle. The two armies met near a little town called Huarina, on the south-eastern extremity of Lake Titicaca. The conflict ensued on the day after their meeting, on the twenty-sixth of October, 1547. The army of Centeno amounted to about a thousand men; that of Pizarro to four hundred and eighty. The cavalry of the former were two hundred and fifty in number; that of the latter only eighty-five. The arquebusiers of Centeno were few; while, in this arm lay the chief strength of his opponent, admirably drilled, and commanded by Carbajal. The infantry of Centeno was inferior, consisting of levies hastily brought together and badly armed. Centeno himself was sick from pleurisy, too weak to ride and was carried in a litter. His troops were badly officered. The battle began by a charge from his infantry upon that of Pizarro, led by Carbajal, which resulted in the complete ruin of the assailants, who lost a hundred men at the first fire and were almost completely dispersed by a second. Very different was the fortune of the day with the cavalry of Pizarro, and which he himself commanded. They were almost completely ridden down by the superior force of Centeno. It was in vain that he rallied and fought with the desperate valor of the best days of chivalry. But for the wonderful success of his arquebusiers, his feeble

troop had been annihilated. They retrieved the day, and interposed for the safety of the little squadron. The cavalry of Centeno next attempted this formidable infantry. The charges were repeatedly made, but without effect. The same forest of spears met their assault on every side and repelled its fury, while the incessant volleys of shot from the arquebusiers thinned the ranks of the audacious assailants at every onset. Broken, finally, and utterly dispirited, they at length followed the example of the infantry, and abandoned the field, in which their losses had been quite equal to the boldness and frequency of their efforts to retrieve it. Pizarro pursued the fugitives but a short distance. His force in cavalry was too feeble to reap the full fruits of so plentiful a harvest. The victory was complete. No less than three hundred and fifty of Centeno's followers were slain outright. The number of wounded was even greater. The insurgent chief, who had lost more than a hundred men in the conflict, found an immense booty in silver in the deserted tents of the enemy. So confident had they been of success that the tables were spread for their refreshment, returning from the field. Well might Pizarro exclaim, as he rode across the field, "Jesu! what a victory!" It was one of the bloodiest that had been yet achieved in Peru.

Centeno made his escape. His fugitive troops fell into the ranks of the conqueror in number sufficient to more than supply the places of the slain. Pizarro marched to Cuzco, taking care to profit by his success in levying contributions from the cities within his reach, to raise means and levies for the war. He no longer thought to escape from his enemy. His success at Huarina had excited hopes for the future which the future was not destined to realize. It was his last achievement. It spread temporary consternation in the camp of the President, but had no effect in depressing himself. As he had shown no exulting anticipations in the moment when fortune was supposed to promise everything, so he exhibited no dismay at her unfriendly aspects. He proceeded to repair the ill effects of this disaster and soon succeeded in doing so. He continually received accessions of strength, since, with the moment of popular reflection, all parties were convinced that the success of Pizarro was temporary and that the legitimate authority must finally prevail. This conviction was

continually thinning the forces of Pizarro, lessening the confidence of his cavaliers, prompting their abandonment of his service, and promoting, however secretly, the discontent among his partizans. Centeno, burning to retrieve his disgrace, recovered from his illness, soon found his way to the camp of the President. Thither, also, came Benalcazar, the conqueror of Quito; thither Valdivia, celebrated as the conqueror of Chili and as the most accomplished soldier in Peru. The lapse of a few months found the President prepared to march upon Cuzco, with a force of two thousand men. Pizarro was ill prepared to encounter such an army, officered, as it was, by the most able soldiers in the country, with the prestige of royalty in its banner, and countenanced by the persons of most character and distinction in the province. But he did not appreciate or feel these inequalities. His able captain, Carbajal, alone estimated them at their full value, and vainly urged upon his superior to bestir himself. But the gay and reckless soldier preferred the luxuries and ease of Cuzco to the toils and anxieties of a camp, and he resisted that wholesome counsel which would have torn him away from these temptations. His fate decreed that his best counsellors, like Cassandra of old, should speak the truth which should find no credence. Golden opportunities were lost, good advice neglected, schemes of importance confided to incompetent persons, and the only remaining question left to him, on the approach of his enemy, was *where* he should give him battle. The spot chosen was the neighboring valley of Xaquixaguana. Hither, then, with a force of nine hundred men, the rebel commander proceeded. He had a park of artillery of half a dozen pieces, admirably manned and managed. His army, however, was composed of very discordant materials, and, in their subsequent conduct, fully justified the apprehensions of Carbajal, by whom a portion of them were suspected. Having secured himself in a strong position, Pizarro waited the approach of the enemy. It was his error that he availed himself of none of the favorable occasions offered by the difficulties of a mountain march, to retard or to defeat this approach. Numerous positions might have been taken by which the ascent of the sierras could have been overcome only at considerable waste of life. But, doggedly secure in his position, he made no efforts to thin his enemy's strength, or dispirit their courage, in their progress to

assail it. The royal army was admirably arrayed for the attack. The quick military eye of Carbajal discerned the hand of a master in its array, and exclaimed, "Surely the devil or Valdivia must be among them!" a compliment to one or the other of the two parties, upon which a faithful Spaniard alone may be permitted to decide. It was not known in Pizarro's camp that Valdivia had reached that of the President.

Pizarro formed his troops as he had done at Huarina. His greater strength in horse enabled him now to cover both flanks of his infantry. His chief reliance was upon his fire arms, if indeed he could be said to possess a reliance any where. Before the battle begun he had a sufficient intimation of the character of those upon whom his present necessities compelled him to rely. Cepeda, the chief of those whose evil counsels had conducted him to his present perils, having received his orders from Pizarro, rode forth, and to the astonishment of his followers, was soon seen making his headlong way to the camp of the enemy. Pursued by several cavaliers, one of them succeeded, by the stroke of a lance, in bringing him to the ground, and he must have been slain but for the timely interposition of a small party of the troopers on the other side, who galloped to his rescue. His example was contagious. Garcillasso de la Vega, father of the historian, a person of the highest consideration in Pizarro's army, put spurs to his horse and rode over in safety to the President, being followed by ten or a dozen of the arquebusiers. It was in the very desperation of his fears, trembling lest the delay of every moment should result in similar proofs of treachery and desertion, that Pizarro gave the signal for battle, no longer daring to await his enemy in the strong position which he had taken. But before a shot was fired a whole column of arquebusiers deserted to the opposite banner. A squadron of horse which was sent after them did likewise. The remaining troops of the rebel chief, such as were faithful, were seized with a panic, as they felt themselves betrayed to certain defeat and death. They began to disperse on all hands, some flying to the mountains and others towards Cuzco. Pizarro disdained to fly, and rode at once to the royal army, a voluntary prisoner. Carbajal was taken by the pursuers. The revolution, begun with the bloody combat of Huarina, was finished

bloodlessly. Never was so complete a route or so cheap a victory. The doom soon followed the captivity. Carbajal and Gonzalo Pizarro were executed on the day after, and on the field of battle. They died bravely—the former with a laughing indifference to his fate, and some bitter and scornful jest upon his lips; the latter with the fortitude of a man, and in the devout attitude of a christian. He was but forty-two when he perished. With the best heart he had the feeblest head of all the Pizarros. But we leave the summing up of his character to the flowing pen of Mr. Prescott.

“Gonzalo Pizarro had reached only his forty-second year at the time of his death,—being just half the space allotted to his follower Carbajal. He was the youngest of the remarkable family, to whom Spain was indebted for the acquisition of Peru. He came over to the country with his brother Francisco, on the return of the latter from his visit to Castile. Gonzalo was present in all the remarkable passages of the conquest. He witnessed the seizure of Atahualpa, took an active part in suppressing the insurrection of the Incas, and especially in the reduction of Charcas. He afterwards led the disastrous expedition to the Amazon; and, finally, headed the memorable rebellion which ended so fatally to himself. There are but few men whose lives abound in such wild and romantic adventure, and, for the most part, crowned with success. The space which he occupies in the page of history is altogether disproportioned to his talents. It may be in some measure ascribed to fortune, but still more to those showy qualities which form a substitute for talent, and which secured his popularity with the vulgar.

“He had a brilliant exterior, excelled in all martial exercises, rode well, fenced well, managed his lance to perfection, was a first-rate marksman with the arquebuse, and added the accomplishment of being an excellent draughtsman. He was bold and chivalrous, even to temerity; courted adventure, and was always in the front of danger. He was a knight-errant, in short, in the most extravagant sense of the term, and, ‘mounted on his favorite charger,’ says one who had often seen him, ‘made no more of a squadron of Indians than of a swarm of flies.’

“While thus, by his brilliant exploits and showy manners, he captivated the imaginations of his countrymen, he won their hearts no less by his soldier-like frankness, his trust in their fidelity,—too often abused,—and his liberal largesses; for Pizarro, though avaricious of the property of others, was, like the Roman conspirator, prodigal of his own. This was his portrait in happier days, when his heart had not been corrupted by success; for that some change was wrought on him by his prosperity is well attested. His head was made giddy by his elevation; and it is proof of a want of talent equal to his success, that he knew not how to profit by it. Obeying the instincts of his own rash judgment, he rejected the warnings of his wisest counsellors, and relied with blind confidence on his destiny. Gar-

cillasso imputed this to the malignant influence of the stars. But the superstitious chronicler might have better explained it by a common principle of human nature; by the presumption nourished by success; the insanity, as the Roman, or rather Grecian, proverb calls it, with which the gods afflict men when they design to ruin them.

"Gonzalo was without education, except such as he had picked up in the rough school of war. He had little even of that wisdom which springs from natural shrewdness and insight into character. In all this he was inferior to his elder brothers, although he fully equalled them in ambition. Had he possessed a tithe of their sagacity, he would not have madly persisted in rebellion, after the coming of the President. Before this period, he represented the people. Their interests and his were united. He had their support, for he was contending for the redress of their wrongs. When these were redressed by the government there was nothing to contend for. From that time he was battling only for himself. The people had no part nor interest in the contest. Without a common sympathy to bind them together, was it strange that they should fall off from him, like leaves in winter, and leave him exposed, a bare and sapless trunk, to the fury of the tempest." [Vol. ii., pp. 443-6.

The mission of Pedro de Gasca, the President of Peru, did not end with the overthrow of the rebel host; but with this event our interest in his history must necessarily terminate. We have already transgressed the limits of our Journal. Let it suffice, when we state that he finished his work with the same vigor, virtue, and admirable judgment with which he begun it; that he pacificated the country and made it equally loyal and prosperous; that his integrity was superior to temptation and his judgment to partiality or prejudice; and that, having succeeded in his mission as fully as his own hopes and desires might have contemplated, he yielded up the reins of the provincial administration into the hands of his sovereign, rejecting all reward, all compensation, and retiring upon the simple, but beyond all, satisfactory convictions, of a difficult and perilous duty faithfully and successfully performed. The narrative of his career, throughout, is in the happiest manner of Mr. Prescott, and will, by itself, sufficiently compensate the reader who will pursue it through these pleasing and instructive volumes.

ART. II.—*Ida Norman*; or Trials and their Uses. By Mrs. LINCOLN PHELPS, Principal of Patapsco Institute, Author of "Lincoln's Botany," "Phelps' Natural Philosophy," "Chemistry," &c., "Fireside Friend, &c." 1 vol. Cushing & Brother. Baltimore: 1848.

THE authoress of this work has long been known in the scientific and literary world. Having passed through all the intermediate stages, from the humble teacher of young ladies, to the Principal of a female college of the highest rank, and having, in that length of time,—some thirty years,—necessary to attaining the *ultima thule* of her ambition, implanted the seeds of virtue and knowledge in the heart and mind of many a fair daughter of Columbia; and having moreover, in conjunction with her talented sister, Mrs. Willard, of the Troy Seminary, thoroughly reformed the whole system of female education, under which the sex are allowed to attain their destined rank in creation, it is not wonderful that her reputation should have been widely diffused throughout our land. It is natural, therefore, that the announcement of a work of fiction from her pen, should have excited an ardent desire to become acquainted with its contents. Until the work was submitted to our perusal, we had many misgivings, in regard to her fitness for such a task. All her published works, with the exception of "the Fireside Friend," and perhaps another, had been wholly of an abstruse character; we regarded her altogether as a woman of science, and did not believe, that the author or compiler of works on chemistry, natural philosophy, botany and geology, could aspire to success, far less, succeed in a work of fiction and a tale of love. In this, we have been agreeably disappointed; we have derived pleasure and instruction from a careful perusal of the work, and as a token of gratitude to the author, as well as of the interest we feel for the success of her undertaking, we desire to introduce her production to the especial notice of the literary world.

This age, however extraordinarily stamped in other respects, is also, emphatically, the age of publications. Much that is good no doubt, daily makes its appearance in the world, but books of a contrary character, to an amount, infinitely exceeding the good, or the useful, in number, are

unceasingly disgorged from the teeming press. Amid this general overflow of corrupt or silly productions, demoralizing to the public taste, or distracting to the public mind, it is delightful now and then to meet with a work calculated to edify mankind,—and which, while it endeavors to please, makes pleasure the vehicle of instruction. In this light we regard the book of Mrs. Phelps. It is a novel, indeed, but no romance; we find in it no thrilling incidents to excite our imaginations, no hair-breadth escapes to disorder our nervous sensibilities, no scandalous delineations to please a morbid appetite, already pampered to the utmost. The facts which she details, are no conjurations, although the grouping of the characters is fictitious. The events are such as have occurred, and are daily occurring in the world, and the work is a story, not (as we often have it) *founded on facts*, but a story of facts. The excellence of the book consists in this, that the author has brought together in a most pleasing narrative, the events of an ordinary fireside; and has endeavored through them, to convey the most salutary instruction. The work of Mrs. Phelps, is not, strictly speaking, an allegory—nor are we able to class it under any particular head; but if we were allowed the privilege of attempting to define its character accurately, we would term it *an allegorical novel*. Pleasure and instruction,—one or both,—are the objects which every writer has in view, when communicating with the public, by the press. Through no other means can he reach the mind of the masses. Those whose only desire is to reach the public purse, through the intellect, are satisfied if they can merely please. They care not to instruct, because the multitude of readers cares not for instruction. Almost all the novel writers, with which the present age abounds, are of this description. Even the author of *Waverley*, that purest of novelists, must be classed in this category. “*The Heart of Mid Lothian*” is, perhaps, the only tale of Walter Scott, from the perusal of which, the reader rises instructed and edified. The perfection and genuine merit of every work of literary labor, consists in the combination of these two great objects. Where pleasure and instruction,—the “sweet and the useful”—are united, no faculty of the soul escapes improvement; the mind is led captive by the imagination, and what would otherwise be

dry and unpalatable, becomes captivating by the seductive allurements of fancy.

In this consists, as we have already intimated, the chief excellence of "*Ida Norman*." There is not a page,—scarcely a sentence,—in the work, that does not embody some useful lesson of instruction. These lessons are principally applicable to those who stand to each other in what are called *the domestic relations*—to parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, teachers and pupils. Mrs. Phelps has had the great advantage of filling and *fulfilling* each of those relations, and as the crowning labor of her life, gives to the world, the results of her rich experience in this permanent form.

We make these preliminary remarks, with a view to impress upon the minds of those of our readers, who may peruse "*Ida Norman*," that it is not as a novel merely, nor even principally, they must peruse it, but as a work of pleasing and solid instruction. In that aspect, we shall endeavor to exhibit her production, in this review. Trenching but little upon the narrative, losing now and then, perhaps, the thread of the story, and throwing all of *that* upon the curiosity of our readers, we will exhibit to them some of the valuable lessons of instruction in which it abounds.

The story opens with a domestic scene.

"The shutters were closed, and the rich damask curtains in ample folds, draped the windows of a splendid saloon of a marble mansion, situated in the most fashionable part of the city of New-York. A lady of delicate appearance, and seemingly of middle age, reclined on a couch of crimson velvet, while near her, in thoughtful mood, leaning on a table of Italian marble, sat a gentleman, apparently some years older. At a piano, on the opposite side of the apartment, a young girl was turning over the leaves of a music book, occasionally trying some notes of a piece, or carelessly humming the air of a song. A youth entered the saloon by an open door in a distant part of the room, and advanced toward the piano."

Here we have a group of some of the principal characters of the piece. The father a New-York politician, who, we afterwards learn, is about to embark as a minister to a foreign court—his wife who turns out to have been a *millionaire*, bred in all the extravagance of fashion,—their son Louis, about the age of fifteen years,—and daughter, *Ida Norman*, a girl of thirteen, who is the heroine of the tale. These two are spoiled children, pettishly disposed towards

every body, particularly those who love them most, and towards each other. At some peevish remark made by Louis to Ida about her music, the latter answers in an angry manner—mutual wrath is kindled, which is only prevented from bursting into a flame, by the kindly interposition of the mother.

“‘Come here, my children,’ said the lady, in a gentle voice, ‘I would speak with you.’ They advanced, and obeying a sign from their mother, seated themselves on a low divan by her side.

“She took a hand of each, and, for some moments, seemed struggling with emotions too powerful for expression. At length she said, ‘Louis and Ida, how often have I spoken to you of the pain it gives me to hear you speak unkindly to each other—how often have I warned you that the time might come when you would be left alone in the world, with few to care for you or sympathize in your sorrows; and now that we are so soon to be separated—our family circle broken up for years, perhaps forever, can you permit, for a moment, any feelings, but those of love and tenderness towards each other, to influence you?’ Louis seized his mother’s hand, pressed it to his lips, then throwing his arms around his sister’s neck, both sobbed, and comforted the mother’s heart by their unfeigned demonstrations of regret for the past, and good resolutions for the future.”

In the management of children, there are two modes of treatment, the harsh and severe,—the mild and persuasive. Some parents never meet an offence in their children, in any other way than with angry words or blows; the consequence of which, is, continual dissension; for brutal severity ever multiplies, rather than corrects, domestic offences. The infantile heart hardens under stripes, and prepares for new breaks on the first opportunity. The angry manner and violent habits of parents, are gradually imbibed by the child; and, after having tormented him through life, are transmitted to his posterity. Other parents, however, pursue a contrary course. They notice the misdeeds of their children with a calm and dignified sorrow. They awaken slumbering conscience in the infant, and add to its stings, the poignancy of regret, at having wounded the tender feelings of affectionate relatives. Like Mrs. Norman, they weep over the young delinquent; and, as weeping is sometimes infectious, his tender heart immediately melts. Affection is thus increased, at every renewal of these tender scenes, until it becomes an inexhaustible fountain, whence perpetual peace and happiness is supplied to parents and children.

Mr. Norman is on the eve of embarkation, as a minister

plenipotentiary to an European court, and Mrs. Norman feels all the embarrassment of her situation. She has not been fitted by education to be an envoy's wife; and although sufficiently resplendent as a woman of fashion at home, she knows that her little light must fade before the bright luminaries of a foreign court; whose wealth, dress and equipage, are regarded only as subsidiary to higher qualities of the mind; that in Europe, men are born to high station, and know their destinies in time to enable them to select the partners for life, with whom they are to share it; and moreover, that women are educated in the old world, with a view to political and social rank. In the lamentations which Mrs. Norman makes over her condition, are seen the evils of the mode of female education which has too generally prevailed in America, and the necessity of a thorough reformation. In a country where the people are sovereign, where the humblest individual may rise to the loftiest station in the republic, it is essentially important that women who may become the wives and mothers of future statesmen, should be qualified to fill those positions with dignity and honor. To produce this improved condition of society, by constant and valuable improvements in the art of female education, has been the life-long business of the amiable authoress of this work.

But let us hear Mrs. Norman:

"I have, indeed, been ambitious of this honor;" said she, speaking to her son, "but now that the trial is near, I shrink from the sacrifice to be made, and would gladly exchange places with the most humble of our citizens' wives, who can quietly remain in the bosom of her family, urged from them by no call of duty." "Besides, I am not fitted by education or physical strength for courts, and the fatigues of state ceremonies. I can speak no foreign language; I was never fond of books, and now am too far advanced in life to begin to study. Alas! why have I so eagerly desired honors which demand the sacrifice of all domestic enjoyments?" p. 15.

How many wives of men in high political station in this country,—of diplomatists, senators, governors and even Presidents,—have experienced similar feelings, and *secretly* uttered similar sentiments!

"The Normans were a prayerless family," says Mrs. Phelps, "devoted to the world, its pomps and its vanities;" and, even on the interesting occasion above recited, Mrs. Norman "sent her children to their nightly repose without

an evening hymn or prayer. She had not even taught them to worship their Creator in secret." Mrs. Phelps thus points out to all parents a paramount duty,—as much so as our heavenly is above an earthly parent, a duty arising out of our relation to him as our Creator and preserver. She points out, too, the melancholy fact, that just in proportion as men, by the multiplicity of rich blessings showered upon them by a merciful Providence, are bound to present to him, on bended knees, the overflowings of gratitude, in the same proportion does a sense of their great obligations subside in the mind, and cold ingratitude take possession of the heart. The inclinations of the Normans were altogether earthly.

"Political ambition was the ruling passion of Mr. Norman, while his less gifted wife sought for distinction in the charmed circle of fashion. He had been a devoted partizan in politics, and a new career of distinction now opened before him. Possibly he had his reason for wishing to leave his country, and fortune had favored his views in giving him a foreign appointment. Endowed with talents of a high order, and gifted with the power of eloquence, he had exercised those talents and wielded this power for the advancement of his own private interests, rather than for the good of his country. Naturally noble and ingenuous, he had gradually sunk the patriot in the baser aspirations of the partizan and politician, until, losing his own self-respect, he had ceased to have confidence in others. In the bitterness of his own spirit, while he acknowledged to himself that he deceived others, he felt that he was but the tool of those who had been even more successful than himself in the game of political intrigue." p. 16.

Now comes the important matter, in relation to which our authoress is perfectly at home, and in which every father of young daughters is most deeply interested—the selection of schools. As Louis Norman and his sister were too young to visit Europe with their parents, they determined to place them in boarding seminaries. But where? was the important question. In relation to Ida, it was not only important, but difficult,—so generally defective are female literary institutions, so few are there to which a parent may safely entrust his daughters. In her perplexity, Mrs. Norman resolves to consult her old school-mate and long-tried friend, Mrs. Selby, a lady distinguished for great wealth, great good sense and elegant manners, who felt a strong interest in the girl, and who also "had one fair daughter," the friend and contemporary

of Ida. There was but one point in relation to this matter, on which Mrs. Norman had resolved. Feeling her own deficiency, at this crisis, in the knowledge of foreign languages, she had "determined to select for her daughter a *French school*;" and, accordingly, she apprised Mrs. Selby of her intention. The reply of that lady is fraught with so much good sense, that we give it entire to the reader:

"But, my dear madam," said Mrs. Selby, "have you reflected that in giving your daughter an almost entire French education, you make her superficial as an English scholar. You do not, I hope, expect to become French in your feelings and tastes, or wish to bring up your children to forget their native language. You know Mrs. Vaughn has so educated her children, which, as she speaks French, is not so bad for herself, but her good mother is greatly embarrassed, for she cannot converse with her grandchildren any more than if they were Chinese;—and what renders the case more distressing, is the fact that Mrs. Vaughn is an only child, and her children are peculiarly dear to their aged grandmother. But it was her mania to bring up her daughter to be a French lady, and she now sees the ridiculous and sad effects. Mrs. Vaughn dislikes American society, our language, government and manners. Any *moustached* foreigner, with the slightest introduction, or scarcely any introduction at all, is well received at her soirees, where it is considered vulgar to speak our native language, while Americans, except such few as occupy very distinguished positions, or *can speak French*, are made to feel that they are out of place. This is certainly ridiculous. The French, themselves, ridicule the folly which leads parents to sacrifice so much to the attainment of a foreign language. You, indeed, my dear Mrs. Norman, are to appear at a foreign court, as the wife of an American minister, but this is an event not to be generally expected; while every American woman, in the higher circles, is expected to possess a knowledge of English grammar, English literature, and to be familiar with many branches of study, which can be pursued to greatest advantage through the medium of her native language. To adopt a foreign tongue as a medium to obtain knowledge, is like darkening vision by opaque glasses, when we have perfect eye-sight."

"Indeed, Mrs. Selby, I confess your arguments have weight; besides, it might not seem patriotic to give our children an exclusively French education. Mr. Norman's public station renders it very important that we should make ourselves popular, at least with our own party."

"All was now bustle and confusion at the dwelling of Mr. Norman." Amid the packing of furniture, the preparations necessary for a sea voyage and a long residence abroad, the breaking of mirrors, chandeliers and china; the disappointments by mechanics, dress-makers and seam-

stresses, and the consequent shocking of the nerves of Mrs. Norman, where was Ida and what was she about? Doubtless some of our fair readers will say, she was assisting her over-laboring mother in her exigency, and comforting her in her distraction. Had she been properly trained by that mother, such would have been her conduct. "But Ida had no idea of industry. She had been brought up to consider it as a vulgar quality, *necessary only for such as work for a living*." So, amidst all the confusion of departure, she continued to spend her time in looking listlessly out of the window, seeing the new bonnets and dresses which appeared in the streets, lounging on the sofa with a story book in her hand, or idly thrumming her piano. Here we are taught by our author the importance of industry to all ranks and conditions of life; how necessary it is to the right ordering of every household, that every member of it,—even the delicate young lady,—should study the art of industriously employing her time.

Here we would remark that it is not literally true, and therefore not correct in Mrs. Phelps to tell us, that "Ida Norman had *no idea* of industry. The sentence above shows that she had an idea of it, though it was a false one. This mode of expression is often used in conversation, and may there be tolerated. When transferred to written composition, the rules of good taste condemn it. To have *no ideas*, shows vacuity of mind; to have false ideas denotes a defect of intellect or education.

A few days after the conversation between Mrs. Norman and Mrs. Selby had occurred, Mr. Norman and his lady are represented as seated together at their breakfast table at the fashionable hour of eleven—a necessary consequence of retiring to bed "long after midnight," according to the custom of the fashionable Normans. The parties revert to the great domestic topic of the day—"a choice of schools." Mr. Norman expresses his delight that his wife prefers "SCIENCE HALL," the seminary of Mrs. Newton. The merits of that lady are discussed and Mr. Norman is warm in her commendation. In the course of it a blush spread over his cheeks, and Mrs. Norman is startled by the disclosure that Mrs. Newton, when Amelia Walsingham, had been "a *flame* of Mr. Norman." This word "*flame*" is the language of Mrs. Norman, and of course does not belong to the vocabulary of Mrs. Phelps. Mrs. Norman is

speaking in her own proper character, and must, of course, utter her own proper language. She is represented as one of the leaders of New-York fashion, and yet, in conversation, she uses a decided vulgarism. The *passion* of love is sometimes correctly called a "flame,"—the object of the passion never, except by the lower classes of society, and such inaccurate conversationists as Mrs. Norman. We have heard it so used at places of fashionable summer resort in the North, and even among fashionable coteries in the Northern cities, but always regarded both the speaker and the word as out of place. We make these remarks preparatory to the expression of a hope that, through the enlightened system of education which Mrs. Phelps and her sister have introduced, the style of social conversation may be improved, and the time soon arrive when it will be no longer said with truth that "pure English is only spoken by the English nobility."

The silliness of Mrs. Norman, is further exhibited by the jealous feelings evidently excited against Mrs. Newton by the disclosures of her husband, which finally induced her to change her mind in regard to the destination of Ida. It is still further shown in a remark which she addresses to her husband, when informed of the reason why Miss Walsingham rejected his suit, or rather, broke her engagement; *the forgery of his father's check!* "How ridiculous," said Mrs. Norman, "had you not a right to your father's money? You were his only son, and would inherit all he would leave; you were only *anticipating a little.*" Indeed, our authoress seems peculiarly desirous to paint this lady in the darkest colors, in order no doubt to give the world an example of a female, not only improperly but badly educated, and to contrast her with Mrs. Newton. *This* lady we have seen, was scrupulously severe in her ideas of morality.

"Her life had been one of sorrow and bitter disappointment, but yet she had never been an unhappy woman. Grief is not necessarily unhappiness when it springs from afflictions sent by the chastening hand of a kind Providence. Mrs. Newton felt, as her beloved children, one after another, were consigned to the grave, that she had loved them too well; and when, at last, the husband to whom she had been most devotedly attached, was taken from her, she realised that it was, spiritually, good for her that she was afflicted, and that 'whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.' She did not, like too many of her sex, when trouble assails them, resign herself to despair,

folding her hands, and throwing upon friends the burthen of fruitless attempts at consolation. After the first shock was over, she looked around to see what duty now remained to her in life—she saw herself a widow, and childless. In possession of an estate sufficient for all her moderate wishes, she might, as many of her sex under similar circumstances would have done, sought amid the brilliant scenes of fashionable society, to drown the sad voice of memory in the loud tones of mirth, or the enchanting notes of pleasure's syren song. She was still youthful in appearance, her black and glossy hair scarcely betrayed a touch of time; her eyes though oft 'dimmed by sorrow's tear,' were still beautifully expressive of the soul which waked through them; her complexion though the roses had somewhat faded, was still fair and youthful, and her step light and elastic.

"Mrs. Newton was a Christian, and believed that this life is but the entrance to one that will be eternal, and that in this probationary state we should desire to be useful rather than happy.

"Stewart Hall, had been for many years before his death, the family residence of Judge Walsingham; but the family circle gradually lessened until all but one were gone; and she, the widowed, childless daughter, walked alone through the deserted apartments; the memories of the loved and lost rose before her in mournful review—there were the portraits of her husband and children looking down upon her with smiles of love and happiness, as in times past when life was warm and each day opened on new pleasures expanding in the genial rays of affection. Her mother in the stiff cap, and spreading ruff of a former age, and her venerable father in his curled and powdered wig were there as the inimitable West had painted them, looking so like life that the heart was pained by the mockery of deception. Here was the old arm-chair of her father by his writing table; and there, on the work-stand, her mother's bible, with her small rocking chair placed as in former days near the seat of her father. The ample and well selected library was undisturbed; dusty cob-webs and damp mould spoke of desertion and solitude. The dining hall where merry voices had once resounded was silent, and echo alone responded to the sigh which escaped from Mrs. Newton, as she contemplated the lone and desolate apartment. 'This,' said she to herself, 'will never do. I should soon, in these sad contemplations lose myself, my talents and my energies, and become an unprofitable servant in the vineyard of my master. Have I nothing to do in life? are there none in the world to love? A thought strikes me—methinks I see these halls filled with happy and loving young girls, they gather around me and listen to my counsels. I no longer sigh and regard life as useless; in my garden of immortal plants, I find occupation for all my faculties, and enough to warm and quicken my emotions. The picture thus suddenly daguerreotyped on her heart remained permanent, and she sought to render it a living tableau."

Similar in many respects to the character of Mrs. Newton, is that of Mrs. Landon, another one of the *dramatis personæ* in the story. She was born and bred in affluence, had received a liberal education, and had been the school

companion and intimate friend of Mrs. Norman. "She was always industrious," says the latter lady, but pride forbade her adding, "she often helped me out with my lessons when I could not get them." Reverse of fortune had reduced her to the condition of a seamstress, in which capacity alone, was she now noticed by Mrs. Norman. Under such circumstances, Mrs. Landon was enabled to put in full force all the advantages of her early education. Having never felt the *evils* of dependence, she was resolved not to feel them now,—having early imbibed lessons of humility, she now felt it easy to practice them;—having been educated into habits of industry, labor was sweet to her in her adversity. Like Mrs. Norman, Mrs. Landon had two children only, a son and a daughter. William and Laura Landon, in infancy, had stood to Ida Norman and her brother respectively, in the relation of "*sweet-hearts*"—a relationship which Mrs. Phelps undertakes afterwards to improve into that of *lovers*. Laura Landon, through the kind importunities of Mrs. Newton, had been placed as a pupil at "SCIENCE HALL," where she was successfully cultivating her rare talents, with a view in the first place, to repay Mrs. Newton, and, afterwards, to support herself and her mother, as a teacher. William Landon had been placed in the usual road to wealth, in the establishment of Mr. Selby, a rich and highly respectable merchant of New-York. The admirable education of Mrs. Landon enabled her to teach her son English, French and Italian; and receiving from Louis Norman, as *he* learned them, lessons in mathematics and the natural sciences, he was enabled to bring to the knowledge of business, the enlightenment of literature and philosophy.

The shopping of a *millionaire*, or one who conceived herself to be such, is admirably described. Starting out in the morning with "the trifling sum of one thousand dollars to begin with," she dashes among the splendid silks, rich laces, embroidered handkerchiefs, gold watches, chains and jewelry, as though the mines of Mexico were at her disposal, and lavish expenditure, her glory and her pride. All this was with the double view of preparing for her voyage to Europe, and of fitting her daughter in a transcendent style, for the fashionable apartments of SCIENCE HALL. With all this ostentation of means, Mr. Norman was embarrassed in his circumstances. Yet he care-

fully concealed his true situation from his wife. He might, by giving her timely warning, have saved thousands of dollars, and perhaps have shunned the rock of insolvency. Many a man has been ruined by such unwise and unjust secrecy; many a man has been saved by an opportune exposure of his financial condition to the partner of his bosom. If ruin cannot be prevented, the force of the shock will be much broken by timely warning, and consequent preparation to meet it.

Ida Norman is at length ready for her departure to the temple of learning. On this occasion, Mrs. Phelps admirably describes, in the character of her heroine, all the anxieties, perplexities, hopes and fears, which usually excite a young girl at such an epoch. Here, too, for the first time, we have a description of Ida Norman herself.

"Fancy a girl thirteen years old, but mature enough to pass for fifteen, with a beautiful bust and shoulders, and her head finely placed upon her neck. She had been well drilled in attitude and carriage, and had from infancy been taught to hold her person erect, her head up, and to stand, sit, and walk gracefully. She had fine teeth, which she had regard enough for her looks to keep clean and white. Proud of a handsome hand, she had never formed the bad habit of biting her nails. She had not remarkably fine hair, but was accustomed to brush it much, so that it had become fine and glossy. That she was very proud, was rather the fault of her education, if the want of system, management, and good instruction can be called education, than a natural haughty disposition. Her passions were strong—often violent; she had seldom known restraint, or suffered disappointment, and, of course, was self-willed and exacting. She had acquired no habits of industry or application; and though she was endowed with uncommon talents, and had had the most expensive masters, little progress had yet been made in the cultivation of her mind, or in elegant accomplishments which her mother deemed of the first importance. Her dark eyes were expressive and beautiful, when lighted up by amiable feelings, but capable of speaking a very disagreeable language. The beauty of Ida Norman depended much on the peculiar expression of her features; and when happy, the glow of animation which was diffused over her countenance, rendered her very attractive."

The drive to the school; their gay and liveried equipage; the sensation produced by such an arrival, among the inmates of SCIENCE HALL; the dignified, self-collected, graceful and modest manner in which they are received by Mrs. Newton; the perfect and orderly appearance of every thing around her, are described in a beautiful and natural style. At length the period for leave-taking arrives, and

Ida Norman is left *alone*—alone, according to Byron's idea of solitude,—surrounded by strangers, in whom she felt no interest, and who had no interest in her. This was not, however, entirely her case. There was one, between whom and herself, a deep sentiment was entertained; that was Laura Landon, the daughter of a seamstress; and there was another who felt for Ida all the solicitude of a mother; nay more than the solicitude of *her* mother, because, possessed of a deep knowledge of the female heart, understanding,—more than Mrs. Norman did,—the true condition of her daughter, there was much more in her mind, than in that of Mrs. Norman, to excite a genuine sympathy and feeling. That other was Mrs. Newton. Seeing Ida leaning solitarily against a pillar, and bathed in tears, she addressed her in the kindest manner, and attempted to take her hand. "But Ida drew herself proudly back, with a gesture of mingled contempt and *hauteur*, sobbing violently, and becoming more and more excited, as she gave vent to the passions which agitated her." Mrs. Phelps's great experience in the female heart and character, enables her to describe naturally and touchingly, the scene which followed; in which is exhibited what she calls "*the first trial of Ida Norman*." Mrs. Newton finding her attempts to soothe and calm the feelings of the "new comer," fruitless, adopted another course.

"Miss Ida," said she, in a decided tone, 'I cannot permit you to allow yourself the indulgence of such excitement, and in this public place; you will please go with me to my private parlor.' Ida who took no notice of this speech but by sobbing the louder, cried out, 'I want to go home. I can't stay here, I won't stay.' Mrs. Newton rang the door-bell;—'ask Miss Wentworth and Miss Milburn, to have the goodness to come here,' said she to the servant that obeyed the summons. In a few minutes, two ladies appeared; Miss Wentworth, the elder lady, had an air of dignity and command, accompanied with a sweet and amiable expression. Miss Milburn, a young lady of winning manners, though she seemed too gentle to command, had yet a decided expression, almost at variance with her youthful and timid aspect.

"I have sent for you, ladies," said Mrs. Newton, 'desiring your assistance in conducting Miss Ida Norman to a private and retired room, where she may have an opportunity to reflect on the impropriety of her present conduct. I hope she will not render it necessary for me to keep her, for any length of time, in disgrace and confinement.'

"Miss Wentworth advanced to Ida and said, 'you may go with me, Miss, if you please.'

"'But I don't please,' screamed Ida, 'I am not pleased with any thing here, and I do not intend to stay ;—my mama said I need not stay if I did not wish to.'

"'We must, at once, terminate this disgraceful scene,' said Mrs. Newton, 'and unless you, Miss Ida, choose to walk in a proper manner with these two ladies, who will treat you kindly if you deserve it, I shall directly order that you be conveyed forcibly to a private room.'"

Some of our young readers will exclaim against this treatment, as harsh and severe. But when they analyze the conduct of the new pupil, as well as the motives of Mrs. Newton, they will find the course pursued by the latter, the only one calculated to meet the case promptly. Accordingly the most happy consequences ensue. A change commences in the heart of the girl; nor does it cease to operate until her whole nature is refined and purified.

It is not long before Ida hears of the death of a parent, and she bears the shock with all the resignation of a Christian. Intelligence of another nature soon follows, which she endures with equal fortitude. She learns that her father is a bankrupt, and that her family is cast penniless upon the world. The crowning trial at last comes, her father is not only poor, but degraded and disgraced. This for a while, is insupportable; but in process of time she gains the mastery even over this. The character of the spoiled child becomes, at length, perfected by affliction and its judicious uses. It is a character, worthy of the study of every young woman who is ambitious of excellence.

Mrs. Phelps is not satisfied with teaching us how *girls* should be educated; she offers us some admirable lessons upon the education of *boys*, and the sort of schools best calculated for their improvement. The reader will follow Louis Norman, through the various periods of his probation, with a pleasing interest. Having, for a long time, sympathized with poor Laura Landon and her brother Willie, he will be delighted to see the former married to the rich and accomplished Louis Norman, and the latter joined in partnership with the wealthy and excellent Mr. Selby. Louis Norman, under the instruction and patronage of Mr. Ashburn, an eminent lawyer of New-York, becomes an eminent member of the bar. The first cause of importance in which he distinguishes himself, is one of momentous interest to himself and his sister. In it, he endeavors to recover the vast real estate of his father, which had fall-

en a prey to a base and heartless usurer. In the midst of his speech, which is represented to have been learned and eloquent, his father, who, after an absence of many years, had, on that day, arrived in New-York, suddenly enters the hall of justice, disguised and unknown, even to his son. The glory of Louis is complete, when, on the triumph of his cause, he falls into the embrace of his long-lost father. *He* had become deeply penitent; religion had wholly changed his nature; he had returned to his country to submit himself to his creditors, and now found himself, through the exertions of his son, not only able to pay all he owed, but to retire in affluence.

There is one character in this novel, whom we had nearly overlooked,—Julia Selby, the daughter of that opulent merchant, to whom we have referred as the partner of William Landon. We are taught, by her example, that a young lady may pass through her school probation purified and refined, and yet in her intercourse with a world, which is always ready to flatter the pride and vanity of wealthy and beautiful young ladies—may still become, in all respects, the very opposite of what she had been designed for by her early education. Parents are thus instructed to pursue and enforce the labors of the teacher by continued domestic efforts, until maturity of years, and the habitual practice of virtue and religion, shall make their daughters entire mistresses of their tastes and tempers.

In this hasty notice of the work of Mrs. Phelps, we have necessarily omitted much that is extremely interesting. Our main object has been, to give our readers a *general* idea of the work, and a *special* idea of the object which Mrs. Phelps had in view, in its composition. It is emphatically, a work on *education*, and our authoress, in publishing it, is in fact, but fulfilling the meritorious object of her life. So closely connected is she with that grand pursuit; so completely is her soul absorbed by it,—that we venture to say, it would be utterly impossible for her to write on any other subject, with equal success. We have not taken time to speak of the *faults* of this work; for, like every human production, it has its imperfections. But these we are glad to say, are of a minor character, and do not interfere with the main design, or mar its usefulness. We cordially recommend this book to the careful perusal of all,—particularly of parents and children,—for whom it seems

especially designed. Some young ladies may throw it aside, because it is not composed in the glowing style of fashionable authors. It belongs to that class of books called religious novels. This, however, to sensible parents and discreet young women, ought to be its greatest recommendation. The world is too full of mere love tales, and we believe is beginning to tire of them. We are delighted when a writer, like Mrs. Phelps, comes forward to mingle instruction with the sweets of narrative,—to make the passion for novel-reading, subserve the interests of improvement; and thus, through the imagination, to reach and revolutionize the heart. To Southern readers, it will be gratifying to know, that this book, although written by a Northern lady, and professing, too, to instruct, has nothing in it repulsive to Southern taste and feelings. Alas! how seldom can we award that praise to Northern productions.

J. S. T.

ART. III.—A NEW ROUTE TO CHINA.

1. *27th Congress, 1st Session.* Rep. No. 3, Ho. Reps. *Home Squadron*, July 7, 1841. Report of MR. THOMAS BUTLER KING, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, on the expediency of providing for a Home Squadron.

2. *29th Congress, 1st Session.* Rep. No. 681, Ho. Reps. *War Steamers*, May 20, 1846. Report of MR. THOMAS BUTLER KING, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, on so much of the President's Message as "relates to the Navy."

3. *29th Congress, 1st Session.* Rep. No. 685, Ho. Reps. *Ocean Steamers*, Jan. 12, 1846. Report of MR. THOMAS BUTLER KING, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, to whom was referred several proposals for the establishment of Lines of War Steamers, coastwise and foreign, for the transportation of the Mail, and for Naval Service in case of war, in pursuance of the law of March 3d, 1843.

4. *30th Congress, 1st Session.* Rep. No. 230, Ho. Reps. *Alabama, Georgia and Florida Rail Road*, February 18, 1848. Report of MR. THOMAS BUTLER KING, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, on the Memorial of the Alabama, Florida and Georgia Rail Road Company, and of numerous citizens of Alabama and Florida, asking Congress to grant the alternate sections of the public land, through which their Rail Road will pass, in aid of the construction thereof.

5. *30th Congress, 1st Session.* Rep. No. 320, Ho. Reps. *Mail Steamers to China and Europe.* Report of MR. THOMAS BUTLER KING, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, on the advantages of employing Man-of-War-built Steamers in the Merchant Service, and on a line of Mail Steamers to China.

If any one will give the Reports mentioned at the head of this article, an attentive perusal, he will be struck with the soundness of the views, and the familiar acquaintance therein displayed, with the navy and the true naval policy of the country.

It is acknowledged by the best informed officers of the navy, that no legislator in the land, understands more of the navy, its wants, and of the true line of policy to be pursued with regard to it, than does the Hon. gentleman from Georgia, whose Reports we have in review. It is acknowledged on all hands, that the selection of Mr. King, as Chairman

of the Committee of Naval Affairs, was a good one, and that the Committee itself is a most able one. Their labors have already been such as fairly to justify the expectations which the friends of this arm have formed of them. There will not in all probability, be brought before the present Congress, a paper of higher national interest than the Report which that Committee have instructed their Chairman to bring in, in relation to a line of steamers, and increased facilities of communication with China. This is a document, which, whether we look upon it in its bearings upon commerce and the channels of trade, upon the national defences of the country, or upon our political relations, or whether we consider it as presenting a philosophical view of great and important questions,—view it as we will, it must be regarded as an able state paper.

Our readers will recollect that we some years ago called attention to the exposed and defenceless condition of the southern coast.

We showed that the Gulf of Mexico is a *mare clausum*, our Mediterranean, with but one outlet, practically; that Key West and the Tortugas command this outlet, and occupy the Gibraltar position with regard to it.

Our efforts to attract public attention to this subject, were not fruitless, for a bill was passed by Congress for putting these Islands in the proper state for defence; and the necessary fortifications are now in the process of construction.

In his Report to the 27th Congress, House Doc. No. 3, Mr. King remarked in relation to this subject:

“It is a fact, almost too notorious for remark here, that our fortifications are in a most inefficient condition. Many of those that have been completed, are not supplied with cannon; others are going rapidly to decay; some are unfinished and progressing so slowly, that it will require many years to complete them; none of them are properly garrisoned, and some have not a man to keep the gates closed.

“These fortresses have cost immense sums of money; and, if well supplied with guns and garrisons, would afford but partial protection to a few points on our sea-coast, and to our armed squadrons in time of war. They could not defend us against the armed steamers of an enemy, which might pass them in the night, or avoid them by entering harbours where there are no fortifications. This last re-

mark is peculiarly applicable to the Southern coast, where there are numerous harbours on the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, and not a fort, from Charleston to Mobile, in a condition to fire a gun. In the event of a war with France or Great Britain, the fortifications at Pensacola, and perhaps others, might be seized and held by the enemy; or any of our unprotected harbours might be entered by fleets of armed steamers, loaded with black troops from the West Indies, to annoy and plunder the country."

The Southern States present a long line of defenceless coast, and Texas has added much to the length of that line. There are a few salient points along it, which require the erection of forts; the rest should be left to ships. Where lines instead of points are to be defended, ships, and not forts, are our reliance. The latter remain forever in the same place,—must await approaches, and suffer attacks only when the enemy shall deem himself in sufficient force to carry his point. They wait his pleasure and convenience. The former are swift-footed, here to-day and there to-morrow—attacking or avoiding attack, at will. The famous castle of San Juan d'Ulloa could not prevent our army from landing beyond the range of its guns, and then from approaching by trenches through the sand, and taking the mighty citadel with the loss only of some 10 or 12 brave men.

But ships, though not so expensive, gun for gun, as forts and castles, are nevertheless too expensive to be kept in sufficient numbers, at all times, awaiting the emergencies of war. If the nation were to build a fleet this year, sufficiently large to guard and protect the whole extent of our coast line in war, it would, we hope, rot before war should come; and the expenditures would prove premature.

Formerly the practice was to have an item in every navy appropriation bill, "for the gradual increase of the navy." Under this system, the keels of a number of line-of-battle ships were laid. But that policy has been abandoned, and most of those beautiful specimens of naval architecture have been left to rot under the ship-houses or alongside of the launching docks.

This policy was succeeded by the plan originating, we believe, under General Jackson's administration, for collecting timber, fitting it and stowing it away under sheds, ready to be put together at short notice. After the frames of

many fine ships had been thus collected, it was found that the timber would rot as well under timber sheds, as ship-houses—and that plan was abandoned.

Since that time, statesmen and political economists appear to have been at sea, with regard to the line of true naval policy. Some proposed to collect only the imperishable articles, such as ordnance, ordnance stores, coal, &c., and to make deposits of them along our Southern and Gulf coasts, for the use of steamers in war. We recollect that this policy was advocated with much earnestness some years ago in the "Harry Bluff" papers, and it appears to us now, as it did then, to be a most judicious, wise and prudent policy.

There were others however, who maintained that the whole system of naval defences—of ships, fleets, navies and maritime warfare, was in a state of revolution in consequence of the improvements of the age, and the successful application of steam to the purposes of ocean navigation. That models, means of propulsion, and armaments, which to-day might be considered the *ne plus ultra* of naval efficiency, strength and perfection, would to-morrow be rendered useless by the inventive genius of some Yankee, who would produce a *plus ultra*. Under such circumstances, those who maintained this view, (and they were the majority,) observed for years, "a masterly inactivity" in Congress with regard to any permanent plan or system of naval defences. Feeling, however, that something ought to be done, but not knowing what to do, Congress resolved that the navy should be no larger. In nautical phrase it was "brought up all standing," by the passage of a law forbidding the appointment of any more midshipmen for some years, and limiting the number of officers in the several grades, as they happened then to be, without any regard to proper and relative proportions.

In this state of affairs, there was a Southern statesman who had given his practical and richly endowed mind to the subject of naval defences. He had seen Great Britain during our North Eastern troubles, quietly sending immense quantities of coal and munitions of war to the Island of Bermuda, which curtains the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas. She was making ready there with a masked battery, collecting her fleets on her "North American station," as our coasts are called, and sending her troops to Canada,

Halifax and the West Indies; and finally, when Lord Ashburton arrived, the government found that that wily nation, notwithstanding she had two serious and expensive wars—the Affghanistan and the Chinese—on her hands, had assembled around us, no less than one-third of the whole standing army of Great Britain, and a fleet outnumbering all our ships of war afloat. Among these forces were 20,000 black troops, and a number of fast steamers with shallow drafts, just suited for crossing southern bars and ascending southern rivers. These steamers were in the West Indies, all ready, and waiting only for the word. When this Southern man looked at the exposed and defenceless condition of the shores of his own State, well might he feel concern, and seriously ponder over some wise and sufficient system of enlarging our means of naval strength for such an emergency, should it ever again arise with serious aspect.

He saw that the maritime strength of nations was in a transition state, so to speak—that steam was contending with canvass; that there was a new element at work for mastery on the ocean, and that sea fights hereafter, would be dated from a new era.

Should Congress resume the old item of “gradual increase” in the navy appropriation bill, and vote large sums for collecting more timber? The country was unwilling again to run riot in any such expenditures.

The Mississippi steamer was built at the cost of half a million or more; she cruised on the southern coast at the rate of another half a million a year. Solomon’s exchequer could not support, in peace, the fleets of such steamers that would be requisite for this country in a maritime war. But there is in the country, an exchequer more rich than Solomon’s, because it is inexhaustible. — We have our merchant princes. They build ships and maintain navies at their own cost. Could not some plan be devised, some arrangement made between them and the government, by which they would agree to build and maintain from their exchequer, in peace, a steam navy sufficient or nearly sufficient to subserve the purposes of the government in war?

The answer is, aye. They would build steamers that would have the double effect of strengthening the bonds of international good will, by drawing more closely around us in peace the ties of commerce; and of preventing war by

bearing before the world the iron motto, *nunquam non paratus*.

The conception is a bold one, and the plan is republican. It is good; for it is worth millions to the commonwealth. What, therefore, shall be done to the Legislator who was the first to advocate it? We are not the *we* that can clothe him with purple and put a chain of gold about his neck—but should he ever visit one of these steamers, we would man the yards and give three cheers for Thomas Butler King, of Georgia.

As a substitute for the old plan of building *wooden walls*, Mr. King's plan as set forth in his Reports, is, in addition to the man-of-war-built mail steamers (of which there are now in use eighteen splendid ships, produced at a cost so trifling to the public, that the people have not been aware of it,) to restore the old item of "gradual increase." He is in favor of making annually, under this head, a small appropriation, sufficient to build only a few iron steamers a year. These are imperishable; and he proposes to put them under cover, and there let them remain till we find ourselves getting into a maritime war.

These steamers are to be of the best models and left so as to make applicable to them, any new means or improved modes of propulsion that may be discovered in the mean time. He proposes then to have the best metal upon them, and when war comes, to launch them out as Parthian warriors upon the sea. Light of draft and fleet of foot, he would have them to run only along our own shores. They are to outstrip any of the deep laden transatlantic steamers, so that they can run up, give a blow, retire, put about and repeat it whenever they have the advantage. Their depots of coal being strowed along the coast, that they may at any time run in, replenish and in a few hours be out again ready to dash in, give a blow and retire only to approach from some other quarter as before.

In accordance with Mr. King's plan, four navy steamers and eighteen mail steamers, twenty-two in all, have been authorized. Here then, is a navy brought into existence by the quiet and modest efforts of this gentleman, equal in efficiency to half the effective naval force of the country, and the total cost to the government, of these twenty-two splendid ships—and some of them are to be as large as the Pennsylvania 74—will not exceed three and a half millions

of dollars. We should not say cost, because the mail steamers will return a large portion of the original outlay into the Treasury. The English government derives a large revenue from the Cunard steamers. That government is actually making money by its contract with them, and it is believed that the skill and ingenuity to be displayed in the construction of the American line of steamers to Liverpool, will run the Cunard line off the ocean, in the same way that the New-York sailing packets did the old English packets.

Under Mr. King's bill of the last Congress, and by the judicious action of the statesman, who is charged with the management of the navy, contracts have already been made with the merchants of New-York and elsewhere, for the construction of thirteen man-of-war-built steamers.

Some of these steamers are nearly ready for launching. They are to be employed in carrying the mails across the ocean, and the government will be reimbursed for a considerable portion, if not for the whole of this sum, in the receipts for postage on the letters and packages conveyed in them.

They are to be officered by the navy, but manned and sailed on private account; and by the terms of the contract, are transferrable to the government at valuation, whenever required for the public service in time of war. It will thus be perceived, that officers of the navy have here an opportunity of becoming familiar with the management of ocean steamers, and the country is enabled to keep pace through this dormant navy, with the improvements of the age, in this effective but costly means of national defence.

The line of steamers to China, proposed in Mr. King's present report, is an extension of this system; and we regard the great national rail-road from the Atlantic to the Pacific, recommended in Lieut. Maury's letter, appended to the Report, as being closely and intimately connected with it. It is a new channel for commerce with foreign nations, well calculated to exercise important bearings upon the present condition of Mexico, and our future relations with her.

Mexico will probably receive through it the greater portion of foreign merchandize, to be consumed in the country. We think it not at all improbable, that most of the products of her mines will be brought by it to this country.

Under the credit system, we had a commerce with Mexico

but little short of eight millions a year. Under the cash system, this commerce before the war commenced, had diminished down, if we remember, to less than a million. The warehousing system, judiciously managed, and extended to the commerce over this rail-road, will more than regain us this lost trade. Goods arriving at Monterey, from China, or at Charleston, Savannah or New-Orleans, from Europe, and bonded, should, if destined for the Mexican market, be transferrable to the warehouses of Sante Fe and other convenient points along this road. With such an arrangement, it is reasonable to suppose that all of northern Mexico, and a large portion of the interior, would receive its supplies through this new channel.

It would have farther, the effect, by promoting intercourse, of familiarizing the Mexicans with us, and our institutions; and of greatly improving the political condition of that unfortunate and mis-governed country.

The letter of Lt. Maury, which accompanies Mr. King's report, is an interesting and valuable paper. That gentleman has presented the subject of a communication across the continent to the Indies, in a new light. Many of our readers will no doubt be surprized at the Lt.'s saying, that the shortest line from Panama to China, is up the Gulf of Mexico, through Texas and Arkansas; and that from New-Orleans to Shanghae in China, it is nearly 5000 miles further to go by Panama and the Sandwich Islands, than it would be by his rail-road to Monterey, and thence by the great circle. Yet if those who may be disposed to question his knowledge, will take the trouble to draw a string between the two places, on a common terrestrial globe, they will find that it is even so.

Memphis, by the great circle, is as near to Shanghae, as is Cape St. Lucas at the southern extremity of Lower California. And the shortest distance by which it is possible for a navigator to reach China from any port between California and Chili, is via Monterey. It is more than 1,000 miles nearer to go from Panama by this route, than it is to go by way of the Sandwich Islands. And from Monterey to the Japanese Islands, is only the distance from Charleston to England.

The discussion of a route to China, upon the principles of the great circle, presents the subject of a communication with that part of the world, entirely in a new light. It is

a light moreover, which throws a canal across the Isthmus entirely in the shade. With this letter before us, we regard the subject of a ship canal across Tehuantepec, as at rest, for its importance appears to have been greatly over-estimated. Such is the character of the weather off that part of the coast of Mexico, that vessels can often go from Valparaiso to Monterey, sooner than they can from the coast of Tehuantepec to Monterey. Indeed one of our fine sloops of war was so beset a few years ago, with the calms and storms of Tehuantepec and the region round about, that the crew were reduced to the shortest allowance, and fears were entertained for the ultimate safety of ship and crew.

With regard to a ship canal across that isthmus, Lt. Maury remarks to Mr. King :

"If you look to the long and much talked of canal across the Isthmus of Darien to Panama, you will find that a person from Memphis to China by that route, would on making Cape St. Lucas, the southern point of the peninsula of Lower California, be no nearer to Shanghai, in point of distance, than he was the day he embarked at Memphis. Notwithstanding that, to reach Cape St. Lucas, he would have travelled upwards of 4,000 miles ; and if he should go by the way of the Sandwich Islands, he would, to reach China, have to perform a journey of 5,000 miles greater than would be required of him, on this new route by railroad and great circle.

"In the progressive spirit of the age, time has come to be reckoned as money, and if there were a canal already cut from Chagres to Panama, the circuitry of the route, and the loss of time compared with what is to be gained by the proposed line from Memphis and Monterey, would, in time, cause the abandonment of that and the completion of this ; at least, so far as raw silk for England, small packages of merchandize, travellers, and the people of the United States are concerned.

"The route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, though not so far out of the way, as that of Panama, is nevertheless a round about one, the distance by it to China being 2,000 miles greater than it is from Memphis, via Monterey.

"I have attentively considered the practicability of a ship canal through the mountains of Tehuantepec. From sea to sea, the distance across, is in a north and south direction, between the parallels of 16 and 18 deg., rather less than

120 miles. And by Moro's MS. you can carry 9 feet water 50 miles up the Coatzacoalcos, though other authorities put the head of schooner navigation, at the Island of Tacanichipa, which is only 25 miles from the Gulf.

"But taking the most favorable view, which gives 9 feet for 50 miles, and commencing the canal at the point proposed, which is about 15 miles further up, at the confluence of the Malatengo, there remains a circuitous distance of seventy-odd miles, in which there is an ascent and descent of at least 700 feet, to be overcome. In this distance the Sierra Madre is to be crossed, and I have never heard that here is to be found the famous Irish mountain, with a bog on the top of it to afford water enough to feed a *ship* canal! 'The Mexican engineers, however, propose to bring it by two lateral cuts 20 or 30 miles from a mountain streamlet. The canal, to be a bona fide *ship* canal, should be at least 17 feet deep by 80 feet broad at the surface. It must be a copious stream indeed, to supply water enough to lift up through 700 feet, and safely to let down from this elevation again, the fleets of ships which we are told, are daily to pass through such a canal.

"Suppose the feeder to be ample, let any one who would form an idea as to the cost of a ship canal in the pestilential climate and inhospitable country of this Isthmus, recollect the expense of the Louisville canal, constructed with every thing at hand, in a healthy and settled country, around the falls of the Ohio; and it is but as a rod in length, and only as a race for shallops in comparison with this. Let him recollect the difficulties, nay, practically, the impossibility of deepening the western rivers. We have not been able to increase the depth of the Mississippi itself at low water, even so much as two feet, much less sixteen. What, think you, would have been the expense of digging out the Ohio river from Wheeling to Pittsburg, before that country was settled, so as to afford a uniform depth of 17 feet at low water? Go into the calculation and examine the items; after that you may be able to form something like an approximate estimate as to the cost of a ship canal across this continent, in the most unhealthy region of the globe; a region in which native or acclimated laborers are not to be found, and where foreign laborers, knowing they should have to work knee-deep in mud and water, under a tropical sun, and in such a climate, could not be had for wages.

"So impressed are the Mexicans themselves with the unhealthiness of the route, that Santa Anna, after granting to Garay the privilege which he proclaimed to his countrymen would make Mexico the focus of the world's commerce, the emporium of wealth and power, issued a decree directing judges to sentence malefactors to work on this canal, and then ordered a prison to be built on its banks, to keep the laborers in ! But suppose the mines of Potosi to be exhausted,—the canal to be made ; I doubt much of its extensive use, for there are, in the minds of sailors, great obstacles still in the way. It is well known that in that part of America, during the sickly season, even a few hours on shore are considered sometimes fatal, and always dangerous, to unacclimated foreigners.

"Two years ago, the United States frigate *Savannah*, cruising in the Pacific, touched on the coast of Tehuantepec, during the *healthy* season ; four of her crew deserted ; and in two weeks, three out of the four were dead. She was followed by the *Warren*. Seven of her crew deserted ; one of whom in a very short time after, wasted and worn down with disease, found his way back, and reported himself as the only surviving man of the party.

"During any season, but especially the sickly season, which on this isthmus, is most of the year, a night in the "black hole" of Calcutta, would be quite as inviting to travellers, as a passage through this canal ; and I suppose that seamen would not ship to sail through it at such seasons, on any terms. But if they would, there are other obstacles still in the back-ground. Perhaps they are *the* obstacles ; I allude now to the bars across the harbors, and the dangers at either terminus of the canal. The bars are shifting bars, and therefore the more difficult to remove. The water over the bar, at the mouth of the harbor on the Gulf, is variously stated at from 14 to 20 feet, while the outlet at the other end is obstructed by the bars both of Teresa and Francisco. As often as vessels, on approaching the mouth of the Coatzacoalcas from the Gulf, should be caught in a *norther*, (and hurricanes prevail here for much of the year,) there would be danger, if not wreck. The ships would be embayed close on a lee shore, from which there is no escape. There is no harbor nor shelter to the south of Vera Cruz, that a vessel at such times could make. During a *norther*, the sea breaks "feather white" across this

bar, and where the sea breaks in a gale, no ship can live. With such 'an exposure to the swell from the north, as this bar presents, to prevent the rollers from breaking over it, would require a depth twice, if not thrice as great as it now has.

"There are the bars at the mouth of the Mississippi river, choking up the commerce of that great valley, and checking, if not damping the prosperity of the whole country, and yet the labour and cost of deepening it even so much as two feet more, are such, that the enterprize of the nation has not yet found itself equal to the task. Look at the coast line about the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos. The port is in the middle of the crescent formed between the peninsula of Yucatan and the coast below Tampico. Now you will observe that if a vessel were caught in a *norther*, off the bar of the Coatzacoalcos, she could not make any course that would take her clear of the shore. She is in a *cul de sac*, and there is no escape for her.

"On the Pacific side it is worse. The bars have not as much water on them; and the outer one is exposed to the full force of the waves that come across that broad ocean. The sea there is visited by the most violent storms, accompanied with thunder and lightning, that are described by sailors as truly awful. In short, such are the dangers and difficulties of navigation in that region, that there is an admiralty order, forbidding British ships of war to visit it between June and November.

"But if the connection by any of the routes across central America could be made at half the expense of the Monterey, or of Wilkes' or Whitney's rail-road, I should consider either of the last three of far greater importance, in a national point of view, to this country and its people, than any route that can be projected to the south of us, free though it should be to them and to it.

"To canals, rail-roads, and all such improvements, there are attached two values; a PARTICULAR and a GENERAL value, if I may so call them. By the *particular* value of a rail-road or canal, I mean that value which attracts the capitalist and induces him to invest his money in it for the sake of dividends. It is simply that value which inures exclusively to the benefit of stockholders, and consists in the aggregate only of the nett proceeds of the work.

"By the *general* value, I mean all the collateral advan-

tages which such an improvement draws after it and distributes through the country and to the people of the country through which it passes. These advantages are far greater than the other. They consist, first, in the benefits of the original expenditure in making the new highway, and the daily disbursements along it afterwards, in using it and keeping it in order, with a large train of numerous benefits to the working men, who find profit or employment in consequence of its existence. These collateral advantages consist, too, in the increased value which the improvement, be it rail-road or canal, gives to the land along it, and to the produce which is taken up on the way-side and conveyed by it to market. Take an example: in consequence of the internal improvements which benefit New-York, it is estimated that each housekeeper in that city pays, on the average, \$50 a year less on such little items even as eggs, milk and butter, than he did pay before these improvements were made, and than he would now pay were they destroyed. Each housekeeper, therefore, in that city, who uses milk, butter and eggs, may be considered to have, on account of these items alone, a monied interest in those improvements, sufficient to produce an annual dividend of \$50, which is equal to a 6 per cent. interest on a permanent investment in those improvements, of \$833 33. The country dairymen who supply these articles are equally benefitted.

“Were it possible to enumerate all the items under the head of general value of the canal and rail-road improvements in the State of New-York, we should find millions of people who never invested a dollar in these improvements, reaping large annual dividends from their general value. Destroy the great Erie canal to-morrow, and the worth of real estate and other property along it, which constitutes but a part of its general value, would be depreciated by an amount exceeding many times the original cost of the work. Suppose, on the other hand, the whole region of rich country through which this canal passes, was to be blighted in a day, and made as barren as the deserts and as pestilential as the coasts of Africa, leaving the canal only as a connecting link between the lake country and the sea. In this case, what would be the general value of that canal, in comparison to what it now is? It might still yield dividends, and its particular value be good,

but its general value would be merely nominal in comparison with what it now is.

"A cut through the Isthmus would be the canal through the desert, and, in comparison, would bring to our country and her citizens but few general advantages.

"But the rail-road to Monterey is the improvement through the rich country, and it would increase the value of the lands, invite settlers, benefit the public through innumerable sources, under the head of general value, and strengthen the arms of the nation. A canal across the Isthmus would do no such thing."

It is estimated that the impulse which a rail-road to Monterey or San Francisco would give to either of those places, would offer such advantages to the whaling fleet of the Pacific that they would come there and expend in our country the million and a half of dollars which they now scatter yearly among the islands and ports of the Pacific.

The remittances in plata piña, made from the west coast of Mexico to England, are very heavy, amounting to several millions annually. This bullion goes round Cape Horn, pays a freight of two per cent. to the captain and Greenwich hospital, and on account of the uncertainty as to an opportunity of conveyance, and the length of the passage, it lies idle between the time it is taken from the mines and the time of landing it in England, some 8 or 10 months. This bullion would be sent over this road. In short, this road would compete for the inland trade of Mexico with that system which depends on mules and asses as carriers over the rough roads of Mexico. And when transportation to the road would be cheaper than transportation to a shipping port, the road would be the channel.

Lieut. Maury says "this rail-road would take the inland trade to Santa Fe and Mexico, and increase it many fold. It is probable that several millions of Mexican people would use this road as their commercial thoroughfare: for the extent of country to be supplied resolves itself into a question of dollars and cents. All those people who could get articles for less cost over it than they would pay to receive the same over the rough roads from Vera Cruz to Tampico, would certainly use it.

"There are other items of vast importance under the head of general value, some of which it may be proper to enumerate.

"Memphis is the point of departure for this route ; a city in the heart of the country and occupying a central position. It is situated right on the way-side of the great national highway and commercial thoroughfares between the north and the south, the east and the west. The Charleston and Savannah rail-roads will connect it with the Atlantic. The Mississippi river already connects it with the gulf and the lakes, and with thousands of square leagues of a rich and thriving country, through a ramified system of navigable tributaries, which, if drawn out in one continuous stream, would more than encircle the entire globe. Growing out of these circumstances, statesmen will discover a general value, containing items sufficient in consequence and importance to tempt nations into prodigality ; for among other items they would recognize the sovereign right to tax forever millions of property and people, whose ability to pay is derived from the facilities afforded them to buy, sell and get gain.

"Both Whitney's, Wilkes' and Col. Gadsden's road to the Pacific has each its advantages, friends and advocates, and deservedly so. The country is wide, and I do not start this in opposition to either of them. Without the requisite topographical and geodetic information as to either of the routes that have been proposed, from the valley of the west to the Pacific, I have been considering the most direct route, *geographically*, by which some central point of the country may be connected with China by rail-road and steamers.

"I did not select Whitney's as a link in this chain, because it is out of the way of the great circle route from Western America to China ; because it lies within a colder region and would be liable to obstructions in winter, and because the harbor at the mouth of the Columbia river is not comparable to those in California. Lieut. Howison was wrecked at the mouth of that river, two years ago, in the U. S. schooner Shark. She went to pieces at a place on the bar where, but a few years before, the Exploring Expedition found water enough to float a seventy-four. He chartered a vessel to take himself and crew to the Bay of San Francisco, 9 days sail, and, though drawing but 8 feet water, was detained 63 days just inside of the bar of that river, and within one hour's sail of the open sea, waiting to get out. I learn from that officer, and upon professional

* See Proceedings of Stockholders of So. Ca. Rail-road Company, 1846.

subjects there is not to be found a better authority, that the character of that harbor has entirely changed since Captain Wilkes surveyed it.

"I did not select the route proposed by Wilkes from the Missouri, because it, too, is out of the way of the great circle and also liable to obstructions in winter."

It has been estimated that a ship canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec would cost one hundred millions of dollars. Thirty thousand dollars the mile is a liberal allowance for rail-roads in the United States. At this rate the rail-road from Memphis would cost forty-five millions of dollars. We suppose no one will question the power of the government to build such a road, through the territories of the United States, for that power which created the Cumberland road can create also the California road. One is built of stone through States; the other of iron through the public domain, and this is the difference between them.

A rail-road from the Mississippi to California would bind that distant province to us in bonds stronger than iron, but softer than silk. As a means of national defence it would be better than a Chinese wall along that coast.

For much of the way this road would run through the public lands of Texas, and we suppose that that thrifty young State would readily enough grant alternate sections of land towards its completion. The federal government should do the same, and both state and federal governments would be reimbursed many fold in the additional value which the road would impart to the other lands.

It is beyond the reach of computation fully to estimate the increase of value and prosperity which this road would impart to the lands and give to the people of Texas and California. The right to tax, year after year, and the power to receive revenue, day after day, forever, would more than compensate both government and people for any present inconvenience in raising the needful instalments for the work.

The books of the treasury department show that if our tonnage shall continue to increase for the next four years at its average rate for the last three, that the shipping of the United States will then exceed that of Great Britain. After that time America, not England, is to be the great maritime and commercial power of the world.

Lieut. Maury's railroad and Mr. Kings' line of steamers

may be regarded in the light of an opposition line to the overland route to India. If their plans succeed, as every man with an American heart in his bosom must desire they should, the overland route must greatly quicken its speed or retire from the unequal contest.

We regard the selection of Shaughae, for the western terminus of this line of steamers, as being both fortunate and judicious; for that port will soon, if it has not already, become the emporium of Chinese commerce.

Last year the exports to England, of raw silk alone from Shanghae, exceeded six millions of dollars. So valuable is this article of merchandize in comparison with its bulk, that one English ship not so large as some of the cotton ships now loading at our wharves, took in cargo valued at one million of dollars. The ingenuity and enterprise of American citizens are such, that with the facilities which this railroad and line of steamers are calculated to afford, we should not be surprised to see the day when American manufactories supplied with the raw material through this channel, will be found in active and successful competition with those of England in the sale of manufactured silk, not only in the markets of Mexico, but in those of the world.

We have looked with interest at the project of a railroad from the Northern Lakes to Oregon, but after a full review of the reasons advanced and the advantages promised in favor of each, we are free to confess that, in our opinion, those held out by the Monterey route, far outweigh all that can in reason be expected from that of the North.

Lieut. Maury's route to China, from the heart of the great valley of the West, and Mr. King's lines of steamers are measures of high national import. They touch the welfare of the people of this great commonwealth, and are essentially allied to the interests of the South and West. We shall, therefore, be excused for making further extracts from that Sailor's letter, which is accompanied with a map showing much more conclusively than we can do, the advantages of the route.

"The time," says he, "from Panama to Memphis, by steamers at 220 miles the day, would be nine days, and thence by railroad to Monterey, three. Total, twelve days and 3,500 miles.

"The time from Panama up the Pacific coast to Monte-

rey, allowing the same rate, at 220 miles to the steamer, would be fifteen days and 3,300 miles. This part of the voyage would be tame to a degree, having scarcely variety enough to make applicable the travellers witticism,

"Sometimes we ship a sea;
Sometimes we see a ship."

"Say then, which of the two lines would a passenger on arriving from Valparaiso at Panama, or at Cuba from Brazil, or at Jamaica from England, be most likely to take, the one on this tedious route along the Mexican coast, with its dull monotony, or the one through the Gulf of Mexico with its pleasing variety, up the Mississippi and thence across the country by railroad to California?"

"Considering the present commercial condition of the Japan and Chinese Empires; regarding the destiny of the Pacific States of the Union as one of glorious promise; taking into view the changes which are annually occurring in the articles of trade and in the channels of commerce, and recollecting that of the eight hundred millions of people who are said to inhabit the earth, six hundred millions of them are to be found in the islands and countries which are washed by the Pacific; it is difficult to overrate the value and importance to the Republic, of a safe and ready means of communication through California with those people.

"These six hundred millions have always been behind the two hundred millions of the Atlantic, in the art of ship building and in commercial enterprise.

"Their junks were made only for creeping along the coward shores, not for venturing across the broad ocean. They are content that those white winged vessels which come from beyond the 'black waters,' shall fetch and carry for them.

"The Islander will cease to go naked, the Chinaman will give up his chop sticks, and the Asiatic Russian his train oil, the moment they shall find that they can exchange the productions of their climate and labor for that which is more pleasing to the taste or fancy. Hitherto the way to reach these people, has been around the stormy capes, and the expense of carrying to the laboring classes, whose name there, is legion, suitable articles of food and raiment, has been greater than they can bear.

"Do you suppose that the laboring classes of China would live and die on the unchanged diet of rice, if they

could obtain meat and bread? This country will soon be affording from its western shores, not only these articles, but many other items of commerce; which by constant and familiar intercourse with our people, they will soon learn to want and be taught to buy. I regard the proposed railroad and line of steamers as but an entering wedge, which, that these new channels of commerce may be profitably opened, should be driven with energy.

"The railroad must be a work of time, the line of steamers may be quickly started. I would therefore, beg leave to call your attention to the importance of putting into simultaneous operation with the steamers, a mail to run in connection with them, from Monterey to the most convenient point in the States.

"This mail would not probably be oftener than once a month. If it come to Memphis or Little Rock, the direct route would be near Santa Fe and through Taos—supposing a good pass should be found through the mountains. This mail would want an escort, and should be carried on horse-back. On account of the Indians, &c., which beset this route, it might be well to establish a line of small block houses for the protection and safety of the emigrants to California. These stations could also afford horses, riders and escorts for the mail.

"In that country, a journey on horse-back once a month, of 50 miles in twelve hours, 4 miles an hour, would not be considered impracticable either for man or horse. With relays to accompany the riders, 6 miles an hour or 72 miles in twelve hours, would not be impracticable.

"But suppose the rate to be only 50 miles in twelve hours or 100 in twenty-four, it would then be practicable, continuing the mail day and night to reach Independence, Mo. or Fort Gibson, Ark. from Monterey in ten or twelve days, and thus letters from China might be delivered in New-York within forty-five days after date. It now takes twice that time."

Leaving this interesting subject, let us turn to the line of steamers proposed by Mr. King, who designates for that service two or three of the navy steamers authorised by his bill of last Congress, and which are now rapidly advancing towards completion. These steamers are to carry passengers upon terms to be regulated by the Secretary of the Navy, and at rates which shall reimburse the government for the stores, &c., used on the voyage.

They are to connect at Monterey with Aspinwall's line from Panama to the Columbia river, which line connects at Panama with Wheelwright's line from Valparaíso on one side, and with another line of Mr. King's from New-York, Charleston, Savannah and New-Orleans, via Havana to Chagres.

"In the various projects," says Lieut. Maury, "which have from time to time, been proposed for reaching China partly by railroad or canal across the Isthmus of Darien or other parts of the continent, it does not appear that the Great Circle route across the ocean has ever been considered. If we examine the course and distance from Panama to Shanghae as they appear on a Mercator's chart, which is the projection used in navigation, we shall find the distance to be about 9,500 miles, and the course to be by way of the Sandwich Islands, which are midway of this route. But on this chart, as on all others, the surface of the earth, which is a sphere, is represented as a plane, and is therefore distorted. The shortest distance then, between any two places, unless they both be on the equator or on the same meridian, is not the straight line on the chart which joins them, but it is along the arc of the Great Circle in the plane of which they are situated, and this arc when projected on the chart will appear as a curved line. Now if we take a common terrestrial globe and draw a string tightly across it from Panama to Shanghae, it will show the shortest distance between the two places, and will represent the Great Circle route between them. And this string, so far from touching the Sandwich Islands, will pass up through the Gulf of Mexico, thence through Louisiana towards Oregon, crossing the ocean several thousand miles to the north of them. The distance from Panama to Shanghae by this route, were it practicable to travel it, is 9,200 miles, or about 1,200 miles less than it is by the way of the Sandwich Islands. Now to those who are accustomed to form ideas of bearings and distance from maps and charts, and not from globes, this statement may appear startling; yet it is nevertheless true, that a person standing at New-Orleans is about 3,000 miles nearer to China than he is when he starts from Panama, by the way of the Sandwich Islands, notwithstanding he will have travelled at least 1,500 miles to reach Panama. But the Great Circle from Panama through the Gulf and Louisiana to China, as a travelling

route, is impracticable, and the next step therefore, is to find a route which is practicable and which shall deviate from this as little as headlands or other obstacles to navigation will admit. When we have found such a route, we can examine the advantages which it offers, compare it with other routes that have been proposed, and then form conclusions.

"By still holding one end of the string at Shanghae on the globe, and carrying the end that is on this side out into the Pacific until the string will just clear the Peninsula of California, we shall have an arc of a Great Circle, along which a steamer with fuel sufficient, might sail all the way from Chili to the Islands of Japan without ever having to turn aside for the land.

"This, therefore, is the shortest route, and the nearest navigable distance to China, for all vessels, whether from Chili, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Central America or the Pacific ports of Mexico. In point of distance, it is the great highway from America to the Indies. After running along this route, and passing Cape St. Lucas and Bartholemew, if we look to the right, we shall find at the distance of a few leagues, the beautiful ports of Upper California, including the safe and commodious harbors of San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco. These ports are right on the way side of this Great Circle and shortest distance. They occupy that geographical position, and present in the future those commercial advantages, which will assuredly make the most favored of them the great half-way house between China and all parts of Pacific America.

"The harbor of Monterey is said to resemble the beautiful Bay of Naples. It has water and capacity for the combined navies and ships of the world. Merely as sheets of water, however, both San Deigo and San Francisco are, in the eyes of the sailor, still more beautiful; but San Deigo is on the verge of a sterile country, while San Francisco is further out of the way of the Great Circle route than either of the other two. My enterprising friend, Wheelwright, has a monthly line of steamers from Valparaiso, touching at the 'Intermedios,' Callao and Guyaquil, to Panama. Under your bill of the last session, and by the energy of the Navy Department in giving it effect, Aspinwall and Co., of New-York have the contract for another monthly line of steamers from Panama

to the mouth of the Columbia River. This line, no doubt, will connect at Panama with Wheelwright's, and with one or more lines on this side to Chagres. The steamers of Aspinwall's line are to touch at Monterey; and Monterey is, therefore, the port for the American terminus of the China line. It is in Lat. $36^{\circ} 38'$ North, and is one-third of the distance, and directly on the wayside from Panama to China; and from Monterey by the Great Circle to Japan, is not nearly so far as it is from Panama, by the compass, to the Sandwich Islands. The latter is 4,500 miles, the former 3,700.

"There is no stopping place, no land, between Panama and the Sandwich Islands; and in the present stage of steam navigation, no steamer can carry fuel for 4,500 miles at a stretch, and pay owners.

"Midway between Monterey and Shanghai, and immediately on the way-side, are the Fox or Eleoutian Islands, where the Monterey line can have its depot of coal. It is just about the distance both from Monterey and Shanghai to those islands, that it is from Liverpool to Halifax, where the Cunard line has its depot; though the lines from New-York to Liverpool, Havre and Bremen, have proved that 3,000 miles are not beyond the fuel limits of steamers.

"The great circle is the route for steamers, both ways; and supposing the vessels upon the proposed line to be equal in speed to the "Great Western," in her palmy days, and why should they not be superior?—they will make the passage to and fro, between Shanghai and Monterey in 26 days, including the stoppage of a day for coaling at the Fox Islands.

"It has been shown that Monterey is directly on the great highway from Western South America to China. This fact, is of itself sufficient to show why the preference should be given to it, as the American terminus of the line.

"Intimately connected with this subject, however, is a rail-road from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"A rail-road from Savannah and Charleston to Memphis, has been already projected, and is partly completed. From Memphis to Monterey, the distance by an air line is 1,500 miles. Supposing your proposed line of steamers established to China, and this rail-road completed to Monterey, the productions and rich merchandize of China and Japan might be placed in the lap of the great valley of the Mis-

issippi within 30 days. The intelligence brought by each arrival, would be instantly caught up by telegraph, and as instantly delivered in New-York and Boston. Here the steamers would receive it on board, and in 13 days more arrive with it in England, thence it would be taken across the channel in a few hours, and immediately communicated through the magnetic wires to all parts of the continent. And thus, by this route, intelligence might be conveyed from China through the United States, to the people of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and perhaps at no distant day, to Constantinople also, within 45 days.

"I see no reason why the rate of travel over the rail-roads hereafter to be built in America, should not be at least equal to that of the English and European rail-roads. I believe the usual rate in England to be about 40 miles the hour. Over some roads it is more; but supposing the rate over the great Atlantic and Pacific rail-road, to be only 20 miles the hour, the time from Monterey to Memphis, would occupy three days.

"This route has further the advantage of being at once the most central and direct route that has ever been proposed from the United States to China. The distance from Memphis by Monterey and the great circle, is only 7 per cent. greater than it is by a 'bee line' drawn through the air, from Memphis direct to Shanghae."

We hope that Congress will not adjourn without directing, as proposed by Mr. King, a careful reconnoissance to be made of the country lying between Memphis and Monterey.

We suggest, as a matter worthy of the consideration of the government, whether it would not be well at once to open a correspondence with Russia as to the privileges and facilities which that government may be disposed to afford us in establishing a depot of coal at some convenient point, in the Eleoutian groupe. The information to be found in the books of navigation, as to the hydrography and climate of those islands, is altogether meagre and unsatisfactory. We believe that little is known of them to navigators, except it be to the whale-men of New-England. From what we have been enabled to gather indirectly from them, though by no means satisfactory or in a form to be relied on, there is reason to believe that the harbors are good and that the climate, though in 51° of north latitude, is almost as mild

as that of Chili. Should this prove to be the case, we should think the cause will be found in the existence of a current of warm water, supposed by Lieut. Maury to correspond with our Gulf stream in the Atlantic, and to run from the Chinese seas towards the shores of North-Western America. Should such a current exist, it will, according to that officer, probably be found to take the route of the great circle, as the Gulf-stream does, and this route places the Eleoutian or Fox Islands upon the northern edge. But speculation upon such a subject, at this time, and in these pages, is out of place. We suppose that the consent of Russia, if consent be necessary, would be readily granted, with leave to the government at Washington to send one of our men-of-war in the Pacific during the ensuing summer, (and we hope it will be done,) to make the necessary surveys and examinations.

Similar information is much wanted as to the hydrography of California, and we respectfully suggest to the statesman and patriot who is now at the head of the navy department, whether he might not add another leaf to the chaplet which he has won by his administration of the navy, to order a survey of that coast to be undertaken by the vessels under his direction, as soon as the exigencies of the public service will admit. The coast survey, judging by its progress with the Atlantic coast, will take many years to reach that distant region. The commerce of the country cannot submit to delay there, and we confess that we witnessed with regret that the naval expedition which was projected for that purpose a year or two ago, was suffered to fall through. We have understood, but we cannot say with what degree of correctness, that it fell through because that being a part of the coast of the United States, and the law authorizing the coast survey established it for the purpose of surveying the coast of the United States, and that, therefore, authority was wanted to employ the navy upon such service. If this be so, we appeal to Congress to remove the embarrassing restriction.

When we compare the amount of work and the number of excellent and valuable charts produced in three years by the officers of the navy in the exploring expedition, we hazard but little in saying that our intelligent navy officers, to whom the duty of surveying the coast of California shall be entrusted, will produce accurate charts of the whole

western coast, from San Diego to the Columbia, long before we shall have, from the coast survey, as correct a chart of the coast of South-Carolina.

One more extract, and we are done. Mr. Maury closes his letter with a graceful acknowledgment to Mr. King for the services he has rendered the navy. We heartily unite in the tribute.

"The bill and reports submitted by you to the House of Representatives in 1841, and subsequently, have caused you to be considered in the navy as the leader in Congress, upon the subject of ocean steamers as connected with the naval defences of the country. In the policy of encouraging merchants to build, for our lines of mail steamers, vessels that are convertible, at the pleasure of the government, into efficient men-of war, is contained a principle of naval expansion, and the sinews of that maritime strength, which, when rightly understood by the people, and properly carried out by the government, will make us in war the strongest power on the ocean that the world ever saw.

"This system of men-of-war-built mail steamers, constructed by individuals, with the aid of a trifling bounty from the government, and commanded by navy officers, but manned and sailed on private account, is to the navy precisely what the militia, when officered by West Point graduates, are to the army. Closely and intimately connected, is this rail-road with that beautiful system of national defence."

ART. IV.—THE HISTORY AND ECONOMY OF RAILROADS.

1. *A Practical Treatise on Railroads, and Interior Communication in General*, containing an account of the performances of the different Locomotive Engines at, and subsequent to, the Liverpool contest; upwards of two hundred and sixty experiments, with tables of the comparative value of canals and railroads, and the power of the present Locomotive Engines. Illustrated by numerous engravings. By NICHOLAS WOOD, Colliery Viewer, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, &c. First American edition, from the second English edition, with corrections, notes and additions; also an Appendix, containing a detailed account of a number of railroads in Europe and in the United States. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1832.
2. *Railroad Journal*. New-York: 1832—1848.
3. *A Manual of the Principles and Practice of Road-making*, comprising the location, construction and improvement of Roads, common Macadam, paved, &c., and Railroads. By W. M. GILLESPIE, A.M., C.E., Professor of Civil Engineering in Union College. New-York: Published by A. S. Barnes & Co, 51 John Street. 1847.
4. *Appleton's Railroad and Steamboat Companion*. Being a Traveller's Guide through the New-England and Middle States, with routes in the Southern and Western States, and also in Canada. Illustrated with numerous maps and engravings. By W. WILLIAMS. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1847.
5. *Railway Legislation*. London Quarterly Review. 1844. Vol. XXV. American edition.
6. *Railways at Home and Abroad*. Edinburgh Review. 1846. Vol. XXII. American edition.
7. *Annual Reports of Railroad Companies to the Legislature of Massachusetts*. 1840—1848.
8. *Reports of Georgia Railroads*. 1840—1848.
9. *Reports of South-Carolina Railroad Company*. 1833—1848.
10. *Address to the People of Richland, Fairfield, Chester and York Districts, on the subject of the Charleston and Columbia Railroad*. By HON. JOEL R. POINSETT. Columbia, So. Ca. 1847.

11. *An Appeal of the Stockholders of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad Company, to the People of South-Carolina.* Columbia, So. Ca. 1847.
12. *Railroad Mania*—being a series of Letters originally published in the Charleston Mercury. By ANTI-DEBT. 1847.
13. *The False Alarm*—being a Reply to Anti-Debt, on the subject of Railroads. Published in the Charleston Mercury. 1847. By CHARLESTON.

THE construction of good roads is said to be the best evidence of the emergence of a people from a state of rudeness; and their improvement always keeps pace with national progress, in numbers, wealth, industry and science. The barbarian, for instance, is simply content with the foot-path; in the next degree of humanity we find the high road; next, come the turnpike and canal; and then, within the area of civilization and intellectual life, are the locomotive, propelled onward by the perfection of science, and the magnetic telegraph, robbing the lightning of its swiftness, and rendering its touch powerful to enlighten and not to destroy. These, truly, are the mighty elements which are unfolding new features all over the civilized world; and, it is matter of no small gratulation, that our country is not behind the age in acknowledging their influence. Connecting the extremities of our widely-spread republic, they are binding our population with links stronger than iron, promoting our intercourse, facilitating our commerce, and developing all the sources of our genius and wealth. Under the compressive power of steam, space has lost its extent, and, by the swift flashing of its wing, the telegraph has almost swept time itself from existence. Nor is this ideal.

Only half a century ago, it was considered a vaticinal spirit, scarcely allowable even in poetry, for Dr. Darwin to write:

“ Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or, on wide waving wings, expanded bear
 The flying chariot, through the fields of air.”

The prophecy, however, has been fulfilled—the “barge” is no longer sluggish on the river, but, propelled by steam,

dashes aside the opposing current, and, on the ocean, floats against the storm itself. The "rapid car" darts along over hill and dale, over wide rivers and deep gorges, and through the bosom of huge mountains; and, swifter than the "flying chariot," and outstripping far the lightning in its flash, intelligence is conveyed from points thousands of miles asunder. These are no longer prophecies of things to be; they are records of every-day occurrences—evidences, withal, that "science is indeed the noblest unrevealed gift of God to man,"—illimitable in its extent, and as yet unknown to us in its fulness and power, as He, who "himself is past finding out."

This wonderful advance, to which the science of steam has propelled us—as more particularly evinced in the construction of railroads and locomotives—we shall endeavor to illustrate in a review of the history and economy of the system.

In performing our task, we would have it understood that we lay claim to no deep research or original thinking. Much of our labor has been lightened by the publications quoted at the head of this article. Having drawn from their pages very liberally, should we prove ourselves compendious in the selection of our materials, and interesting in the narration of them, we shall have accomplished not more than we propose to do, and earned all the compliment we may merit.

The origin of railroads has been traced to a period of very remote antiquity. They are said to have been used by the Egyptians in the construction of their pyramids, and travellers tell us that the remains of these roads are visible, even at the present day. In Palmyra and Balbec, railways, composed of blocks of stone, still exist; and in Cyrene, in Africa, similar lines may be traced for leagues, connecting the ruins of the once splendid cities, which the modern desert contains.

Wooden railroads have been used, from time immemorial, in the mines of Germany; and from the continent, were introduced into England, early in the seventeenth century. As early as 1649 they were used at Newcastle-upon-Tyne as a substitute for common roads.* Roger North, describing a visit from his brother, Lord Guilford, made at the

* Wood's *Treatise on Railroads*, p. 37.

end of one of his circuits to Newcastle, says that among the curiosities of the place he found what were called "*way-leaves*."

"When men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell leave to lead coals over their ground, and so dear that the owner of a rood of ground will expect £20 per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river, exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting their rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five cauldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants."*

At Colebrook-Dale, in Shropshire, *iron plates* were, about 1760, nailed on the wooden rails, as well to diminish friction as to prevent abrasion. This soon led to the substitution of rails of solid iron, which, in a short time, were adopted wherever rails were used.†

The very slow progress made, at that period, in railroads, is accounted for in the fact, that, the public mind was more absorbed in canal improvements. The attention of scientific men was almost entirely turned to the latter, and little was done to develop the great advantages of the former mode of transportation.

Until 1805, *cast iron* rails were used in preference to *malleable*; but about that time the latter were tried at Wallbottle colliery, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by Mr. C. Nixon. Which of these was the better kind? was long and angrily disputed by scientific men; nor was the question settled until practice decided in favor of malleable iron. It was discovered that *malleable rails* required to be made of less weight, wasted or destroyed very little from *oxidation* or *exfoliation*, and lasted much longer, though subjected to the same action. These facts were tested, as they now are, by exposing in the same way bars of *cast* and *wrought* iron. The former were continually throwing off scales of oxydated iron; while the latter were scarcely at all affected.

If the progressive improvements in railways were very slow, those in railway-carriages were more so. Their wheels were, for a long time, made of wood, composed of

* Life of Lord Keeper North, Vol. i., p. 265. Edinburgh Review, American edition, Vol. xxii., p. 121.

† Edinburgh Review, Vol. xxii., p. 122.

one entire piece, or two or three pieces bolted together with wooden pins, and secured on both sides with slips of iron in shape of an S. The periphery of the wheels was hewn into proper shape, with a projection on one side to keep them upon the rail. The axles were made of wrought iron, and fixed firmly into the centre of the wheels, and consequently turned upon the bearing with the wheels.*

At what time cast iron wheels were introduced, is uncertain. Up to 1765, a sort of compromise had been made between the advocates of the respective kinds, by using two of wood and two of cast-iron. Great reluctance, however, was shown even down to a late period, to relinquish altogether the employment of wooden wheels. Among the many objections urged against the other kind, were, their liability to break, to cut the rails, and their insufficiency to present an adequate hold on the same. At first, the cast-iron wheels do not appear to have been so formed, as to avoid contraction in cooling, in consequence of which, they frequently broke in pieces. Increased knowledge, however, of the properties of cast-iron, and of the utility of that kind of wheel, produced a general acquiescence in their use.

For many years after the introduction of railroads, the only motive power used, were horses; with the invention of steam, as a motive power, stationary engines were at first employed, and less than twenty years ago, were recommended for adoption on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad. It was proposed to place fixed engines along the line, at stations one and a half miles apart. These engines were to turn large drums or cylinders, around which were wound ropes four or five inches in diameter, stretched along the road between the rails, and supported on rollers. The wagons were to be hooked to the ropes, and would be drawn inwards with them as they wound up on the revolving cylinders. When the wagons had passed over the mile and a half, and reached the end of one rope, they could be detached from it, and attached to the succeeding one, without stoppage.†

The distinguished merit of having first discovered the locomotive engine, was for a long time disputed by Ameri-

* Wood's Hist. Railroads, p. 56.

† Gilliepie on Road Making. p. 284.

can and English writers, for their respective countrymen. The award, however, seems at last, settled in our favor. Smith, in his admirable American edition of Wood's Treatise on Railroads, furnishes conclusive evidence on this point. For the unsuspected value and pre-eminent importance of the locomotive engine, he unquestionably proves that, the world is indebted to Oliver Evans, a native of Pennsylvania. It was he, who in 1784, for the first time, conceived the idea of the high pressure steam-engine, and the application of it to carriages on common roads as a motive power. His zealous efforts to promote this scheme, were in advance of the opinions of the age; he attracted no attention, and was charged with insanity for believing in the possibility of effects which are now daily witnessed. In 1799, he commenced the construction of a locomotive steam engine, which was to be tested on a railroad to be made for the purpose. After frequent interruptions and discouragements, he completed the engine in 1801; but the locomotive carriage was not finished for public exhibition, until the latter part of the winter 1803—4, when it commenced its majestic march through the streets of Philadelphia, in presence of at least twenty thousand spectators. Mr. Evans urged, in repeated addresses to the public, the construction of a railroad from Philadelphia to New-York, and in 1809, attempted to form a company for the purpose of effecting it, and proposed the investment of his whole fortune in the enterprise; experience having convinced him that the prejudices and ignorance of mankind could only be gradually removed, and that time would demonstrate the truth and value of his plans. He published the following remarkable prophecy in one of his well known essays, in which he reproaches his contemporaries for their tardiness in not adopting his suggestions. "The present generation will use canals; the next will prefer railroads with horses; *but their more enlightened successors will employ my steam carriages, on railways, as the perfection of the art of conveyance.*"

Edgeworth and Dr. Anderson, at a somewhat later period, recommended the adoption of railroads on an extensive scheme in Great Britain, when canals were impracticable. Unacquainted, however, with these properties, they committed the error of stating that a horse could *then* draw an

equal load on a railroad or canal, and added the further error, that the common roads of the country could be adapted to railways without changing their grades. Von Gerstner, of Germany, proposed, about the year 1807, the construction of a railroad, in lieu of a canal, for the purpose of connecting the Moldau with the Danube; a work which has been since executed (in 1829) under his superintendence. His essay on railroads, canals and roads, was printed at Prague in 1813, and is the earliest treatise in which these subjects are scientifically discussed. In 1812, John Stephens, Esqr., of New-Jersey, published a pamphlet, recommending a railroad from Albany to Lake Erie, and assigning many reasons in favor of the project. In 1816 some experiments were made by Mr. Stephenson in England, to ascertain the friction of railway carriages—a subject which had previously been overlooked, although it constitutes the very basis of the railroad system. In 1824, G. W. Smith, the editor already alluded to, and to whom we are indebted for most of this narrative, published three essays on the comparative value of roads, canals and railroads. He had previously visited England, where he had become convinced of the importance of the system, and in his essays presented a statement of results and general principles in relation to the application of railroads in the United States, which very much awakened the public mind on the subject. The essays went through six editions in one winter, and may be regarded as the first successful attempt in this country towards the introduction of the system.

Owing, in a great degree, to the useless efforts to overcome an imaginary difficulty, many years elapsed before any considerable improvements were made in railroad carriages. It was thought that the adhesion or “bite,” between the wheels and the rail, was so slight that with a load, (particularly on its ascent) the wheels would slip, slide, or skid either completely or partially, and thus fail to propel the engine.

Great ingenuity was expended in devising remedies for this non-existent evil. Wheels were at first made with knobs and claws to take hold of the ground. In 1811 a toothed rack was laid along the road, and a wheel with teeth was attached to the engine and fitted into the rack, and in 1812, a chain was stretched between the extreme

ends of the road, and passed around a grooved wheel fixed to the engine and turned by it.*

But the most singular and ingenious contrivance was patented in 1813 by William Brunton. He attached two legs or propellers to the back of his engine, which being alternately moved by the engine, pushed it before them; the propellers imitating the legs of a man or the fore legs of a horse. This locomotive or "mechanical traveller," as it was termed by its inventor, moved on a railway at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, with the tractive force of four horses.†

All these contrivances were rendered useless, by the discovery in 1814, by actual experiment, that the adhesion or friction of the wheels was amply sufficient for propelling the engine even with a heavy load attached to it, and up a considerable ascent.‡

The first *successful* locomotive was constructed in 1804 by George Stephenson of England. By applying the steam blast, he doubled its power and enabled it to run six miles per hour and draw thirty tons.

In 1829 the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad Company, resolved to employ locomotives instead of stationary engines, and offered a premium for the best engine, not heavier than six tons, which should be able to draw twenty tons at the rate of ten miles per hour. Four engines appeared, but the Rocket engine, made by Robert Stephenson, (a brother of George) won the prize; having run at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, and having performed one mile at the rate of twenty-nine and a half miles per hour.§

Though the utility and practicability of locomotives are now settled points, great doubt still existed whether they would ever be made to attain a very great speed. Mr. Nicholas Wood, one of the commissioners to examine and decide upon the trial on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, and author of the work at the head of this article, thus writes at the time :

"It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather professions, of the enthusiastic speculatist will be realised, and that we shall see engines travelling at the

* GilHepie on Road Making, p. 290.

† Ibid, p. 291.

‡ Ibid, p. 292.

§ See Wood's Treatise, in which the experiments are detailed.

rate of *twelve, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty* miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement, than the promulgation of such NONSENSE."

It is even stated that when Mr. Stephenson was examined before the committee, by whom his engine was to be tried, and affirmed that fifteen or twenty miles per hour might be attained by his locomotive, he was saluted with some, by no means complimentary exclamations, and a strong intimation was expressed that he was more fit for the rooms of a bedlam, than as conductor of a locomotive engine.

As soon as the practicability of railroads for passenger traffic had been determined on in England, many persons in this country immediately foresaw the immense advantages that were to accrue from the adoption of that system, and measures were at once taken to plant the "iron road" in America. The progress was rapid, and in a few years several hundred miles of road were projected. The first railroad in the United States was constructed at Quincy in Massachusetts, in the year 1827. It was built for the purpose of conveying granite, quarried in the Granite Hills, to vessels lying in Neponset River; a distance of four miles.

The first most extensive railroad, however, in the world, was laid in South-Carolina. Duly convinced of the importance of such an enterprise, South-Carolina, in 1827, commenced the work of connecting the interior of our State with our sea coast. In 1827, Major Alexander Black, a member of the Legislature of this State, on his own responsibility, at the suggestion of a friend, obtained a Charter of the South-Carolina Canal and Railroad Company; and in doing so, was permitted to address the Senate to get the bill through that body, there being no one in the Senate sufficiently acquainted with the subject.*

An experimental railroad was laid on a lot in the city of Charleston, and thousands of our wondering citizens daily and hourly went to see before they would believe. It being reduced to a certainty, that a smooth iron wheel would run over a smooth iron rail, the next wonder was, how the wheels were to be propelled—whether by horses, by stationary engines, or by locomotives?

It was on the 14th day of January, 1830—the day should

* Tupper's Report, 1843.

be memorable—when the Hon. Thomas Bennett in a report before the Charleston and Hamburg Railroad Company, first announced the following, *at that time*, incredible fact :

“The locomotive shall be alone used. The perfection of this power in its application to railroads is fast maturing, and will certainly reach within the period of constructing our road, a degree of excellence which will render the application of animal power, a gross abuse of the gifts of genius and science.”

This was a bold assertion for South-Carolina enterprise to make; let us see how it was sustained. On the 1st of March, 1830, Mr. E. L. Miller's offer to construct a locomotive engine at the West Point Foundry was accepted by the Charleston and Hamburg Railroad Company. The engine was to perform at the rate of ten miles an hour; and to carry three times her weight, which was required, the year before, on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, at the trial of which, Mr. Miller had been present. Under the above contract, the engine was completed, and in the fall of the year, 14th and 15th of December, 1830, made her trial, performing double what was expected of her as regarded time and weight. She run sixteen to twenty-one miles in an hour, carrying some five or six cars with forty to fifty passengers, and with the cars, run thirty to thirty-five an hour. The same engine continued on the road for many years afterwards. At one time going seventy-two miles out and back again in a day, and carrying at several times one hundred passengers.

On the 9th of January, 1830, the building of the Charleston and Hamburg Railroad was commenced at Line-street in Charleston, by driving piles of lightwood eight by eight inches square, six and a half feet apart along the line, and six feet apart laterally, caps or ties morticed on the piles, six by nine inches, nine feet long, and rails same size, notched on these ties and wedged on the inner side.

This road cost \$2,000 per mile, including all materials, except iron, on the level ground; and \$2,500 to \$4,000 per mile over swamps ten to twenty feet high. The excavations were done at six to ten cents per yard. In 1830 only six miles were finished; in 1831, nearly the whole road was under contract, and in October, 1833, was completed from Line-street in Charleston to Hamburg, a distance of one hundred and thirty-six miles.

The cost of the roads for construction'			
and materials, except iron, was, -	-	-	\$584,542 43
Iron spikes and putting down, -	-	-	125,309 47
Surveys, officers and other expenses, -	-	-	241,296 47
Total, - - -			\$951,148 39

In 1836, the Company commenced embanking to support the piles, and laying down heavier iron in place of the old, which was found too light; and in 1839, these improvements were completed. These brought an increased cost to the Company, in lands, negroes, buildings, machinery, materials &c., of \$2,506,762.*

It is not over twenty years since the first railroad was laid in the United States, and already we have over forty-five hundred miles constructed and in operation. Of these, five hundred miles consist of short lines, connecting with coal works and private establishments; leaving about four thousand miles of swift steam conveyance by railway, for passengers and merchandise. Besides these, there are over ten thousand miles projected, and will doubtless be completed in a few years. Of those already completed, the chief part are in the Atlantic States.

Dr. Lardner, who travelled through the United States a few years since, on his return to Europe in 1846, published a most interesting article in the *Edinburgh Review*, on "the Railway System at Home and abroad." His essay contains a vast amount of valuable information, much of which has been excellently condensed by Mr. Williams, and embodied in his "*Railroad and Steamboat Companion*." This little work is accompanied by several accurate maps of railway routes, and forms a volume, which we can safely recommend, as alike useful to the traveller and statistician. From it, we copy the following remarks in continuation of the history of railroads in the United States:

"From Boston there is a direct line of railway communication with Buffalo on the west, via Albany, a distance of five hundred and sixty-three miles, and before long it will be extended to the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, a further distance of about five hundred miles; and from thence by steamboat across the Lake to Chicago. The central railroad in Michigan will, in a short time, extend from Detroit, wholly across the State. Detroit will be connected with Buffalo by the Canada Railroad, which, with the suspension bridge

* Tupper's Report of South-Carolina Railroad, 1843. p. 18.

below the Falls of Niagara (over which the road is to be carried) will soon be constructed. Boston will also be connected with Montreal in Canada, by the Northern road, via Concord, which is to extend to Lebanon on the Connecticut River; from thence it will join the Vermont central railroad to Burlington on Lake Champlain, and thence by steam on the Lake to St. Johns, where it will meet the railroad to La Prairie on the St. Lawrence, and by a bridge thrown across the river, or by tunnel under it, will connect with Montreal.

"Railroads already connect Boston with Portland, and one projected, and partly commenced, is to unite Portland with Montreal on the St. Lawrence River. The Metropolis of New-England is connected with New-York by several lines, terminating on Long Island sound; by the New-Haven and New-York road, now building; by the Long Island road, from Greenport to Brooklyn; and by steam-boats running on the Sound.

"The great commercial emporium of the United States will in a year or two, be connected with Albany by roads now being constructed, and with Dunkirk on Lake Erie by the New-York and Erie Railroad. When these great works are completed, she will have the same advantages for securing her portion of the trade of the great west, that accrued to Boston from the opening of the Western Railroad. When the road from Syracuse to Oswego on Lake Ontario is built, with the Saratoga and Whitehall Railroad to the foot of Lake Champlain, and all the advantages of her roads become demonstrated by practical benefits conferred on her, New-York will then wonder how it was she allowed such immense advantages for extending and facilitating her intercourse and trade to be unimproved, so great a length of time.

"Philadelphia by her central rail-road, will be united with Pittsburgh, 336 miles; the road as far as Harrisburg, 108 miles, is already built. It is intended ultimately, to connect it with Cincinnati on the Ohio river; and another road, yet to be built, will connect this growing city with St. Louis on the Mississippi river. Philadelphia will then have a direct communication by steam with New-Orleans. Another link of road that will add greatly to the prosperity of Philadelphia, will be the route, already surveyed, from that city to Erie, on the lake of the same name. These great works will, no doubt, be undertaken and carried through before many years.

"From Baltimore run two great arteries north and south; the former terminating in the State of Maine, 506 miles; and the latter at Wilmington, North-Carolina, 402 miles. From these at Baltimore, issues a branch, preceding westward, towards the Alleghany range; at present, however, it is completed only as far as Cumberland, on the Potomac river, 108 miles to the foot of the ridge, which is at that point crossed by an excellent Macadamized road, on which stage coaches run. It is, however, intended to continue the road to some point on the Ohio river, whence communication is carried on, by steamboat, to the point where its waters are received by the Mississippi's. [Railroad Com. pp. 26, 27.]

The foregoing extract indicates, only in part, the railroad

communications, at this time projected, and being constructed in the United States. Scarcely a year or month passes, that some new enterprise of the kind is not entered into; and one map, "with all the new routes," does not get from the publisher's hands, before a new edition, with later improvements, is called for.

At the South, the railroad enterprise has not progressed less rapidly than elsewhere. Of railroads already completed, VIRGINIA has thirty-two miles from Manchester to Harper's Ferry; seventy-six miles from Richmond to Aquia Creek on the Potomac; twenty-two and a half miles from Richmond to Petersburg; from Petersburg to Blakely sixty-one, with a branch of three miles to Weldon; another branch of eighteen miles from a point south of Hicksford on the Petersburg railroad, to Gaston on the Roanoke river; the Louisa railroad is fifty miles more; and the Portsmouth and Roanoke railroad, now in a state of dilapidation. Besides these, there are other shorter roads, viz: the Chesterfield railroad from Manchester to the coal mines, twelve miles in extent; another called the Cloverhill railroad, from a point on the Petersburg and Richmond road, to the Cloverhill coal mines, a distance of eighteen miles; also a short branch from the same road to Port Walthall; another twelve miles in extent, called the City Point railroad, from Petersburg to City Point. The above roads are all completed, and in successful operation. There are others projected, and will doubtless go into operation in a very few years. Of these, the most important are the Richmond and Danville Railroad, one hundred and fifty miles in extent; the extension of the Louisa road; and the Richmond and Ohio Railroad.

In NORTH-CAROLINA, we have the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, eighty-four miles; and the Wilmington Railroad, one hundred and sixty-one miles, both completed; besides other roads projected.

In SOUTH-CAROLINA, we have, completed, the Charleston and South-Carolina Railroad, with its branches to Hamburg, Columbia and Camden, making about two hundred and sixty miles; and have projected and partly under contract, the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad; the Greenville and Columbia; the Raleigh and Columbia; the Wilmington and Manchester; and the Charleston and Wilmington.

GEORGIA takes the lead of all the Southern States, in

railroad enterprises. She has completed the Georgia Railroad of one hundred and seventy-one miles; the branch to Athens, of forty miles; and another to Warrenton, of three miles. She has the Western and Atlantic road already finished to Atalanta, one hundred miles; and will shortly have thirty-nine miles more of the same road finished to Chattanooga in Tennessee. Besides, the Central, and the Macon and Western Railroads; the former one hundred and ninety-two miles; the latter one hundred and one.

Of projected roads, she has the South Western to Pensacola; the Muscogee, from Columbus to Barnesville, seventy-five miles; the Barnesville to Social Circle, twenty miles; the Macon and Madison road, seventy miles; Milledgeville and Gordon road, fifty-five miles; the Washington and Savannah road, fifty miles; and the Warrenton road.

ALABAMA has completed the Decatur and Tuscumbia road, a distance of forty miles; and the Montgomery and West Point, of which sixty-six miles are completed. Of projected roads, she has one, of a hundred and sixty miles, connecting Pensacola and Montgomery; and another connecting Mobile and Vicksburg.

TENNESSEE has several highly important roads projected, which bid fair to be shortly completed, viz: the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, of one hundred and fifty miles; the Heighwassee and Knoxville road, of one hundred and twelve miles; and the Central road from Nashville to Fulton, of two hundred miles.

LOUISIANA and MISSISSIPPI, also, have many miles of railroad completed and projected.*

The reader who will pursue on the map, the routes of roads we have above mentioned, will at once see what an immense territory they pass over, and what valuable and varied resources they unfold. When fully completed and connected, as most of them will be, the commerce between the far West and the seaboard will be as easy and frequent, as if no obstacles had ever intervened. Even at this moment, the traveller may pass around our entire Union, north, south, east and west, with the inconvenience

* For the foregoing account of Southern lines of railroad, we are indebted to the kindness of Col. Gadsden, President of the South-Carolina Railroad.

of less than a hundred miles of stage-coach riding. From Charleston, for instance, he may take his journey, over railroad, into Georgia, as far as Cross Plains on the Georgia Railroad; thence by a few miles staging, he may reach Chattanooga on the Tennessee. Taking steamboat on that river, he may pursue its devious course, through portions of Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky; until reaching the Ohio, he may pass up its beautiful waters, with the States of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio, on either side of him; and taking railroad at the Great Western City of Cincinnati, with only a few more miles of staging, he may reach the city of Sandusky on Lake Erie. From this point, he may take steamboat to Detroit in Michigan, and passing by railroad over that State to its great lake, by steamboat traversing its great waters, may make the tour of Lakes Huron and Erie, and from Buffalo, by railroad, through the entire breadth of New-York and Massachusetts, reach Boston, whence by railroad, passing through the Atlantic States, he may return to Charleston, after an absence of only a few weeks, and at an expense of only a few hundred dollars.

Such are some of the railroad enterprises in this country. Let us revert to those of Europe.

We have already stated, that the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad, thirty miles in extent, was the first road of the kind constructed in England. It was opened for traffic in 1830. Five years after, there were 1300 miles of railroad in operation in that country, upon which, during that year, 12,000,000 people were conveyed. In 1841, fifteen hundred miles were completed, on which 20,000,000 passengers were carried. In 1844, eighteen hundred miles of railroad was opened, and the number of passengers transported, were 27,000,000; and in 1844, the length was increased to nineteen hundred miles, and the passengers exceeded the incredible number of 30,000,000.

Sixty millions of capital had been expended in a little over ten years in these enterprises. All the principal lines paid large profits. Some over ten per cent., and the shares rose cent per cent. premium.

The average cost at which the English railroads had been built, is at the rate of £35,000 per mile. This amount has been distributed as follows:

Cost of land, - - - -	£4,000
Way work, - - - -	22,000
Office and sundries, - -	1,000
Locomotive power, &c., - -	8,000
	<hr/>
	£35,000

The average per centage of income, has been estimated at 58 per cent., against 42 per cent. average expenses, or about 5 per cent. profit on the £35,000 per mile invested. Of this revenue, 63 per cent. proceeds from passengers, and 37 per cent. from goods.

The general impression has been, that the great mass of traffic is derived from large cities and towns at their *termini*. Dr. Lardner has taken great pains to solve this question, and conclusively proves, that all the English, as well as Continental railways, derive their greatest revenue from passengers who travel short distances, and not from those who pass between the great centres of population which mark the *termini*.

It is estimated that there will be in Great Britain, in the course of a few years, more than 9000 miles of railway. These, to yield £3,000 per mile, will require an expenditure of £17,000,000 from passengers and £10,000,000 from merchandise; and when the entire number of miles is in operation, will require the annual travelling of 153,000,000 passengers.

Belgium was the first European State, after Great Britain, that moved energetically in railroads. Four different lines, 348 miles in length, were constructed at the expense of that government, and the results of the first year after their opening, fully justified the policy which had dictated their construction. A secondary system of lines, to communicate with the inferior towns, has been commenced, under the authority of the State, by private companies. The general character of the country is favorable for the construction of railroads. The surface of her lands is generally flat, and no earthwork or great works of art are necessary.

The average cost of establishing the Belgian lines has been £16,500 per mile—consisting of the following items :

Construction of Lines, - - -	£12,908
Stations and appendages, - - -	1,100
General Expenses, Salaries, &c., - - -	500
Materials for building, - - -	2,100
	<hr/>
	£16,500

The fares are one-half those on the British lines; in consequence of which the average distance travelled by passengers, on the former, is double that on the latter. On the Belgian lines merchandise supplies 40 per cent. of the gross revenue; on the British, it supplies only 37 per cent. Short traffic on these lines, also, affords the chief portion of their revenue.

By a system of most judicious and liberal management, the Belgian railroads render great service to the country, in the transportation of every kind of merchandise; which has done more to develop the resources of the country than almost all other causes put together.

"Admirable arrangements," (says Dr. Lardner,) "are made for the safe, expeditious and cheap delivery of every package and parcel at the address of the consignee, who is subject to no additional or arbitrary expenses whatever, beyond the amount of the tariff, which varies, of course, according to the nature of the goods, but is, in all cases, on the lowest scale.

"The effect of these measures has been conspicuously apparent in the rapid augmentation of this department of transport. In 1841, before they were matured, the total receipts for merchandise were £19,000. In 1844, its amount was £177,800. Before the establishment of the eastern branch of the railway, the highest amount of heavy goods sent to the German frontiers by the old conveyances was 12,000 tons. In 1844, the amount transported was 67,500 tons. In 1842, before the railway took traffic, the amount of light goods was 194,000 tons. In 1844 it exceeded 500,000 tons."

In France, its government in 1842 resolved that a system of railroads should be planned and executed. With this view it was determined, that from Paris as a centre, main branch lines should issue, to be directed to those points of the frontiers, by land and sea, which should best serve the purposes of foreign commerce. In 1844 there were 537 miles of railroad opened to the public, absorbing a capital of \$57,000,000. In progress of construction there were 1837 miles, and 961 miles projected. When these are completed,

• Edin. Rev., Vol. xxii., p. 963.

the total length will be 3335 miles, requiring the enormous capital of \$355,977,000 dollars. Most of the railroads in France have been undertaken by the government, and when completed, are leased, for a term of years, to companies or individuals, on complying with certain conditions. At the expiration of 40 years they will revert to the government, and in about 90 years private companies will cease to exist, except such as the government may think fit to re-construct.*

The average net profit of railroad capital in France is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and a little over half the income is expended for necessary expenses. In France, as in England and Belgium, the chief source of revenue is from short traffic.

In Austria there are about 700 miles of railroad completed and open for business, and nearly 2000 more in progress. The average profits on capital thus invested, in that country, is $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

In Prussia, 701 miles are open for traffic; but the total length planned and in actual progress is 1063 miles. Of 11 principal lines, 600 miles in length were opened in 1845, the cost of building which, was upwards of \$28,000,000.†

Russia, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, the Italian States, and even the Peninsula, have shown signs of their consciousness of the expediency of similar undertakings. Several of them have already taken active measures in the construction of lines through their respective territories. Sweden stands alone quiescent among the nations of Europe.

Russia has laid out a very extensive system of railroad communication; and, by continuous routes, will connect all the chief cities of Central Europe, the total length of which will be 1600 miles.‡

We have been particular in the foregoing sketch of the progress of railroads in this country and elsewhere, that our readers might be furnished with the evidence, upon which we conclude that a very general experience has established the almost indispensable utility of the system. Individuals are still to be found, who are not prepared to

* Railroad Guide, p. 28.

† Railroad Guide, p. 29.

‡ Edin. Rev., Vol. xxii., p. 368.

admit, that the wealth or requirements of our people are sufficiently large or pressing, to warrant the introduction of railroads amongst us. We think, however, that facts are against them, and in our opinion, no question in political economy seems to have been more clearly demonstrated, than that *railroads, with the aid of locomotive steam engines, afford the CHEAPEST and SAFEST, as well as most SPEEDY and CERTAIN means of communication for all purposes whatever.*

To our preceding remarks, it would scarcely seem necessary to add further testimony to establish the truth of these positions—we shall, however, proceed with further illustrations.

From very carefully prepared tables, Dr. Lardner informs us, that

“The passenger service rendered by the British railways in 1845, was equivalent to 500,000,000 passengers carried one mile.

“Let us see what number of ordinary stage coaches could have performed this service in the same time.

“One hundred horses, working in a coach, would carry 25 passengers per day 100 miles. Omitting fractions, the number carried in the year would be 10,000, which would be equivalent to 1,000,000 carried one mile. Such a coach, worked by 100 horses, would take 500 years to execute the passenger traffic of the railways in the year 1845. In doing this it would travel a distance equal to 1500 times the circumference of the globe.

“The locomotive engines, therefore, employed in drawing passenger trains in that year, performed the work of 50,000 stage coach horses.

“It is worth while to compare the cost at which this has been executed, with that at which the same service would have been performed by stage coaches.

“In making this comparison, it is necessary to remember that there are three sources of economy which the railway offers, in comparison with stage coaches.

“First, the saving in the *fare*; secondly, the value of *time saved*; and thirdly, the saving of *tavern expenses* on the road.

“*First*.—If we take the coach fare on the average of 4d. per mile, (a low estimate,) the saving by the railway will be at the rate of 2½d. per mile per head.

“*Secondly*.—The saving of time will be at the rate of 9 hours in 100 miles travelled. For one must allow 13½ hours, at 7½ miles per hour, for an ordinary stage coach to perform 100 miles; which, on the railway, would be travelled in less than 5 hours. If we estimate the time of the class which travelled, on the average, at 6s. per working day of 12 hours, this will be 6d. per hour.

“*Thirdly*.—A traveller 13 hours on the road must take at least one meal at a tavern, and many will take two. A traveller 5 hours on

the road takes nothing. Let this saving be put down, on the average, at 2d. per hundred miles. We shall then have the following account of the amount saved by those who travelled on the railways in 1845, compared with what travelling the same distance in stage coaches would have cost:

506,900,695 miles, at 2½d. per mile, fare saved, - -	£5,280,212
45,621,063 hours saved, at 6d. per hour, - -	1,140 526
506,900,695 miles tavern expenses, at 2d. per hundred miles, 506,900	
	<hr/> £6,927,641

"The total saving is, therefore, nearly double the sum paid as railway fare. In other words, the locomotive engine has reduced the cost of travelling to *one-third* of its former amount, even at a rate of fare charged under a system of monopoly, as compared with the open competition of stage coaches."—[*Edinburgh Review*, Vol. xxii., p. 256.

These results, derived from evidence furnished in England, are equally applicable to the railroad system of other countries. Wherever railroads have been established in the United States, rates of passage and freight have been very much diminished—in all cases, as much as one-half, and in many, as much as two-thirds.

In Massachusetts, as appears from her State Reports, there were taken for passengers and freights, during the year 1846, as much as \$3,305,000. On this amount, it was estimated, there was a saving of 50 per cent. over the former mode of travelling—equal to the aggregate sum of \$1,752,500. The number of miles of railroad in operation in Massachusetts is 707.

In South-Carolina, the number of miles of railroad in operation is 204. In fifteen years, from 1832 to 1848, the receipts from her roads were \$5,138,600, which, at a reduction of 50 per cent. on the cost of transportation of freights and passengers by stages, wagons, and other conveyances, indicates a saving to the community of \$2,569,300. If, to the rates of fare, which have been diminished one-half, we add the saving of time, *one day* in every hundred miles, and the saving of *tavern expenses*, one dollar and a half for the same distance—estimating the saving on fare at \$5, and the saving of time at \$1 per day, and the saving of tavern expenses at \$1 50, the total amount saved to each traveller who proceeds 100 miles in our State by railway, is \$7 50. Of this saving of time and money by

railroad over wagon travel, the anecdote of the Chester wagoner is no bad illustration.

As we heard it; he started from Chester District, in this State, with an excellent team of six mules, in a wagon loaded with nine bales of cotton, accompanied by two active negroes to tend the team on the way. His market was Columbia, and the road over which he had to journey is not unlike what Sir Arthur Young described the road between Liverpool and Manchester, seventy years ago: "filled with ruts and holes several feet deep and floating in mud, with break-neck and overthrowing and breaking-down places all over it—in fact, a road in every way infernal and to be dreaded as the devil." Over such a road our Chester friend had to pass. Was it at all wonderful that, mile after mile, he had to throw out a part of his load—that his mules stalled in an hundred places—that they got out of provender and had to eat the very straw of which their collars were composed—that the mud so covered mules and negroes alike, as to leave it doubtful which was which—and that, finally, the proceeds from the remnant load, which reached Columbia, had to be laid out in expenses back to Chester. Our readers may smile at the apparent exaggeration of the anecdote—we can vouch, however, for its entire truthfulness.

"Sir!" said a farmer to us in Newberry, "talk of the expense of wagoning my cotton to market, eating up the profits of my crop! It does more, sir! I could take you to the Buzzard Lane (a main road in Newberry) and show you, besides the profits of my crop, some dozen fine mules and horses eaten up by the mud-holes. And more, sir! I could take you to the grave-yard hard by, and show you where lie buried many dear friends who have died of exposure while wagoning over these cursed death-holes. Why, sir, call the railroad locomotive 'Hell in harness?' This Newberry road is worse, sir! It is the devil's own slaughter-place!"

As regards the *speed* on railroads, contrast the state of things mentioned in the above anecdotes with the time taken by the modern locomotives to perform its journey! Trains on the Great Western Railway have gone 194 miles in three hours and thirty-eight minutes, at the same time drawing sixty tons weight. Deducting thirty-two minutes for stoppages, it gives a rate of speed equal to sixty-four

miles per hour. The usual time, however, for performing this distance, is four and a half hours, including stoppages, with a train of forty freight cars, which are drawn with perfect ease.

Formerly, it took two hours to perform the journey between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-six miles. The road is now gone over by the mail trains in an hour and a quarter. The usual rate of travel upon the English railways of "swift trains," is fifty miles per hour, including stoppages. A locomotive built by Mr. Norris, of Philadelphia, has drawn a train of 158 iron coal wagons, weighing 1268 tons, a distance of 84 miles in 8 hours and 3 minutes.

So *certain*, as regards time, are most of the locomotives in this country and in Europe, that the farmers along the railroads on which they run, are in the habit of setting their watches by them.

We have, then, abundant reason to conclude that railroads are indeed the *cheapest*, *speediest* and most *certain* mode of travel, nor are they less wonderful for *safety*.

"Out of 6,606,215 passengers," says Dr. Lardner, "who travelled on the Belgian railroads, between the years 1835 and 1839, only *fifteen* were killed, and *sixteen* wounded by accidents. Twenty-six of these were employed in working the road. Only two passengers were killed and three wounded. The chances of the death of a passenger from railway accidents, were therefore 1 to 2,203,215. In 1842, the number of passengers was 2,716,755. Of these, only three were killed, one of whom was a suicide, and the other two met their deaths by crossing the lines.

"On the French lines, the deaths from accident, have been still more rare. According to an official return for the first six months of 1843, upon the six lines which issued from the capital, of which the total length was 212 miles, the circulation had amounted to 18,446 trains, which transported 1,889,718 passengers. The distance travelled over, was 216,945 miles. No traveller was either killed or wounded, only three agents of the railway suffered."

In juxtaposition to this, Dr. Lardner furnishes tables to show, how many have been killed and wounded, during seven years, by stage coaches in Paris and its environs. The account shows 74 passengers killed, and 2073 wounded. From an examination of several other similar tables, Dr. Lardner concludes, that "the chance in favor of the safety of travellers, who conduct themselves with ordinary prudence, is HALF A MILLION TO ONE."

The accidents on American railroads, are perhaps more numerous than the per centage above stated ; but compared with those occurring from other modes of travel, passengers can congratulate themselves upon an almost inappreciable gain. The annual reports of the several railroads in Massachusetts, have recently been printed by order of the Legislature ; and it appears, that the whole number of persons killed on the sixteen railroads in that State, during the year 1847, was 44 ; and the number of persons injured, 41. On the Boston and Worcester road, the whole number of passengers was 598,305. On the Eastern Railroad, 892,896. On the Western Road, 388,111. On the Boston and Maine Road, 728,307.

It would seem scarcely possible, certainly, not very probable, that any individual or company of men, would after an experience of upwards of twenty years, continue to embark in any enterprise, detrimental to the public, or unprofitable to themselves. Some writers, however, think otherwise, and profess to be opposed to the building of railroads ; not because they do not afford *cheaper rates, speedier travel, more certain time and greater safety* to passengers and goods ; all these they are constrained to admit ; but because the system requires the absorption of too much capital, and yields too little profit upon the investment. The affirmative of this position, has been very fully discussed by "Anti-Debt," in the pamphlet quoted at the head of this article, and responded to by "Charleston," in a series of essays under the title of "The False Alarm." In these pamphlets, a vast deal of information, on the economy of railroads, is to be obtained. Like most partizans, however, both writers run their arguments into extremes.

The economy of any railroad enterprise, is a question which can be settled with almost mathematical certainty. At all events the *minimum* profits may be put down, although the *maximum* may not be anticipated. The rule which determines such questions, has been correctly stated by Condé Raguet.

"Suppose," says he, "the question were put to a farmer, whether a good road to market was not desirable to him, what would be his reply ? Clearly an affirmative one. Suppose the further question were put to him, how much he would contribute towards making such a road, what would then be his answer ? It would probably be this, (and if he were a wise man, it would certainly be this,) I will

contribute such a sum as will be likely to bring back to me a pecuniary yield at least equal to my capital."

In undertaking any plan of internal improvement, the economist will, therefore, consider the three following propositions :

1st. Will the capital invested, produce an interest equal to that yielded, by its investment in other undertakings. If it do not, it will prove unprofitable. For instance, the farmer has \$1,000 to invest. In farming, it will yield him 6 per cent. ; but from railroads, he might derive an interest of only 3 per cent. ; in such case he would clearly become a loser.

2d. But the same farmer has \$1,000 worth of produce to get to market. By the ordinary means it cost him equal to 6 per cent. to transport his produce ; but by railroad, he can get it transported at 3 per cent. Here, then, he would recover what he had lost on his railroad stock ; and would at least be square in his account of profit and loss.

3d. He may lose on his investment ; and may not even gain on the transport of his produce ; but may yet be benefited in another way. He may have \$10,000 worth of property through which the road runs. This may be doubled in value by the road so running ; and thus, he would clearly make up in the third mode, for his losses in the other cases.

These hypotheses have been so frequently proved, as scarcely to need illustration. That, the result suggested by them, have followed in all instances, where railroads have been built, would be extravagant to affirm. But, because they have not thus resulted, is no reason why the rule is bad. History, like Holy Writ, is given us for instruction and reproof ; and its pages unfold quite as many lessons to be avoided for the bad they contain, as imitated for the good. In the economy of railroads, to expect that the history of each of them should present an example of unincumbered prosperity and success, would be a consumption never yet enjoyed by mankind in any other undertaking. Like every thing else, these enterprises have their difficulties to contend with, and obstacles to surmount. But all things considered, it is remarkable—nay, it is perfectly amazing, that, during so short an existence, they should have achieved all the wonderful results they have done. Except where bad management has been the cause, it may be safely said, there is not a railroad anywhere,

which has not surpassed the very largest calculations ever made in its favor. Every where in Europe, they have been successful; illustrating their good economy, by a yield of large profits to stockholders; by an immense saving in the rates of transporting goods and passengers; and in the almost incredible appreciation of lands and property through which, and by which, they have run.

When first introduced into England, we are told, they were regarded by every one, except the capitalists and engineers, with perfect horror. The rumor that it was contemplated to bring such a road within five miles of a particular neighborhood, was sufficient to elicit an adverse petition to Parliament, and even a subscription to oppose such a fearful nuisance. Oxford and Eton would not permit the Great Western bill to pass without special clauses to prohibit a branch to Oxford and a station at Slough—nay, when the directors attempted to infringe the latter prohibition, by only stopping to take up and set down at Slough, they were attacked by proceedings in chancery, and interdicted from making even a *pause*, where now is the first and most frequented station in England. Indeed, such has been the revolution created in the public mind of England, that, where before objections were urged, high premiums are now paid to railroad companies for running their roads through certain neighborhoods. Evidence has been taken before Parliament to prove the fact, and it appears, that wherever these roads have been run, the property, for miles around, has advanced two-fold in value.* On the Continent the result has been similar.

In this country, the effect of railroads in developing the benefits we have been adverting to, has been very conspicuous. "Charleston" has furnished some useful tables proving this. We quote the following:

"Any one who will make the inquiry will find that land, all along the South-Carolina Railroad, for ten miles each side of it, has appreciated in value, 50, 500, and in some cases 5000 per cent.; and where, before its construction, there was not twenty thousand dollars of trade along the whole line, there is now two hundred and fifty thousand. These facts have been ascertained from actual returns.

The South-Carolina Railroad runs through the Districts of Colleton, Orangeburg, Barnwell, Richland and Edgefield. Let us com-

* London Quarterly Review, Vol. xxv., p. 128. Art. Railway Legislation.

pare the value of merchandize and lots in these places *before* and *since* the completion of the road. The Comptroller's Reports for 1830 and 1846 furnish these as follows :

	1830.	1846.
Charleston—value of goods, - - -	\$1,689,072	\$3,185,770
Value of lots, - - -	8,366,914	13,527,743
St. Bartholemew's—value of goods, - - -	12,275	19,747
Value of lots, - - -	32,203	63,336
St. George's—value of goods, - - -	600	1,250
Value of lots, - - -	210	680
Orangeburg—value of goods, - - -	15,700	19,430
Value of lots, - - -	15,275	35,855
Barnwell—value of goods, - - -	15,238	48,890
Value of lots, - - -	16,550	79,396
Edgefield—value of goods, - - -	14,830	147,190
Value of lots, - - -	48,628	251,870
Richland—value of goods, - - -	319,707	459,536
Value of lots, - - -	787,824	1,234,565
	<hr/> 11,337,026	<hr/> 19,075,157
		<hr/> 11,337,026
Balance, - - - - -		<hr/> \$7,738,131

"This increase in trade and the value of real estate is principally attributable to the introduction of railroads and other facilities to Charleston; and if the question were, as it should be, What has Charleston and the country saved by the introduction?—and if the saving were added to the gain, the advantages would appear almost inappreciable."

"Charleston" pursues the subject, and in a hypothetical calculation, as regards certain railroads about to be undertaken in our State, so clearly illustrates the principles we have been insisting upon, that we continue to quote him.

"Recollect the condition of our roads before these improvements were introduced! Five dollars for getting a bale of cotton to market was no uncommon price, while the freight on goods into the country was equally high. To transport iron, hardware and groceries, except at the most favorable season of the year, was almost worth their weight in silver. Over most of the roads, 20 miles per day was a good journey for even a man and horse, and 'Buzzard's Lane,' 'the Devil's Footpath,' 'Bog Hole Turnpike,' 'Horse Rib Bridge,' 'Drowned Man's Causey,' &c., &c., were appellations, the use of which lost all metaphor in the sad day's disaster of many a traveller and his poor beast.

"Had our State built all her railroads in it, on her own capital, and incurred all the expenses incident thereto, she would, at this time, have been the decided gainer. Let me illustrate this as regards the Greenville and Charlotte Railroads.

"These will run through some hundred and ten or twenty miles each. Let us say two hundred miles for the two. They will pass through sections of our State; not surpassed anywhere in richness and productiveness of soil, health of climate, mineral and manufacturing facilities, and sturdiness and intelligence of population. All that this population want are good roads, to get the productions of their labor to market. Of course, I do not propose such a plan for adoption, but I wish to demonstrate that, whether the State or private individuals build these railroads, the riches of her citizens will be very much augmented.

"Well knowing that facts would be against him, 'Anti-Debt,' by way of avoiding the evidence he would have to encounter, tells us that, 'our experience in railroads is too limited to warrant our predicting any certain results of them.'

"It is certainly otherwise! Have we not had twenty year's experience in the system? Has it not been adopted all over Europe as a most rapid, cheap and safe mode of transportation for goods and passengers? One hundred and eighty of these roads are already built, and being built, throughout the Union; running over some ten thousand miles, ascending and descending mountains, tunnelling their bowels, overtopping hills, and crossing swamps and rivers. The history of all these has been written with an accuracy of detail, as regards cost, construction, expenses and income, which gives no excuse for ignorance as to results, either actual or prospective.

"In *Minor's Railroad Journal*, for March 13, 1847, may be found a list of all the railroads in the United States. Their length, cost, description, expenses, profits, &c., are accurately set forth.

"Here are ten of them :

	<i>Length.</i>	<i>Income.</i>	<i>Expenses.</i>
South-Carolina R. R., - - -	204	589,081	302,369
Georgia R. R. - - -	171	409,935	157,902
Boston and Lowell R. R., - -	25	384,102	212,233
Maine R. R., - - -	55	348,136	179,734
Providence R. R. - - -	44	360,375	169,679
Worcester R. R., - - -	44	554,712	283,876
Fitchburg R. R., - - -	65	286,645	117,447
Western R. R., - - -	117	878,417	412,679
Baltimore R. R., - - -	188	595,415	429,100
Central (Ga.) R. R., - - -	180	303,439	170,236
	1,093	5,011,157	2,435,255

"The aggregate number of miles, divided into the aggregate amount of income and expenses, present the following result :

Income per mile, - - -	\$4,575
Expenses per mile, - - -	2,228
Profits per mile, - - -	\$2,347

"I might justly take the above average profits per mile, as the basis of the calculation I shall submit; but, to be on the safe side, I shall take one of the least profitable roads in the table.

"The South-Carolina Railroad. Income per mile,	\$2,888
Expenses per mile,	1,482
Profits per mile,	1,482

"Comparing the sparse population and poor country along the line of the South-Carolina Railroad, with the densely peopled and variously productive soil along that of the Greenville and Charlotte Roads, it surely will not be too much to assume that the profits of the latter roads per mile will not fall short of those of the former.

"The cost of these roads per mile, has been estimated at \$10,000. To make a liberal allowance, however, I will set it down at \$11,000. Upon the above data, then, the account may be stated thus;

The State—Debtor.

To cost of 200 miles of railroad, - - -	\$2,200,000
To 3 years' comp. interest, - - -	482,314
To 1 year's expenses at \$1,400 per mile, -	280,000
	<hr/>
	\$2,962,314

Contra.

By value of road, - - - -	\$2,200,000
By 1 year's income at 2,800 per mile, - -	560,000
By saving on this am't., at 50 per cent. over old mode of travel, - - - -	280,000
By int. on enhanced value of 2,500,000 acres of land through which road will run, 10 miles each way, at \$1 per acre, - -	475,000
	<hr/>
Total, - - - - -	\$3,215,000
Expenses, - - - - -	2,962,000
	<hr/>
Balance after all expenses, - - - -	\$253,000

"Thus I have made the most liberal allowances for cost and expenses; have allowed compound interest on the cost, as if the stock were paid out on the first day of subscription; and even with these large charges on the roads, it appears they will meet all expenses, and leave a handsome extra interest the first year, with very profitable dividends thereafter."

The roads alluded to by "Charleston" in the above extract, have been recently contracted for, in part, at prices very considerably under those set down in the estimate; and will doubtless be completed in a year or two, and realize all the profits predicted of them. We confess with "Charleston," to have great faith in railroads. We grant that enormous sums have been expended in England on these improvements—but we cannot, on that account, agree with "Anti-Debt," that "this sinking of capital in stone and iron" has had anything, very immediate, to do with the

diminished price of cotton. We think the reasoning of "Charleston" conclusive on the subject; and as it touches upon a topic of much commercial interest, at this time, we quote his remarks at length.

"'Anti-Debt' would have us believe, that the vast sums expended on railroads, have been all sunk and buried. Were the roads built with *gold* and *silver*? Were they not built of stone and iron, dug out of English soil, by English labor, and paid for by English money? which money, be it remembered, has been kept all the while circulating through the hands of the whole English community? Was there ever a greater piece of nonsense than to suppose, when I built a house, the money I pay for it is buried in the bricks and mortar? Does not the maker of the bricks and mortar get some of it, and the bricklayer, and the carpenter, their portions? and does not the money go out of my hands only, to circulate through those of others?

"If the house is not as profitable to me, either for *rent*, *convenience*, or *pleasure*, as the money I expended on it, I am a looser that much; and strict economy may go further, and say, that the labor of the country has lost something, because it might have been more profitably employed. But would the money be lost? The mere statement of the question is its answer.' Now, what have railroads done for England? Have they not been the means of developing her otherwise dormant wealth? Have they not dug into her mines, and brought her riches from hitherto inaccessible points? Have they not run into the remotest corners of the Kingdom, and appreciated the prices of all her agricultural productions? Have they not given to her inland trade all the facilities of an ocean commerce? In a word, to apply 'Anti-Debt's' own test, have not those roads enhanced the value of property all around them, *increasing*, and *expediting*, and *cheapening* transportation and rendering the money invested in them *productive* of enormous dividends? If they have done all these, and the facts cannot be denied, is it not ridiculous to attribute the present decline in cotton to such causes?

"Would we deem that man sane, or in earnest, who should tell us that a diminution of price for the transportation of our cotton to England would make the buyer give less for it? On the contrary, would he not be able to give us more? Between the railroad and the ship, where is the difference in effect? If the running of a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester will convey a bale of cotton from the one to the other place, at half the former prices, is there not a gain somewhere? The point is too simple for argument.

"What then is the cause of the present decline in cotton?

"For several years, England, and indeed the whole of Europe, has been afflicted with a scarcity of food approaching a famine. The former has been a large importer of bread-stuffs from this country and elsewhere, and it has taken most of the profits of her labor to pay for them. Added to this, her merchants—as merchants ever do—have largely speculated on her distresses; and, while the heart that fed them was bleeding at every outlet, they were opening each other's veins, to see how much they could gloat on each other's blood.

This was an immediate cause; but behind all these, seldom looked at, but not less powerful on that account, is the unrestrained luxury, extravagance and prodigal waste of the upper classes in England. 'Why is it, (says an eloquent writer,) that while railway enterprises are taxed with having crippled the trade of England—while Sir Robert Peel is blamed by another class, and free trade by another—why is it, that her political and social system is not looked to—those laws which confer exclusive privileges upon her drones, and hedge up the enterprise and industry of her producers? How is it that no one thinks of the wealth locked up in the parks and forests of the aristocracy, and that dukes and lords can fence in miles of good productive territory for deer to fatten in, which should be made to feed thousands and tens of thousands of the hungry population of England? This is the grand cause which has been for years bringing on the great catastrophe of suffering. It may be avoided for a while, perhaps, for years, by some political tinkering; but until the political system of Great Britain is radically changed, other storms will come. Every cloud will carry thunderbolts in its bosom and every breeze swell into a tempest.'

"From these causes, and not from railroad improvements, have the monetary affairs of England been deranged. But better days will come. Those merchants, who have been for years tottering over their gambling speculations, will fail and pass into bankruptcy, and others will supply their place, and the real wealth of England—arising out of her manufacturing, mechanical, agricultural and commercial labor and enterprise—the capital invested in her turnpikes and canals, in her railroads and ships of commerce, in her houses and farms, and ten thousand other ways—these will still be found, and the increasing and remunerating demand for her manufactured cotton, all over the world, and the short supply of the raw material, will, before the season is over, bring back prices to their proper standard of value. A month or two will verify every word of this prediction."

But, after all, to measure the utility or economy of railroads, by the dividends they yield, is as absurd as to measure the importance of any system of education by the *money* it enables its votaries to realize. In both cases, the collateral advantages are not to be forgotten; and he is both narrow-minded and no economist, who does so. Than the mere consideration of dollars and cents, we are led to look further—to the extension of knowledge among our people, consequent upon the extension of railroad facilities. The stranger, for instance, coming amongst us with new demands for our labor; and our labor excited and enabled to supply these demands; the opening of new resources, and the successful development of them; the creation of a new internal trade, and the large external commerce flowing out of it; when we behold all this new life, activity and prosperity, we only behold the picture presented, wherever railroads have been introduced.

Nor should we overlook the moral considerations. The beneficial influence of railroad travelling, upon public manners, is every where visible—"in the daily exercise (says an English writer) of habits of economy and punctuality; of civility and comfort; in the bringing various ranks and classes of mankind into more familiar intercourse, and better humor with each other; in the emancipation of the fair sex, and particularly of the middle and higher classes, from the prohibition of travelling in public carriages, which with the majority, was a prohibition from travelling at all; in the opportunity, so frequently improved, of making agreeable acquaintances; in the circulation, as it were, of the current coin of the intellect; and in the general tone of natural frankness and civility so observable in railroad travellers, and so NEW IN THE ENGLISH CHARACTER; producing those rapid and important effects, which enables us to say of this new ART, as of the old, '*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*'"

These considerations, the wise economist will not overlook; nor will the statesman. He will rather conclude with Lord Bacon, "that national prosperity is summed up in three things; the COMMODITY as it is yielded by nature, the MANUFACTURE, and the VECTURE OR CARRIAGE. If these three wheels go, wealth will flow in, as a spring tide." Our country can possess all these. Every commodity yielded by nature, she has in any abundance; the capabilities for manufacturing them she also commands; all that she wants is the VECTURE OR CARRIAGE! Can railroads afford this? Will their cost warrant it? Will they yield profit to the stockholders and benefit to the people? We think we have answered these questions affirmatively, in the evidence already submitted. Nor is our confidence at all weakened, in the liabilities which such enterprises may incur. None can abjure debt more than we do. When it binds and gives over to the creditor, without the ability of redemption, no greater slavery can befall a man—no worse canker eat out the liberty of a nation; but, when incurred to assist honest labor—to give it strength and vigor and productiveness, insidious as it is, at other times, it is only the serpent in the hands of the giant—it may coil itself to strangle, but it will only rouse its intended victim to an easier victory.

ART. V.—NORTH AMERICAN FOXES.

The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America.. By J. J. AUDUBON and the REV. J. BACHMAN. New-York. J. J. Audubon.

It will be remembered, that the Editors have as yet, brought out only the 1st volume of the letter-press of their great work. The second is in rapid progress, while the plates are fast advancing towards completion.

In a former paper for this Review, we had only space enough to commence our survey of the delightful contents of this 1st volume. It is yet so full of pleasant, genial and important themes, that we are quite puzzled amidst all this wealth, to know where to begin, and how to dispose of it to best advantage.

The table of contents presents too many subjects, to permit a separate notice of each in the order of its occurrence; and as we cannot notice all in such a paper as is proposed, we shall confine ourself to those, around which the greatest amount of interest has gathered, from their more intimate association with the sports and necessities of mankind.

The genus *Vulpes*, which comes sixth on the table of genera described, is perhaps in this respect, the most interesting of all mentioned in the volume.

Reynard is a famous fellow to be sure!—and it behooves us to be somewhat careful in making our approaches to a personage of such world-wide celebrity.

He is eminently an historical personage, and one not lightly to be dealt with, even from behind the ponderous shield of science. His fame has been recounted, not alone in the sober "chronicles of wasted time," but legend and romance have given their voices to commemorate his deeds, and poets have sung of them in high heroic strains. Witness that renowned and venerable epic of the nursery, "Reynard the Fox!" for "what their antique pens would have expressed!"

But it must be confessed, that your philosopher is a prodigious leveller. No antiquity is so remote that he will not brush off the green rime of ages, to count the wrinkles on its front; no fame so awful or over-shadowing, that he

will not with familiar hands, stroke "the mane of darkness till it smiles," and renders up the secrets of its glory.

It is only from this point of view, that we can account for the unconscious and remarkable coolness, with which our astute Editors have seized master Reynard by the nape of the neck, to drag him forth from beneath the misty obscurations of time, and hold him up in the common light of day before the eyes of the astonished world. Seeing that they have done so, in spite of all the savage growlings of his outraged historical dignity, even we can take courage—though with humility, to give him now an additional shake. We shall accordingly proceed to "shake out his fur," mathematically, so long as we can hold a sober face in dealing with such a proverbially slippery and facetious customer.

Two Foxes are described by our philosophical editors in this volume—the Cross Fox and the Gray Fox. They say "there are about twelve well known species belonging to this genera, four of which are native to North America." There are many disputes among naturalists, with regard to the varieties of this animal. Instead of twelve, the number of species has been extended to sixteen. Mr. Audubon has always endeavored to simplify the classifications of those departments of natural science, in which he has specially labored; and this he has done, as well with regard to the genus *Vulpes*. He has discovered that many of those animals which have been named and set down as distinct species, by other naturalists, are only varieties. As for instance, the Cross Fox, (*Vulpes decussatus*) the Black or Silver Fox, (*V. argentatus*) and the Red Fox, (*Vulpes fulvus*) have each been classed as a separate species heretofore; but he shows, we think, quite conclusively, that the two first are mere varieties of the last. He found all three together in one litter. This fact in itself, is very strong proof that he is right; for the Gray Fox is never known to breed in with either of these varieties; and the same is true of the Swift Fox, (*V. velox*) and the Arctic Fox, (*V. lagopus*.) This is somewhat singular, for the Red Fox is well ascertained to breed in with the wolf and dog; while a mortal antipathy is thought to exist between it and the Gray Fox; so great indeed, as to give rise to a common opinion, that the Gray Fox is exterminated by it, wherever it makes its appearance. Furthermore, the celebrated Dr. Richardson

adheres to the same opinion, in common with the Indians, hunters and trappers, who have a saying with regard to the Red Fox, "This is not a Cross Fox yet, but it is becoming so!" The European Fox (*Vulpes vulgaris*) is subject to similar varieties; and the *Canis crucigera* of Gessen differs from it in the same way, that our Cross Fox does from the Red one. On the whole, then, we regard it as a safe conclusion, that the Red and Gray Foxes are the only distinct species we have within the present limits of the States.

The slight variations of pelage, which have given rise to the belief of the existence of so many species, are not at all extraordinary or peculiar. We pointed out the same condition of things, with regard to the *Lynx Rufus*, in our former number; and indeed this is the common cause of a vast and unnecessary accession of species, which so complicates and involves the whole history of quadrupeds. Where such differences are not owing to age or sex, they are frequently to the accidents of disease, locality, climate, &c. We once saw three cubs taken from the bed of a Gray Fox; two of which were white as milk, and the other gray. It would have been very wise of us, to have announced the discovery of a new species, on the strength of these Albinoes!

There is a curious and interesting case in point, given from the personal experience of Dr. Bachman. After premising that the swiftness of the animal, has most probably been greatly exaggerated, he says:

"In regard to the cunning of this variety, there may be some truth in the general opinion, but this can be accounted for on natural principles; the skin is considered very valuable, and the animal is always regarded as a curiosity; hence the hunters make every endeavor to obtain one when seen, and it would not be surprising if a constant succession of attempts to capture it, together with the instinctive desire for self-preservation possessed by all animals, should sharpen its wits, and render it more cautious and wild than those species that are less frequently molested. We remember an instance of this kind, which we will here relate.

"A Cross Fox, nearly black, was frequently seen in a particular cover. We offered what was in those days considered a high premium for the animal in the flesh. The fox was accordingly chased, and shot at, by the farmers' boys in the neighborhood. The autumn and winter passed away, nay, a whole year, and still the fox was going at large. It was at last regarded by some of the more credulous as possessing a charmed life, and it was thought that nothing

but a silver ball could kill it. In the spring, we induced one of our servants to dig for the young foxes that had been seen at the burrow which was known to be frequented by the Cross Fox. With an immense deal of labor and fatigue, the young were dug out from the side of a hill; there were seven. Unfortunately we were obliged to leave home and did not return until after they had been given away, and were distributed about the neighborhood.

"Three were said to have been black, the rest were red. The blackest of the young whelps, was retained for us, and we frequently saw at the house of a neighbor, another of the litter, that was red, and differed in no respect from the common Red Fox. The older our little pet became, the less it grew like the Black, and the more like Cross Fox. It was, very much to our regret, killed by a dog when about six months old, and as far as we can now recollect, was nearly of the color of the specimen figured in our work.

"The following autumn, we determined to try our hand, at procuring the enchanted fox which was the parent of these young varieties, as it could always be started in the same vicinity. We obtained a pair of fine fox hounds, and gave chase. The dogs were young, and proved no match for the fox, which generally took a straight direction through several cleared fields, for five or six miles, after which it began winding and twisting among the hills, where the hounds on two occasions lost the scent and returned home.

"On a third hunt, we took our stand near the corner of an old field, at a spot we had twice observed it to pass. It came at last, swinging its brush from side to side, and running with great rapidity, three-quarters of a mile ahead of the dogs, which were yet out of hearing.—A good aim removed the mysterious charm. We killed it with squirrel-shot, without the aid of a silver bullet. It was nearly jet-black, with the tip of the tail white. This fox was the female which had produced the young of the previous spring that we have just spoken of; and as some of them, as we have already said, were Cross Foxes and others Red Foxes, this has settled the question in our minds, that both the Cross Fox and the Black Fox are mere varieties of the Red."

Here we will dismiss this question, premising the conviction confirmed out of our own experience by the facts given above, that the three varieties, the Black, Cross and Red Foxes will be found to be about as nearly identical as three specimens of the common American Skunk, (*Mephitis Chingo*), taken from the same bed; one of which will be banded, another barred and another mottled.

But the editors have been, after some hesitation, bold enough to go with Cuvier in a most decided innovation upon the old formulas of classification. They say "the characters of this genus differ so slightly from those of the genus *Canis*, that we were induced to pause before removing it from the sub genus in which it had so long remained."

We do not perceive that there was any special reason for doubt about the matter, for we have always been surprised that the foxes have not been recognized by naturalists through all time, as a separate genus. The common sense of mankind has always so placed them, but it seems that the common sense of naturalists has been something different! Although we admire and applaud the energy with which Mr. Audubon has labored to simplify, through generalization, the classes of animals, yet we agree with him, that there may be such a fault as too much generalization, and that it is equally to be guarded against. Nobody but a technicalist was ever satisfied with seeing the Fox ranked as a sub-genus of *Canis*. Apart from slight physical coincidents, it is so distinct in habits, character, &c., that we could quite as readily be content to see the humming bird classed as a moth! There is about as much reason for the one as the other. The truth seems to us, to be, that as the humming bird, though distinct in its own character, forms the connecting link between insects and birds, so does the Fox that between the genera *Canis* and *Lynx*, which last, it will be remembered, was once in a like manner classed as a feline.

Here comes in a reflection which pertinently illustrates the ladder-like ascension of scientific enquiry towards truth. Before Linnæus, the methods of classification were so vague, that nothing more definite can be said of them, than that food, size, shape and color, were the principal rules. But the great classifier made an immense advance upon this loose mode, and his terse definitions are perfect, so far as external signs can go, or an accurate knowledge of habits substantiate these. Buffon, who repudiated systems, only made confusion worse confounded, and in the fierce collisions which ensued between his followers and the technicalists, (who swore by their master, the great Swede,) all systems of classification seemed to be in danger of being swept over board.

Cuvier at once stepped to the helm, and righted every thing. He brought along with him, not alone the strong arm, and the commanding eye which wield success, but as well a heavy ballast of fossil remains and huge pre-adamite bones, which soon steadied the storm-shaken vessel. Now, naturalists were for the first time forced to realize, though unwillingly, that the only absolute and mathema-

tical law of classification in zoology, was to be looked for in the dental and osseous structure. The old methods are now accepted as suggestive adjuncts, but by no means as absolute authority.

In the dental formula of the genus *Vulpes*, our editors only mention a slight but decisive difference, (which, however, was sufficient to determine Cuvier) from that of the genus *Canis*; the upper incisor being less curved. The other marked traits of difference, they dispose of summarily.

"Animals of this genus, generally, are smaller, and the number of species known, greater, than among the wolves; they diffuse a fœtid odor, dig burrows, and attack none but the weaker quadrupeds, or birds, &c."

That our editors are exceedingly cautious about innovations, could hardly, we think, be more significantly expressed, than in their mode of dismissing this subject of the removal. After saying, as we before quoted, that the two races differed so slightly, as to induce them to pause before finally receiving the foxes into a separate genus; they proceed:

"As a general rule, we are obliged to admit that a large fox is a wolf, and a small wolf may be termed a fox. So inconveniently large, however, is the list of species in the old genus *Canis*, that it is, we think, advisable to separate into distinct groups, such species as possess any characters different from the true wolves."

We appreciate this cautious mode of procedure as proper and characteristic of the learned dignity of the editors; but nevertheless, we must be permitted to express a still higher admiration of the act of removal itself.

The genus *Vulpes* of Cuvier, is now established,—has become a fixed fact of science among us, as it ought to have been considered long ago!

The editors have not yet told us what other two species besides the Gray and Red, they consider as making up the compliment of "four," assigned to North America, out of the "twelve well known species."

We hope we shall not be considered as presumptuously anticipating them, when we venture to conjecture that probably the Swift Fox and the Arctic Fox, are the two species referred to.

If we prove to be wrong, they will correct us in due time; but as we desire to furnish something like an outline

of this interesting family, in this paper, we shall be pardoned for proceeding after our own manner, always in profound deference to the opinions of the learned editors, as expressed at present, or to be expressed.

The Swift Fox inhabits the Missouri and Platt rivers, west to the Rocky Mountains. It is a very extraordinary creature. Although the smallest of American foxes, it is by far the fleetest. In traversing the wild region where it is native, we heard from the hunters and trappers, most marvellous tales of its swiftness, some of which placed it even alongside of the horse and antelope in this respect, and far beyond any other animal of the great plains. These stories are to be taken with considerable allowance. We saw it frequently, but had no fair opportunity of testing its speed thoroughly. But there is one observation which we made, that may be worth giving in this connection.

The vast, bare extent and undulating surface of those plains, seem to have had a somewhat remarkable effect in developing powers of flight and pursuit, in most of the creatures inhabiting them, and more particularly in the smaller ones. There is quite as much of this exaggerated story-telling to be met with upon the lips of these same wandering hunters and trappers, with regard to the great-eared rabbit of the plains further south. This animal is, represented by them as a miracle of speed, and we are, from our own observation, disposed to give a large proportion of credit to their representations.

We have witnessed in them, the most astonishing power of getting over the ground, which almost seemed to defy pursuit, and was "more like flying than running," as the hunters say. The total absence upon these wide plains of any of those facilities for concealment, refuge or escape, which are afforded elsewhere, by trees, shrubs, rocks, holes, &c., renders the whole game of flight and pursuit there, a plain straightforward matter of hard running on both sides, so that it is no great wonder after all, if the heels of both the predatory and fugitive animals should be somewhat cultivated. As civilization is extended towards these remote regions, we shall know more of the habits of these fleet children of the solitudes, it is to be hoped. The Arctic Fox is more familiar to us, though really far more distant and living among more unpropitious and apparently inaccessible fastnesses, locked in by ice-bergs.

We shall merely say of it, that it is the only one of the genus which we think at all justifies the remark of the editors, that a large fox is a wolf, and a small wolf may be termed a fox. It is much more like the jackall and wolf in its habits; like them, it is gregarious when pressed with hunger, and is even known, like them, to hunt in packs.

But the Red and Gray Foxes are the most interesting to us, for around them all the legendary and historical memorabilia of the genus cluster. This Red Fox is the same mighty embodiment of quadrupedal treachery, upon whose sneaking head the indignant Chaucer loosened such an avalanche of bitter epithet and grand comparison.

“O false morderour reeking in thy den!
O newe Scariot, newe Genelon,
O false dissimulour, O Greek Sinon
That broughtest Troye al utterly to rounne.”

And we fear he has not much improved in manners since, for so well is the slipperiness of his reputation understood, that his most earnestly solicitous friends, the sportsmen, not to speak of naturalists, are to this day puzzled with regard to his identity. It is a question now of grave dispute, whether this “false morderour,” denounced into immortality by Chaucer, be identical with the personage known by the same name amongst us; one party strenuously maintaining that the Red Fox of America, is entitled to the glory of such high descent, while the other sturdily contends that our fox is an aboriginal fox, and by no means deserving of such hard names, as Chaucer used with regard to the English fox.

This dispute is rather curious and amusing than serious, and we do not doubt that the editors will settle it forever, when they come to speak of the Red Fox proper.

We shall, in the mean time, for our own pleasure, look over some of the ground of this interesting controversy. One party contends most earnestly that it is the European Fox, (*Vulpes vulgaris*), which was brought over by one of the Continental Governors, who was an ardent sportsman, and who turned a pair or more loose to breed on Long Island; that finally they escaped, they or their descendants, over to the main land, and have since migrated south and west. The other party contends that it is a native species, and comes from the north, migrating—as

many other species of quadrupeds and birds, as well as nations of men, have done,—towards the south. The last argument appears to us to be the true one, because, in the first place,—although there are many points of general resemblance which might deceive any but careful naturalists,—yet it has been found when the two animals have been brought together and critically compared by them, that they are quite clearly distinct. This, of itself, ought to be enough to settle the question; but when we come to remember, in the second place, that the Red Fox and all its varieties is a northern animal, and that from its cunning and sagacity it would always make a convenience of the neighborhood of man for the purpose of preying upon his domesticated creatures, we can well understand how its progress south should have been quite as gradual as that of well stocked barn yards and fat flocks of geese. The case is to us a perfectly plain one, and the answer to the multiplied inquiries we have from old sportsmen,—“whether it is that the red fox has degenerated, or that our hounds, through careful breeding, have been appreciated in speed? since it is true that the Red Fox is now taken with ease in two hours at most, when we thought ourselves fortunate, when he first came amongst us, if we run him down in twelve,”—is equally plain. He is a northern animal, and the fat living you give him, and your warm climate, have degenerated the gaunt starveling of the north.

Godman, in his American Natural History, disposes of the question in quite a summary manner, and, no doubt, greatly to his own satisfaction. He says: “By the fineness of its fur, the liveliness of its color, length of limbs and slenderness of body, *as well as the form of its skull*, the Red Fox of America is obviously distinguished from the common fox of Europe, to which, in other respects, it bears a resemblance sufficiently striking to mislead an incidental observer.”

Here we will leave this nice point, to be adjusted by Mr. Audubon and Dr. Bachman, after their own manner and in their own good time.

Indeed, we are promised by them more full details with regard to this and many other questions, illustrating the species, (*Vulpes Fulvus*,) under the particular head of Red Fox, in one of the succeeding volumes.

But the Cross Fox, which is the first of the family treated

of in this volume, is, from several points of view, a very curious creature. It is in the markings of its pelage that we find those objects of popular wonder which have caused it to be invested with a certain degree of romance.

We quote a few lines from the technical description, which explain our meaning. After saying that the general color of the animal is dark gray, our editors proceed to remark that :

"The yellowish tint on each side of the neck and behind the shoulders, is divided by a longitudinal dark brown band on the back, crossed at right angles by another running over the shoulders and extending over the fore-legs, forming a cross. There is another cross, yet more distinctly marked, upon the chest; a black stripe, extending downward from the throat towards the belly, being intersected by another black line, which reaches over the chest from the inside of one fore-leg to the other. Hence, the name of this animal does not originate in its ill-nature, or by reason of its having any peculiarly savage propensity, as might be presumed, but from the singular markings we have just described."

It is most true that Reynard has never been remarkable for ill-nature, except after the manner of a practical joker. He is an ancient and privileged humorist, who only shows his teeth savagely when cornered, and then dies game. Our editors furnish an illustration, when describing one of the modes of hunting him common to the northern part of New-York years ago. These foxes were hunted principally for their skins, and in the winter. The dogs used are a mongrel cross upon the cur-hound and grey-hound. This animal is stronger and swifter than any thorough-bred, and better suited for this peculiar chase—for the object is simply to get the skin and turn it into dollars and cents in the most direct possible manner. There is no poetry or chivalry in this kind of chase.

"In the fresh-fallen and deep snows of mid-winter the hunters are most successful. During these severe snow storms, the ruffed grouse, (*Tetrao Umbellus*), called in our Eastern States the partridge, is often snowed up and covered over; or sometimes plunges from on wing into the soft snow, where it remains concealed for a day or two. The fox occasionally surprises these birds, and as he is usually stimulated at this inclement season by the gnawings of hunger, he is compelled to seek for food by day as well as by night; his fresh tracks may be seen in the fields, along the fences, and on the skirts of the farm-yard, as well as in the deep forest.

"Nothing is easier than to track the fox under these favorable circumstances, and the trail having been discovered, it is followed

up, until Reynard is started. Now the chase begins; the half-hound yells out, in tones far removed from the mellow notes of the thoroughbred dog, but equally inspiring, perhaps, through the clear frosty air, as the solitary hunter eagerly follows, as fast as his limited powers of locomotion will admit. At intervals of three or four minutes, the sharp cry of the dog resounds, the fox has no time to double and shuffle, the dog is at his heels almost, and speed, speed, is his only hope for life. Now the shrill baying of the hound becomes irregular; we may fancy he is at the throat of his victim; the hunter is far in the rear, toiling along the track which marks the course so well contested, but occasionally the voice of his dog, softened by the distance, is borne on the wind to his ear. For a mile or two the fox keeps ahead of his pursuer; but the latter has the longest legs, and the snow impedes him less than it does poor Reynard; every bound and plunge into the snow diminishes the distance between the fox and his relentless foe. Onward they rush, through field, fence, brushwood and open forest, the snow flying from bush and briar as they dart through the copse, or speed across the newly-cleared field. But this desperate race cannot last longer. The fox must gain his burrow, or some cavernous rock, or he dies. Alas! he has been lured too far away from his customary haunts and from his secure retreat, in search of prey; he is unable to reach his home; the dog is even now within a foot of his brush. One more desperate leap, and with a sudden snappish growl he turns upon his pursuer, and endeavors to defend himself with his sharp teeth. For a moment he resists the dog, but is almost instantly overcome. He is not killed, however, in the first onset; both dog and fox are so fatigued that they now sit on their hanches facing each other, resting, panting, their tongues hanging out, and the foam from their lips dropping on the snow. After fiercely eyeing each other for a while, both become impatient—the former to seize his prey, and the latter to escape. At the first leap of the fox, the dog seizes upon him; with renewed vigor he seizes him by the throat, and does not loose his hold until the snow is stained with his blood, and he lies rumped, draggled, with blood-shot eye, and frothy, open mouth, a mangled carcass on the ground.

“The hunter soon comes up: he has made several *short cuts*, guided by the baying of his hound; and striking the deep trail in the snow again, at a point much nearer to the scene of the death-struggle, he hurries toward the place where the last cry was heard, and pushes forward in a half run until he meets his dog, which, on hearing his master approach, generally advances towards him, and leads the way to the place where he has achieved his victory.”

There are yet more unfair modes of taking this gallant animal described, the very mention of which would make the warm blood of a genuine fox-hunter boil over with contemptuous indignation.

The fox is pursued by one of the scrubby mongrels we have mentioned, until he is fairly earthed, when the *sports-*

man, as our editors facetiously call him, comes up with spade and pick-axe on shoulder, and, after coolly surveying the ground, goes to work to dig him out. His labor, at this season, is worth something less than a dollar a day, and if he succeeds in digging out the poor fox, he will get from five to seven for his skin, which would be a considerable advance. Alas! poor Reynard for all the dignity of ancient associations!

“To what base uses do we come at last?”

The countryman throws off his coat, goes doggedly to work, and, after hours of sweaty labor, perhaps succeeds in knocking the gallant beast upon the head, and then swings the inglorious trophy upon his back to trudge away triumphing in the prospective dollars. It may be he has to smoke poor Reynard to death in his hole, or else knock him on the nose as he rushes to the free air.

Truly, according to the showing of our editors, this may be called “*Crucigera*,” the cross-bearing variety of the genus—since it is subjected to such un-orthodox and savage modes of persecution, which certainly entitle it to the crown of martyrdom, if not to the meeker glory of bearing the cross for the sins of all its wicked and witty family.

Indeed, all the twelve tribes of them,—in whatever part of the world they are found,—may be said to “bear the cross” of slander and unmerited abuse for the whole quadrupedal kingdom in common. Reynard has somehow mysteriously got a bad name for himself, and is made amenable for all the cunning, sly, audacious things done among the animals, and is therefore considered, and really known to be, a grievously wicked person.

“It is no harm to abuse a poor devil, whom the whole world unites in abusing,” is the magnanimous motto of the mob, and poor Reynard has the full benefit of it, in an amount of obloquy and buffeting which would surely have been sufficient to chasten and reform the life of any but such an incorrigible. We rather think he glories in bearing the cross, and courts martyrdom. We can perceive no symptoms of amendment. He is still the glozing and subtle intrigant of the Greek fables. The old romaunt is still being enacted, and “all the beasts complain of the fox” daily and hourly, until king lion roars in wrath against his wily minister. We fear there is no sober reform or

hopeful redemption for the sad scamp, since his quaint malfeasances, instead of becoming more tempered and ameliorated by time, have grown only the more glaring and impudent as history brings him nearer to us.

It is a mournful story that the records tell—for Chaucer found him still, “a col fox, ful of sleigh iniquitee,” even in his day. The young poet, in the prattle of his “Garulous God Innocence,” tells us a dreadful story of the morals and manners of Reynard in his time.

We think it should be blazoned now in the self-same words of him,

“Who first with harmony inspired our tongue.”

that it may be kept before the eyes of all modern and juvenile Reynards, as a warning and example of the dreadful consequences following upon the unrestrained indulgence of the predatory instinct they have inherited.

It appears from Chaucer's evidence, that “Russel the fox,” *alias* Reynard, (for, like all thieves and robbers, he has an *alias*,) did

“By high imagination forecast—”

(which hints, we suppose, at clairvoyance!) find his way,

“Into the yerde there chaunteclere the faire
Was want and eke his wives to repaire.”

This was of course only one of his accustomed jokes, and although he certainly seemed to be “on the sneak” when crouching

“—— in a bed of wortes still he lay,”

no intimate admirer of his ancestral glory would ever suspect what dire and shameless purpose brought him there! The poet denounces him with a just and dreadful denunciation, which, it would seem, must have been sufficient to arouse the conscience of any body else, and send him with rebuked tail between his legs abashed away. But nevertheless, see how coldly it has fallen upon his deaf ear, and how, with oily words of glozing courtesy, he proceeds to assail the gallant and unsuspecting cock upon his weak side of vanity and family pride. He tells him blandly

“Save you ne herd I never man so sing
As did your fader in the morwening.”

The silly bird believes him, and

“ ——— stood high upon his toos
Stretching his necke and held his eyen cloos
And gan to crowen loud for the nones,
And Dan Russel the fox stert up at ones
And by the gargat hente chaunteclere
And on his back towards the wood him bere.”

Then arises at sight of the daring depredator, the many-tongued hubbub of the barn yard.

“ The sely widow and her daughtren two,”

rush out in pursuit with broomsticks and with staves, and cry “harow and wala wa! a ha the fox!” and after him too,

“ Ran Colle our dogge and Talbot and Gerlond
And Malkin with her distaf in hire hond;
Ran cow and calf and eke the veray hogga.”
* * *

“ They ronnen so hem thought their hartes breke,
They yelleden as fendes don in hell,
The dokes crieden as men would hem quelle,
The gees for fear flowen over the trees,
Out of the hive came the swarm of bees,
So hidous was the noise a *benedicte* !”

Shocking and abhorrent as is the view of the moral life of Russel alias Reynard, here presented by the simple hearted chronicler, there are yet more grievous and solemn charges laid to his door, in the “Shepherd’s Callender.” We cannot but devoutly hope that the grand old Spencer is rather, in this case, after the confirmed manner of his “Farie Queen,” indulging in metaphor, than telling a veritable incident out of his own knowledge. His ominous words are concerning

“ ——— a wily fox that having apide
Where on a sunny bank the lambes doo play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe till seeing readie tide,
He rusheth forth and snatcheth quite away
One of the little younglings unawares.”

This bloody, but cold and sneaking crime, wrought upon innocence, so white wooled, gaily meek and unsuspecting, is too fearful to dwell upon. We can only drop the curtain here, hoping that Reynard may not prove guilty, according to the poet’s showing!

Certainly we are not much comforted, when our editors take up the character of the "Gray Fox" (*Vulpes Virginianus*.) Comparisons are proverbially odious, yet as accurate historians, they have felt themselves compelled to make them, and we feel ourselves equally necessitated to give them as they have been made. They say, in quite a matter of fact manner :

"Throughout the whole of our Atlantic States, from Maine to Florida, and westwardly to Louisiana and Texas, there are but two species of fox known, viz: the Red Fox, (*V. fulvus*), and the present species, (*V. Virginianus*), although there are several permanent varieties. The former may be regarded as a Northern, the latter as a Southern species. Whilst the Northern farmer looks upon the Red Fox as a great annoyance, and detests him as a robber, who is lying in wait for his lambs, his turkeys, and his geese, the Gray Fox, in the eyes of the Southern planter, is the object of equal aversion. To ourselves, however, who have witnessed the predatory dispositions of each, in different portions of our country, it appears that the Red Fox is far more to be dreaded than the Gray; the latter is a pilfering thief, the former a more daring and cunning plunderer. When they have whelps, the females of both species, urged by the powerful pleadings of their young, become more bold and destructive than at any other time; the Red Fox produces its young very early in the season, sometimes indeed, whilst the snow is still remaining here and there, in large banks unthawed on the ground, and becomes more daring in consequence of being stinted for food; whilst the present species, having its young later when in the Northern States, and finding a more abundant supply of food when inhabiting the Middle or Southern States, is less urged by necessity to depredate on the poultry of the planter.

"We have never, indeed, heard any well authenticated account of this species having entered the poultry-yard of the farmer; it is true, it will seize on a goose, or a turkey hen, that happens to stray into the woods or fields and make its nest at some distance from the house; but we have not heard of its having attempted to kill pigs, or like the Red Fox, visited the sheep pasture in spring, and laid a contribution, from day to day, on the young lambs of the flock."

Yes, it must be admitted that the Gray Fox, as compared with the Red, is something of a sneak! They are both four-footed Jesuits, to be sure. But the latter is stouter, and besides has a family name, an ancestral glory to sustain! He is the Don Quixote of the foxes, and therefore, we can well understand his hen-roost chivalry, not to speak of his barn-yard heroics!

Though we admit him to be great, yet we cannot, in our simplicity, help recognising the Gray Fox as the special

embodiment of all the blarney and lower cunning of the race.

We are most familiar with him at the south, and feel a sort of local jealousy for his fame and character, yet we are frankly willing to look the truth in the face, even when it involves such shameful disclosures as our editors make in the following paragraph.

"The Gray Fox is shy and cowardly, and the snap of a stick or the barking of a dog will set him off on a full run. Although timid and suspicious to this degree, his cunning and voracity place him in a conspicuous rank among the animals that prey upon other species weaker than themselves. The wild turkey hen often makes an excavation in which she deposits her eggs, at a considerable distance from the low grounds, or makes her nest on some elevated ridge, or under a pile of fallen logs covered over with scrub oaks, ferns, tall weeds and grasses; we have often seen traces of a violent struggle at such places; bunches of feathers scattered about, and broken egg-shells, giving sufficient evidence that the fox has been there, and that there will be one brood of wild turkeys less that season. Coveys of partridges, which generally at the dusk of the evening, fly into some sheltered place, and hide in the tall grass, arrange themselves for the night in a circle, with their tails touching each other, and their heads turned outward; the Grey Fox possessing a considerable power of scent, winds them like a pointer dog, and often discovers where they are snugly nestled, and pounces on them, invariably carrying off at least one of the covey."

This furnishes us a gloomy insight of the lamentable weaknesses of the character of the Gray Fox. His cowardice, and fondness for eggs, are to be mourned over! But then, who is perfect? We flatter ourselves, that he can afford to be guilty of a few peccadilloes, since they are contrasted by such extraordinary attributes. Let any body read the subjoined curious anecdote by the editors, and say afterwards, if he dare, that the Grey Fox is not an extraordinary creature!

"On a cold, drizzly, sleety, rainy day, while travelling in Carolina, we observed a Gray Fox in a field of broom-grass, coursing against the wind, and hunting in the manner of the pointer dog. We stopped to witness his manoeuvres: suddenly he stood still, and squatted low on his haunches; a moment after, he proceeded on once more, but with slow and cautious steps; at times his nose was raised high in the air, moving about from side to side. At length he seemed to be sure of his game, and went straight forward, although very slowly, at times crawling on the earth; he was occasionally hidden by the grass, so that we could not see him very distinctly; however, at length we observed him make a dead halt. There was no twisting or horizontal movement of the tail, like that made by the com-

mon house-cat when ready to make a spring, but his tail seemed resting on the side, whilst his ears were drawn back and his head raised only a few inches from the earth; he remained in this attitude nearly half a minute, and then made a sudden pounce upon his prey; at the same instant the whirring of the distracted covey was heard, as the affrighted birds took wing; two or three sharp screams succeeded, and the successful prowler immediately passed out of the field with an unfortunate partridge in his mouth, evidently with the intention of seeking a more retired spot to make a dainty meal. We had a gun with us, and he passed within long gun-shot of us. But why wound or destroy him? He has enabled us for the first time to bear witness that he is not only a dog, but a good pointer in the bargain; he has obeyed an impulse of nature, and obtained a meal in the manner in which it was intended by the wise Creator that he should be supplied. He seized only a single bird, whilst man, who would wreak his vengeance on this poacher among the game, is not satisfied till he has killed half the covey with the murderous gun, or caught the whole brood in a trap, and wrung off their necks in triumph. Condemn not the fox too hastily; he has a more strikingly carnivorous tooth than yourself, indicating the kind of food he is required to seek; he takes no wanton pleasure in destroying the bird; he exhibits to his companions no trophies of his skill, and is contented with a meal; whilst you are perhaps not satisfied when your capacious bird-bag is filled."

This anecdote is very curious and interesting for several reasons. In the first place, it exhibits the fox in a new character of higher intelligence than he has credit for possessing. In the next, it goes far towards confirming the old Spanish legend, with regard to the origin of the Pointer Dog. This represents the pointer as a *made* variety, and not an original race. The legend represents that a Spanish monk first observed, in the wild *dogs* of Andalusia, the trick of pausing before the spring upon its prey. As this pause was longer than in any other animal, the idea was at once suggested, that by training, this habit might be made very useful in venery. He accordingly tamed a number of these dogs, and finding them somewhat deficient in size, docility and scent, he crossed them carefully upon the nobler species of hound, and hence, the pointer was derived. We have always been inclined to regard this remarkable story, as embodying the true origin of the pointer, and think it most likely that the wild dog mentioned, was a transition species between the wolf and fox. But apart from these conjectures, this incident illustrates from an entirely original point of view, the predatory habits of the species.

We have other traits, quite as significant, given in the same connection. Our editors have witnessed the fact that this fox runs down its prey by sight as well as scent—they have known it run down the young hares by sheer speed. We have thus a tolerably clear idea of the mode of capturing its prey common to this fox. And how curiously is this retaliated, when the editors present the mode of capturing Reynard himself by our own race as contrasted with these predacious habits of his own. He vanquishes wild turkeys, partridges, hares and field mice, while we vanquish him.

The glorious and time-honored sport of the "fox-chase!" We have here, little of "the pomp and circumstance" with which it has been invested in Old England, for among us it is a very rude though very hearty amusement. Our editors say :

"From Maryland to Florida, and farther west, through Alabama to Mississippi and Louisiana, fox-hunting, next to deer-hunting, is the favorite amusement of sportsmen, and the *chase* of that animal may in fact be regarded exclusively as a Southern sport in the United-States, as we believe the fox is never followed on horseback in the Northern portion of the country, where the rocky and precipitous character of the surface, in many districts, prevents the best riders from attempting it; whilst in others, our sturdy, independent farmers would not much like to see a dozen or more horsemen leaping their fences, and with break-neck speed galloping through the wheat-fields or other "fall" crops. Besides, the Red Fox, which is more generally found in the Northern States than the Gray species, runs so far before the dogs that he is seldom seen, although the huntmen keep up with the pack, and after a chase of ten miles, during which he may not have been once seen, he perhaps takes refuge in some deep fissure of a rock, or in an impenetrable burrow, which of course ends the sport, very much to the satisfaction of—the fox.

"In the Southern States, on the contrary, the ground is, in many cases, favorable to this amusement, and the planter sustains but little injury from the passing hunt, as the Gray Fox usually courses through woods, or worn-out old fields, keeping on high dry grounds, and seldom, during the chase, running across a cultivated plantation.

"In fox-hunting, the horse sometimes becomes as much excited as his rider, and at the cry of the hounds we have known an old steed, which had been turned loose in the woods to pick up a subsistence, prick up his ears, and in an instant start off full gallop until he overtook the pack, keeping in the van until the chase was ended."

They now introduce us to the mode of hunting the Gray Fox generally adopted in Carolina and Louisiana :

"The hounds are taken to some spot where the animal is likely to be found, and are kept as much as possible out of the 'drives' frequented by deer. Thickets on the edges of plantations, briar patches, and deserted fields covered with broom-grass, are places in which the fox is most likely to lie down to rest. The trail he has left behind him during his nocturnal rambles is struck, the hounds are encouraged by the voices of their masters, and follow it as fast as the devious course it leads them will permit. Now they scent the fox along the field, probably when in search of partridges, meadow-larks, rabbits or field-mice; presently they trace his footsteps to a large log, from whence he has jumped on to a worm-fence, and after walking a little way on it, has leaped a ditch and skulked towards the borders of a marsh. Through all his crooked ways the sagacious hounds follow his path, until he is suddenly aroused, perchance from a dreamy vision of fat hens, geese or turkeys, and with a general cry, the whole pack, led on by the staunchest and best dogs, open-mouthed and eager, join in the chase. The startled fox makes two or three rapid doublings, and then suddenly flies to a cover perhaps a quarter of a mile off, and sometimes thus puts the hounds off the scent for a few minutes, as when cool and at first starting, his scent is not so strong as that of the Red Fox; after the chase has continued for a quarter of an hour or so, however, and the animal is somewhat heated, his track is followed with greater ease and quickness, and the scene becomes animating and exciting. Where the woods are free from underbrush, which is often the case in Carolina, the grass and bushes being burnt almost annually, many of the sportsmen keep up with the dogs, and the fox is very frequently in sight, and is dashed after at the horses' greatest speed. He now resorts to some of the manœuvres for which he is famous; he plunges into a thicket, doubles, runs into the water, if any be at hand, leaps on to a log, or perhaps gets upon a worm fence and runs along the top of it for a hundred yards, leaping from it with a desperate bound and continuing his flight instantly, with the hope of escape from the relentless pack. At length he becomes fatigued, he is once more concealed in a thicket, where he doubles hurriedly; uncertain in what direction to retreat, he hears, and perhaps sees, the dogs almost upon him, and as a last resort climbs a small tree. The hounds and hunters are almost instantly at the foot of it, and whilst the former are barking fiercely at the terrified animal, the latter determine to give him another chance for his life. The dogs are taken off to a little distance, and the fox is forced to leap to the ground by reaching with a long pole, or throwing a billet of wood at him. He is allowed a quarter of an hour before the hounds are permitted to pursue him; but he is now less able to escape than before, he has become stiff and chill, is soon overtaken, and falls an easy prey, turning, however, upon his pursuers with a growl of despair, and snapping at his foes until he bites the dust, and the chase is ended."

We are furnished with some curious facts as to the manner of ascending trees peculiar to this species:

"We were, on one occasion, in company with a friend, seeking
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for partridges in an old field partially overgrown with high grass and bushes, when his large and active pointer dog suddenly started a Gray Fox, which instantly took to its heels, pursued by the dog. After a race of a minute, the latter was so close upon the fox that it ascended a small tree, and our friend soon came up and shot it. We were unable to obtain any information in regard to the manner in which the fox climbs trees, as he does not possess the retractile nails of the cat, or the sharp claws of the squirrel, until we saw the animal in the act. At one time when we observed the fox, he first leaped on to a low branch, four or five feet from the ground, from whence he made his way upwards by leaping cautiously and rather awkwardly from branch to branch, till he attained a secure position in the largest fork of the tree, where he stopped. On another occasion, he ascended in the manner of a bear, but with far greater celerity, by clasping the stem of a small pine. We have since been informed that the fox also climbs trees, occasionally, by the aid of his claws, in the manner of a raccoon or a cat. During winter, only about one-fifth of the foxes chased by hounds will take a tree before they suffer themselves to be run down; but in summer, either from the warmth of the weather causing them to be soon fatigued, or from the greater number being young animals, they seldom continue on foot beyond thirty or forty minutes, before they fly for protection to a tree. It may here be observed, that as long as the fox can wind through the thick underbrush, he will seldom resort to a tree, a retreat to which he is forced by open woods and a hard chase."

In regard to another, and precisely opposite habit, they remark :

"In general, it may be said that the Gray Fox digs no burrow, and does not seek concealment in the earth; we have, however, seen one instance to the contrary, in a high, sandy pine-ridge west of Albany in the State of New-York. We there observed a burrow from which a female Gray Fox and four young were taken. It differed widely from the burrows of the Red Fox, having only a single entrance. At about eight feet from the mouth of the burrow there was an excavation, containing a nest composed of leaves, in which the young had been deposited. We have, on several occasions, seen the kennel of the Gray Fox—it is usually in a prostrate hollow log; we once, however, discovered one under the roots of a tree. In the State of New-York, we were shown a hollow tree, leaning on another at an angle of about forty-five degrees, from a large hole in which two Gray Foxes had been taken. They were traced to this retreat by their footsteps in the deep snow, and, from the appearance of the nest, it seemed to have been their resort for a long time."

For our own part, from what we remember of the Gray Fox, we should say emphatically that it was "of the earth, earthy,"—for in limestone regions, where sinks or holes in the ground are abundant, the fellow only condes-

ceeds to run for recreation, and takes to a hole precisely as soon as he becomes blown.

But "the hollow tree" leaning at an angle of about forty-five, reminds us of an incident, illustrating the astonishing sagacity of this fox. It occurred in our own experience, and in the southern part of Kentucky. We were enthusiastically addicted to fox hunting, and kept a fine pack of dogs. Several young men of the neighborhood, kept packs of dogs also, and we used very frequently to meet, and join in the chase with all our forces.

There was a certain briary old field of great extent, near the middle of which we could on any morning of the year, start a Gray Fox. After a chase of an hour or so, just enough to blow the dogs and horses well, we would invariably lose the fox at a given spot; the fence-corner of a large plantation, which was opened into a heavy forest on one side of this old field! The frequency and certainty of this event became the standing joke of the country. Fox hunters from other neighborhoods would bring their packs for miles, to have a run out of this mysterious fox, in the hope of clearing up the mystery. But no. They were all baffled alike. We often examined the ground critically, to discover if possible, the mode of escape, but could discover nothing, that in any way accounted for or suggested any thing in regard to it. That it did not fly, was very sure; that it must escape along the fence in some way, was equally so. My first idea was, that the animal, as is very common, had climbed upon the top rail of the worm fence, and walked along it to such a distance before leaping off, that the dogs were entirely thrown out. I accordingly followed the fence with the whole pack about me, clear around the plantation, but without striking the trail again, or making any discovery. The affair now became quite serious. The reputation of our hounds was suffering, and besides I found that they were really losing confidence in themselves, and would not run with half the staunch eagerness which had before characterised them. The joke of being regularly baffled, had been so often repeated, that they had now come to consider it a settled thing that they were never to shake another fox again, and were disposed to give up in despair. Some of the neighbors had grown superstitious about it, and vowed that this

must be a weir fox, who could make himself invisible when he pleased.

At last we determined to watch at the fence corner, and see what became of the fox. Within about the usual time, we heard him heading towards the mysterious corner, as the voices of the pack clearly indicated. We almost held our breath in our concealment, while we watched for the appearance of this extraordinary creature. In a little while, the fox made its appearance, coming on at quite a leisurely gait, a little in advance of the pack. When he reached the corner, he climbed in a most unhurried and deliberate way to the top rail of the fence, and then walked along it, balancing himself as carefully as a ropedancer. He proceeded down the line of the fence, next to the forest in which we were concealed. We followed cautiously so as just to keep him in view. Before he had thus proceeded more than two hundred yards, the hounds came up to the corner and he very deliberately paused and looked back for a moment, then he hurried on along the fence some paces farther, and when he came opposite a dead but leaning tree, which stood inside the fence, some twelve or sixteen feet distant, he stooped—made a high and long bound to a knot upon the side of its trunk, up which he ran and entered a hollow in the top, where it had been broken off, near thirty feet from the ground, in some storm. We respected the astuteness of the trick too much, to betray its author, since we were now personally satisfied; and he continued for a long time yet, while we kept his secret, to be the wonder, and the topic of neighboring fox-hunters, until at last one of them happened to take the same idea into his head, and found out the mystery. He revenged himself by cutting down the tree, and capturing the smart fox.

The tree stood at such a distance from the fence, that no one of us who had examined the ground, ever dreamed of the possibility that the fox would leap to it; it seemed a physical impossibility; but practice and the convenient knob had enabled cunning Reynard to overcome it with assured ease. Our editors have some incidents of nearly the same class, with regard to him. They say:

“The following anecdotes of the sagacity of this animal, we hope may interest our readers. Shortly after the railroad from Charleston to Hamburg, South-Carolina, had been constructed, the rails for

a portion of the distance having been laid upon timbers at a considerable height from the ground, supported by strong posts, we observed a fox which was hard pressed by a pack of hounds, mounting the rails upon which he ran several hundred yards; the dogs were unable to pursue him, and he thus crossed a deep cypress swamp over which the railroad was in this singular manner carried, and made his escape on the opposite side. The late Benjamin C. Yancey, Esq. an eminent lawyer, who in his youth was very fond of fox-hunting, related the following. A fox had been pursued, near his residence in Edgefield several times, but the hounds always lost the track at a place where there was a foot-path leading down a steep hill. He, therefore, determined to conceal himself near this declivity the next time the fox was started, in order to discover his mode of baffling the dogs at this place. The animal was accordingly put up and chased, and at first led the hounds through many bayous and ponds in the woods, but at length came running over the brow of the hill along the path, stopped suddenly and spread himself out flat and motionless on the ground; the hounds came down the hill in pursuit at a dashing pace, and the whole pack passed and did not stop until they were at the bottom of the hill. As soon as the immediate danger was over, the fox casting a furtive glance around him, started up, and ran off at his greatest speed."

We knew an instance much resembling the last given; but this was a Red Fox. It was in the remarkable bluffs of the Kentucky river. The fox had always been lost at the edge of one of these abrupt cliffs, which faced the river. The place had often been examined by the hunters, but as the descent was nearly a sheer perpendicular of several hundred feet, it had only to be looked over to convince the beholder that the fox must have wings to leap down it in safety. At last a hunter determined to watch the fox, and accordingly lay in wait. He saw the creature come to the edge of the bluff and look down. Ten feet below, there was a break in the perpendicular line, which formed a sort of steppe nearly a foot in width. The movement by which he let himself down to this, was something between a leap and a slide, but it nevertheless landed him safely on the shelf; and then it appeared that this was the mouth of a wide fissure in the rock. The most curious part of this story, is that the hunter discovered another and easy entrance to the cave, from the level ground above. This the fox never used when the hounds were on his trail, as the more perilous entrance from the front cut short the scent, and prevented the discovery of his retreat. He could only get *down* that way, and came out by the other opening from the level above.

There are many stories illustrating the sagacity of this animal, which we have not time to give here. Its extraordinary cunning and tact have been the constant theme of sportsmen, until we might collect quite a volume of well authenticated stories of its feats; but the case is a good one as it stands, and so we will leave it with the threatening assurance, that if any body denies the sagacity of the Gray Fox in particular, as compared to the others of the family, we shall come down upon them with such an avalanche of evidence, as shall make them quite glad to be relieved from the crushing pressure, by begging the question, and admitting that we are all, and even *more* than right! The Gray Fox must be acknowledged to be smart, decidedly smart!—since it affords such an amount of healthful and exciting amusement to the sturdy men of the South, without at all depreciating in their respect.

In the older States as all other game has been exterminated, this nine-lived creature seems only to have become more abundant, more sagacious and more popular. Spencer in his "Shepherd's Calendar," very clearly intimates that this is not the first time in the history of men and foxes, that such a condition of things has existed. He says:

"Well is it known that sith the Gascon King,
Never was wolf seen many nor some
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendome;
But the fewer wolves (the sooth to sain)
The more bene the foxes that here remaine."

This animal seems to have been able to take care of itself, when all others have vanished before the exterminating tread of human progress. The game laws protect the Red Fox in England to an uncertain degree; but the Gray Fox protects itself here in a *certain* degree, without the aid of game laws, and seems, in many districts, to defy all our efforts to exterminate it; while its sagacity, dexterity and cunning, seem only to have been increased by the difficulties and dangers of its environment. Fox-hunting in the middle and southern States, is quite as much a subject of enthusiasm, as it has been in England; although it is neither so expensive or so technical with us. We don't pay fifty guineas a couple for our hounds, or keep studs of "hunters" at prodigious cost; yet we are fox-hunters after a rude untechnical manner; and though we do not ride in

white tops and corduroys, yet we ride to the purpose; and through the rude and break-neck exigencies of thicket, forest, fallen trees, precipitous hills, rough rocks, precipices, quaggy swamps and fatal quick-sands, we are still the eager and staunch hunters of a game as staunch. Our horses doubly trained in the deer and fox-hunt, are more wiry and active than the English hunters, although they may not be so heely in passing over open ground, or so well trained in leaping hedges and ditches! And finally, as for our dogs, their genealogies have been quite scrupulously preserved in the old States. Even at this day, we frequently find the Shakesperian ideal of the dog, still carefully maintained:

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapped, like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells."

ART. VI.—THE PHILOSOPHICAL CHARACTER OF SWEDENBORG.

1. *Outlines of a Philosophical Argument on the Infinite and the Final Cause of Creation, and on the Inter-courses of the Soul and Body.* By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, late Member of the House of Nobles in the Royal Diet of Sweden, Assessor of the Royal Metallic College of Sweden, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Upsala, and of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, Corresponding Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg. Translated from the Latin, by JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. London. 1847.
2. *Some Specimens of a Work on the Principles of Chemistry, with other Treatises.* By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, late Member, &c. &c. Translated from the Latin, by CHARLES EDWARD STRUTT, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. London. 1847.

3. *The Principia ; or the First Principles of Natural Things ;* being New Attempts towards a Philosophical Explanation of the Elementary World. By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, late Member, &c. &c. Translated from the Latin, by the REV. AGUSTUS CLISSOLD, M.A. Vol. I. London. 1845.
4. *The Animal Kingdom, considered Anatomically, Physically and Philosophically.* By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, late Member, &c. &c. Translated from the Latin, by JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, Member, &c. London : W. Newberry, Chenies Street, Bedford Square. H. Bailliére, 219 Regent Street. Otis Clapp, School Street, Boston, United States. 1843.

VERY little has been hitherto known, in this country, of the philosophical writings of Swedenborg ; and the reasons why they have not been better known, and their merits fully canvassed and recognized, may be readily assigned. The first of these, undoubtedly is, that this philosopher, though a Swede, wrote nearly, if not quite all his scientific works in the Latin language,—the universal language of the learned world in his day ; and, as his works are very extensive and voluminous, running into almost every branch of human inquiry, the herculean task of translating so many works, which would occupy almost a life-time, has prevented our scholars from entering on the labor of giving them an English dress, except by piece-meal ; while few, even of the graduates of our colleges,—we are sorry to say,—are so well versed in the Latin language, that they are willing to undertake the serious task of reading them throughout in the original tongue,—although their latinity is very pure, and distinguished for its elegance. Most of his theological works have been, one after another, translated into English, and some of them into the French ; but this labor has been performed by learned receivers of the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, who have been influenced in their efforts by attachment to their religious principles.

Another cause of the neglect which Swedenborg's philosophical writings have experienced, is attributable to his publication of the theological works just mentioned. Swedenborg was not only a philosopher, but also, in his latter days, a theologian, without however, ever have taken

orders. He propagated his opinions through the press, and advanced many views which were not only novel, but decidedly hostile to the received opinions of his age. Hence his philosophy was regarded as contemptible, because his theology was in fault, or was supposed to be so. The clergy were not only startled by his supposed heresies, but rendered indignant by his claiming to enjoy a privilege of a rather extraordinary nature,—such as was exercised by the patriarchs, the prophets and the apostles,—we mean the privilege of holding communion with the spirits of the departed dead and with angels; and of receiving instructions from the Supreme Being himself, respecting the spiritual or internal sense of the Sacred Scriptures, concerning heaven, hell, and the world of spirits—instructions which he regarded as deeply interesting, as of the utmost importance to be known, and as involving the highest and best interests of the human race. Though Swedenborg, notwithstanding his vast and universally acknowledged acquirements, was one of the most modest and unostentatious men that ever lived, and turned aside his head with disgust whenever any one attempted to praise him, yet the exercise of such extraordinary functions, to which he avers, in the most direct and solemn manner, that he was specially called, created, with superficial readers, and with such as never took the pains to examine his writings at all, a strong prejudice against his theology; and this prejudice, springing out of religious considerations, has doubtless extended itself, in no inconsiderable and in an injurious degree, to those stupendous monuments of his learning, industry and genius,—his philosophical works. Regarded as a visionary on the subject of religion, it is not surprising that he should be looked upon with distrust and doubt, as a philosopher, and that many should be prevented from seriously investigating the grounds of his discoveries in various departments of art and science, and the merits of his theories, under the idea that he was really a religious fanatic; and that, consequently, his labors, however great, had been misdirected, and that his speculations, on subjects of science, were unworthy the attention of scholars. A little consideration, however, will convince such persons of their error, since all the philosophical treatises of Swedenborg were published before he began to write on theology; and, accordingly, stand on their own merits, and are to be judged

of, like the literary works of any other author, independent of religious or other party biases.

Another and a still more formidable prejudice exists against Swedenborg, viz: that he was actually, for a third portion of his life, insane; and few, of course, care to read the works of a madman, however meritorious. The notion that this celebrated personage was insane, has been very commonly entertained, both in Europe and in this country, in our day. The peculiar style in which his theological writings are couched, his extraordinary claims to supernatural illumination, and the novelty of his doctrines, constitute, in our opinion, the only ground of the charge. It obtained no credence in his own time. It is true, that shortly before his death, though he had been publishing, for the space of thirty years, in Sweden and other countries of Europe, his theological works, without opposition and without ever awakening a suspicion, or eliciting an insinuation of any such thing, a Swedish clergyman, actuated by feelings of personal and religious hostility, did prefer a charge of insanity against him, which excited some attention and procured some advocates; and an attempt was accordingly made by the Consistory of Gothenburg to have his works proscribed as heretical, but it proved wholly abortive,—and strange to say,—though the fact is well vouched for by unquestionable authority,—the individual who preferred the charge, became himself, shortly afterwards, a lunatic, and died the inmate of a mad-house!

It is very certain, that Swedenborg was held in much higher estimation by the scholars, than by the theologians, of his country and his age. From the former, we never hear a word uttered, implicating the soundness of his judgment and of his intellectual faculties, and the insinuation that he was insane, was regarded as idle and unfounded, by the great body of his enlightened countrymen, who knew him intimately. They testify to his vast and unequalled learning, his fine social qualities, his ardent love of truth, his equanimity of temper and trust in Providence, and the uniform and unvarying health which distinguished the entire career of his long-protracted and eminently useful life. But none of them make the slightest mention of any alienation of mind under which he labored. His most intimate friends never seem to have dreamed of his being

afflicted with such a calamity,—or, if they had chanced to hear of it, regarded it as an idle rumor, not worthy of notice. There is, indeed, no evidence, any where to be found, that he was ever deranged for a single day or even hour,—much less for the third part of his entire life,—none whatever, except the fact, that he speculated differently from many other people, not so well informed as himself, on certain sublime and interesting topics. This has furnished the only plausible ground for this senseless charge,—in respect to which, Coleridge, with the true feelings of a philosopher, exclaims, “O, thrice happy should we be, if the learned and the teachers of our day were gifted with a similar madness,—a madness indeed celestial, and flowing from a divine mind !”

The question of the soundness of Swedenborg’s mind, has, however, very little to do with his philosophical merits. We should regret, indeed, after studying, and contemplating with wonder and delight, the profound productions of such rare geniuses as Bacon, Newton and Swedenborg,—we should deeply regret to learn, that, for a third portion of their natural lives, they were afflicted with the greatest calamity with which God, in his Providence, has ever visited the sons of men,—the derangement and breaking up of their intellectual powers. We should grieve sadly to hear, that the light of such brilliant minds, had, for so long a time, been extinguished or obscured, or had burned fitfully or vibrated eccentrically in their orbits; but still their works,—the monuments of their learning,—would remain to us; and it would be these,—their works!—bearing the impress of powers masculine, healthful and vigorous, and not the fugitive speculations of ill-judging critics, nor the unfounded fancies of personal and vindictive foes, by which their literary merits would be tested and determined. If the works, then, of Swedenborg prove, not only that he was sane, but that he possessed an intellect of the highest order,—a genius happily fitted for all noble pursuits, and that in a contest, so to speak, with his peers, he excelled them in every thing that he undertook, and that he has added largely to the domain of every useful science, and of almost every elegant art,—if such be really the case, we may well consider, as worthless, the opinions of those who, because, from the weakness of their own vision, they cannot comprehend the principles of

his philosophy, hastily and foolishly pronounce him insane,—especially after we have shown, that there never existed the slightest foundation for the charge, except what was raised by the dreams and nightmare of their own imaginations. At any rate, it will be conceded by all, that the previous period of his life, up to 1743, devoted by him exclusively to philosophical studies, and the preparation of his scientific works, does not come within the limits affixed to the origin and continuance of such a calamity, if he ever were afflicted with it at all, *quod non constat*.

Is, then, Swedenborg entitled to the extraordinary praise which has been bestowed upon his learning and genius by his admirers? Can he be justly regarded, as is affirmed of him, one of the greatest lights of the eighteenth century? Has he accomplished any thing of high import in the departments of science, letters and philosophy, for which the scholars of the present age, and the world at large, are under heavy and lasting obligations to him? We think,—nay, we are sure,—that these questions can and must, and that, too, without derogating, at all, from the merits of any other great minds among his contemporaries or his successors, be certainly answered in the affirmative. The world, beyond all doubt, is, and always will be, greatly indebted to the unparalleled labors and rare discoveries of Swedenborg. If we will take the pains to follow him closely in his explorations into the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms of nature, and consider the light he has shed on philosophy and science in these different departments of inquiry, of which the merit has been sometimes, we must say, unfairly claimed by others, we shall be satisfied that he has accomplished more for the learned world, and more that is truly great and valuable, than any single individual has ever done, who has turned his attention to such a multiplicity of studies. We scruple not to affirm, that he presents for our imitation,—if such imitation be practicable,—the rarest example on record in the history of our race, of an individual, who, endowed with powers remarkable for their native strength and compass, and highly cultivated and disciplined by various study, and turned always to great and useful ends, was not satisfied with merely unfolding the laws of any one science, and clearing away the difficulties by which it was

surrounded, but who grappled, in a masterly manner, with every science, and with one science after another, until he had completed the whole circle; and who not only reduced them to practical uses, for the benefit of his country and his age, but embodied the results of his studies and experiments in works of standard excellence, which have come down to our own times. Several of these works have been recently translated and published, and are already awakening a new and deep interest among the most enlightened savans of Europe. They embody the distinctive features of his philosophy—those peculiar doctrines in physics and metaphysics which he inculcated, and which raise him to the dignity of the founder of a peculiar school,—we say a peculiar school: for, although Swedenborg belonged to the inductive class of philosophers, at the head of which Lord Bacon is placed, and arrived at his conclusions, as Bacon did, through the path of facts and experience,—the only solid ground over which the inquirer can pass with any hope of reaching the truth,—yet the conclusions to which he thus arrived, were, in many respects, original as well as momentous, and such as had not been reached and promulgated by any of his predecessors.

Before, however, entering upon the examination of his philosophical opinions, it may be proper, as very little is known, in this country, of his history, that we should give some account of his literary career. A thorough biography of Swedenborg is a great desideratum, and we have reason to believe, that it will, ere long, be supplied by J. J. Garth Wilkinson, of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, an ardent admirer of Swedenborg, and, though yet a young man, one of the best of our living writers. We are already indebted to him for translations of several of Swedenborg's philosophical works, accompanied with able dissertations upon their character, and laborious and valuable indexes; and we shall look for the biography, which he proposes to publish, with great interest, as he is eminently competent to the task, and has rare facilities for rendering it a thorough and finished production. In the mean time, we have "Memoirs of the Life of Swedenborg," from the pens of Mr. Hobart and the Rev. Mr. Barrett, and valuable "Documents concerning his Life and Character," recently collected and published by the learned and indefatigable Professor Bush, of New-York, and which furnish much

information of importance, respecting his habits and literary history.

Swedenborg was educated at the principal university of his country—that of Upsal, and graduated, at an early age, with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. His favorite studies were the exact sciences, especially the mathematics. He avoided mere opinions, which vary as time and ages vary, only that he might become conversant with the laws of nature, which are uniform and immutable. He cultivated the muses, too, with success, and his Latin lyrics, in the opinion of adequate judges, are unsurpassed, in rhythm and exquisite pathos, by those of any ancient author. But truth, above all things else, was the idol of his homage, and he pursued the footsteps of his divinity, through all the paths of experience, availing himself, first, of the labors of his predecessors, and then, himself, starting from the points where they had stopped, in order to make additional discoveries. The peculiarly philosophical, and practical turn of his mind, and his rare scholarship, early attracted the attention of his sovereign, Charles XII., who was himself fond of scientific pursuits; and, he appointed him, at the early age of twenty-eight years, Assessor Extraordinary of his Board of Mines, giving him, at the same time, his choice between this appointment, and that of Professor in the Royal University of Upsal. Swedenborg preferred the former, but did not, at once, enter upon the duties of his office, for reasons highly honorable to himself, and beneficial to the cause of science. He had already become an author. An academic dissertation, subsequently published and dedicated to his father, the Bishop of West-Gothia, and of the Swedish churches of London and Philadelphia, had drawn down upon him the highest encomiums; and several essays, which he had published, on questions in mathematics and physics, had extended his fame beyond the limits of his own country. But Swedenborg, gratified as he must have been, by his appointment, was yet not, willing to enter on the labors of a responsible office, without further and more thorough preparation. He, therefore, left home, and spent four years at the different universities of England, Holland, France and Germany, in order to perfect himself in the physical sciences, and some time longer in travelling, and in visiting the different mines of Europe, with a view, more particularly, to the de

partment to which he had been called, by the favor of his sovereign,—that of metallurgy.

On his return to Sweden, he was received with the congratulations of his countrymen, and, from his association with Christopher Polhammar, the Archimedes, as he has been called, of Sweden, in the duties of Assessor, (for his appointment, it will be remembered, was Extraordinary,) he not only derived signal benefits from the experience of that great man, but shared equally the confidence which he enjoyed with the reigning monarch. Charles' principal object, indeed, in the appointment of Swedenborg, was, to have a man of his inventive genius and practical turn of mind connected with Polhammar in the construction of his great national works. His favorite study, now, was mechanics, and he became, at this time, also, a laborious author. His first publication was a continuation of his *Essays on the Mathematics*. In 1718, he published a work on *Algebra*, and, in 1719, a proposal for fixing the value of the coin, and determining the Measures of Sweden, so as to suppress fractions and facilitate calculations; in the same year, a treatise on the Position of the Earth and the Planets, and another on the Height of the Tides, and the greater Flux and Reflux of the sea, in former ages; with proofs furnished by appearances in Sweden. It was about this time, that he attempted to compete with his distinguished associate, in projecting an enterprize of the utmost importance to his country. The famous dyke of Lyckeby, the locks of Trolhatta, and the bason of Carlsclrona, bear testimony to the wonderful genius of Polhammar; but Swedenborg, in 1718, acquired equal and immortal honor, by transporting, in time of war, over valleys and mountains, by the help of machines of his own invention, two gallics, five large boats and a sloop, from Stromstadt to Iderfjol, which divides Sweden from Norway, a distance of fourteen miles! By this means, Charles was able to carry on his warlike preparations successfully; "for, under cover of these galleys and boats, he transported, on pontoons, his heavy artillery, which it would have been impossible to have conveyed by land, under the very walls of Frederickshall."

Our youthful prodigy of genius, had not, up to this date, entered on the duties of Assessor. While any information remained to be obtained, that could be of service in his

department, he did not rest satisfied. An intense desire to add to his already largely accumulated stock of materials, induced him, now, to make a second journey into foreign countries, in order to examine their mines and smelting works, particularly those of Saxony and the Hartz.

And here, we may remark, as Swedenborg was all his life-time a great traveller, and seemed to be more a citizen of the world than a citizen of Sweden, that, either with or without design, his course bears a striking resemblance to that pursued by the most illustrious philosophers of antiquity,—we mean such men as Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras and Cicero,—who were not content to remain at home, enjoying a narrow sphere of observation; but who industriously visited all foreign countries where the arts and sciences flourished, viewing men and things, laws and letters, under the diversified aspects with which different institutions, pursuits, and customs invest them; and who, when they had acquired all the information which could be obtained by observation and inquiry, and conversation with the learned, and visits to the different schools of philosophy, then, and not till then, were ready or willing to return home, in order to establish schools for themselves, and distribute the treasures they had accumulated to their own countrymen, so as to add something to the glory of their native land. Nor, if one is endowed with powers of close and general observation, is there any thing, probably, so well calculated to enlarge, liberalize and humanize the mind and heart, as foreign travel, by which we do not mean only seeing strange lands, and talking in strange tongues, but an absolute abandonment, for a time, of one's homestead, and a free and frank intercourse with mankind, on the extended theatre of life, both at home and abroad. If we would know thoroughly the little world within us, which lies in our own breasts, we must know a good deal of the great world without us, which lies beyond our own personal sphere; and we shall, in the language of a piquant French writer, be very likely to find, after all our laborious studies, that conversation is the great book of the world, which teaches us the knowledge of all other books. Whatever brings men into more intimate communion with each other,—as travelling does,—and fosters an interchange of civilities and inquiries, is very apt to impart a necessary knowledge of their respective rights and duties, and of their mutual weakness and

strength ; to soften down the rough edges of sectarian and sectional jealousies ; to promote harmony, and shed over life the graces of patience, condescension and generosity. We may add, therefore, that steam and railroads, those triumphs of American genius, by facilitating intercourse between country and country and different parts of the same country, have constituted a most important epoch in the world's history, and are to be regarded as the great civilizers of the age,—more essential, in America, to the stability of our Union, than even the strong bonds of the Constitution. We believe that nothing, not even the institution of a free government, with all the advantages it has certainly brought in its train, has contributed so much to develop the social element of our people, and to elevate all the arts of life, as our railroads.

On this visit, Swedenborg became acquainted with the distinguished Prince, Lewis Rudolph, Duke of Brunswick, who gave him full liberty to travel in his dominions. He was a friend to science, and became, afterwards, one of Swedenborg's most munificent patrons. On his leaving his country, he presented to him his medallion,—duplicates,—one in gold, and another in silver, as a testimony of his esteem and friendship ; and Swedenborg dedicated to him the first volume of his "*Principia*," concluding his dedication in the following elegant and respectful terms :

"Permitte, ergo, ut opusculum hoc principiorum novorum plenum, te, ut sui tutelarem adoret, utque Philosophia hæc nova, ante tuas aras, tibi sacra et votiva, quum maioribus donis operari nequeo, veniat. Non orbem literatum latet, qualis Minervæ et literarum ejus cultor et amator sis, qualis cultorum ejus tutela et favor ; his fretus, propius propiusque accedere, et veniam poscere ausum, et ut votis annuas, precari ; si iterum annuis et saves, voti secundi faustissima auspicia erunt. Vive, serenissime Dux, tot annos, quot in templis et ad aras pro annis et salute tua vota redduntur : quod devotissime precor."

In his visit to the mines, which he examined with scrupulous care, as well as the methods of working them, the gold of his own genius, as it were by a kind of natural analogy, rose speedily to the surface, and, in the short space of a year and a half, spent in these travels, he wrote and published seven different treatises on scientific subjects, of which the following are the titles : 1. New attempts at explaining the phenomena of Chemistry and Physics on Geometrical Principles. 2. New Observations

and Discoveries respecting Iron and Fire, especially respecting the elementary nature of fire, with a new mode of constructing chimnies. 3. A new Method of finding the Longitude of places, either on land or sea, by Lunar observations. 4. A new Mode of constructing Dry Docks for Shipping, in harbors where there are no tides. 5. A new Mode of constructing Dykes to exclude Inundations of the Sea or of Rivers. 6. A Mode of ascertaining, by Mechanical means, the quantities of Vessels of different constructions. 7. Miscellaneous Observations on Natural Things, particularly on Minerals, Fire and the Strata of Mountains.

If we except Linnæus, no one, it has been well said, ever knew how to profit so much by journeys of short duration, as did Swedenborg. Nothing escaped his attention that could promote the cause of science, or be of service to his country. Six years had now elapsed, since his appointment as Assessor; and, having enriched his mind with various stores of information that could be turned to practical account, he hurried home, and addressed himself seriously to the duties of his office, and to the preparation of one of his greatest works, which appeared, after a lapse of ten years, in three volumes, folio, entitled "*Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*," and of which the "*Principia*," translated by the Rev. Augustus Clissold, and published in London in 1845, forms the first volume, and is the only one of the series that has fallen into our hands, or which has yet appeared in an English dress.

Literary honors now began to be showered upon him, of which one of the most flattering was an invitation from the Consistory of the University, to accept the Chair of Pure Mathematics, vacated by the death of Nils Celsius; but he had no vanity; he was honorably and usefully occupied, and he declined the distinction. Next came his enrolment as a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences of Stockholm, and as a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Upsal; honors which he did not decline; and, next, his appointment as a Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, under a diploma dated Dec. 17th, 1734, four years after the publication, at Dresden and Leipsic, of the great work just mentioned. The most distinguished literary men throughout Europe, now sought the honor of his acquaintance,

and several opened and maintained a correspondence with him.

In 1736, he again commenced his travels into foreign countries, first into France and Italy, and subsequently, into England and Holland. The principal object of these journeys was the publication, in these different countries, of additional works, to which his inexhaustibly fertile genius had given birth; and which constitute the crowning glory of his philosophy. Of these works the titles are—1. "Outlines of a Philosophical Argument on the Infinite, and the final Cause of Creation, and on the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body," printed at Dresden in 1734. 2. "The Economy of the Animal Kingdom," printed at Amsterdam, in two parts, the first in 1740, and the second in 1741. 3. "The Animal Kingdom, in three parts, two of which were printed at the Hague, in 1744, and the third at London, in 1745. 3. "The Worship and Love of God," published at London in 1745, a fascinating and elegantly written work, which is usually supposed to constitute the connecting link between his philosophical and his theological writings. All these works, originally published in Latin, have been translated into English, most of them recently,—and through the labors of John J. Garth Wilkinson, of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, to whom we have before alluded. The third part of the Animal Kingdom, has not yet been issued from the press, but will be so shortly. The treatise on the Infinite has been published in London, during the past year, and we have just had the satisfaction of completing its perusal, and can truly say, that for rare elegance of style, great learning, originality of thought, and profundity of reasoning on the subjects of which they treat, these various works seem to us to be unsurpassed, if they are equalled, by any works in the English language. These editions are gotten up by the Swedenborg Association, of London, at a heavy expense, and are specimens of beautiful typography, and of fine finish in the art of book-making, that do credit to the present age of scholarship and civilization.

Swedenborg, one of the most laborious of men, left behind him a great number of unpublished and valuable manuscripts, treating on different subjects of science and philosophy, which, through the courtesy of his heirs, who have afforded access to them, and the indefatigable labors

of Dr. Tafel of Germany, are in the prospect of being rescued from oblivion; and some of which, in course of preparation for the press, under the supervision of the Swedenborg Association, of London, will be likely, ere long, to see the light, and to find their way over to this country, if the resources of the Association permit them to incur the expense of their publication. We have not, now, time even to enumerate the titles of these different productions,—a list of which, however, is appended to one of the volumes of the “Animal Kingdom.” We have said, that Swedenborg made various discoveries in science, of which the merit has been unfairly claimed by those who came after him in point of time. This assertion was not rashly made, and we proceed to verify it by pointing out what these discoveries were. We are indebted, then, to Swedenborg for the first theory that was offered to the world, on the subject of the magnet, he having satisfactorily demonstrated, in his “Principia,” that the magnetism of bodies depends not on their substance, but on their form, in which it differs from electricity. “*Motiones electricæ à materia, magneticæ, vero, à forma pendent.*” That the merit of this discovery belongs to Swedenborg, and to no subsequent inquirer, is clearly proved by the Marquis de Thomé, in a communication which he made to the commissioners appointed by the King of France, to inquire into the merits of Animal Magnetism, and which proves at once his scholarship and his sense of justice. Swedenborg, also, in anatomy, was the first person who discovered the passage or communication between the right and left, or two lateral, ventricles of the cerebrum, usually called the foramen of Munro. There has been considerable dispute about this matter. Munro says, he demonstrated this foramen to his pupils, as early as the year 1753, but the whole secret was disclosed by Swedenborg in his *Animal Kingdom*, published in 1744, nine years prior to the earliest notice, by Dr. Munro, of the foramen in question. Swedenborg was thoroughly acquainted with anatomy, and no person ever studied more deeply the organic structure of the brain. Among his unpublished manuscripts, is said to be a learned treatise on the subject, of inestimable value, and which will shortly be published. When this appears, we may expect additional light on this contested matter. A discovery, claimed by Dr. Wilson, concerning the vacu-

um, which takes place when the blood is expelled from the contracted cavities, is said also, and with good reason, to be due to Swedenborg.

In his "*Principia*," and also in the work, "*De Cultu et Amore Dei*," Swedenborg advanced the doctrine of seven primary planets, between forty and fifty years before Herschel's alledged discovery of a seventh planet. To Swedenborg is also due the theory of the vitality of the blood, now acknowledged, and of which the merit has been claimed by M. Dumas, but the latter has been generous enough to own, and publicly to declare, that the origin of the modern science of chrysallography is due to Swedenborg. Indeed, it can no longer be denied, and is a point now distinctly conceded. Thus, a writer, in the 45th number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, says: "It is, then, to him," (i. e., to Swedenborg,) "we are indebted for the first idea of making cubes, tetraedea, pyramids, and the different crystalline forms, by grouping the spheres; and it is an idea which has since been renewed by several distinguished men, Wollaston in particular. Swedenborg was the inventor, also, of air-tight stoves, which have become, of late, very popular in our cities. It is true that Dr. Orr, of Washington city, obtained a patent for this invention, three or four years ago, the validity of which has been disputed in the courts; but the editors of the *Intellectual Repository* have made it apparent that the principle of this stove was discovered, and made known, by Swedenborg, more than a century ago. Without wishing to detract any thing from the glory of American genius, and the fame of Franklin, it must be admitted, also, that Swedenborg actually discovered, and promulgated in his "*Principia*," published in 1733, the identity of electricity and lightning,—i. e., nineteen years before Franklin established their identity by actual experiment. The result is stated by Swedenborg without any flourish of trumpets,—simply as a minor consequence of his philosophy, and one arrived at in the regular course of his demonstrations. "Honor to whom honor is due," should be the maxim of philosophers, as well as politicians. Scholars constitute a sort of republic, independent of clime, country or sect, and the interests of letters can never be promoted by any act of injustice. The discovery was undoubtedly original with Franklin. He was not a Latin scholar, and had never seen, or if he had seen,

had never read the works of Swedenborg, nor become acquainted, in any way, with their contents. Still, the history of the discovery remains unaffected by such a circumstance; for it is, beyond doubt, that nineteen years before Franklin astonished the world by drawing down lightning from the clouds,—it had found a conductor, so to speak,—in Swedenborg's "*Principia*," and had already shed a stream of living light over its pages. For Latin scholars, there is no excuse for the peculations,—numerous enough, it is to be feared,—of which they have been guilty. They must bear the burthen, heavy though it be, on their own consciences. The Atlantean shoulders of Swedenborg are strong enough to bear up a hundred of these light-fingered propagators of marvels, without feeling the weight or caring for it. Time will judge, and do ample justice to all men, even to thieves and robbers. But we should be on our guard against modern pretensions. The present is said to be an age of progress, and in some respects it is so, but it is rather an age of movement and unexampled activity, and the movement is often backwards,—as it should be,—instead of forwards. The past, which we have despised, we are beginning to approach with reverence, to sue for companionship and to cover with the laurels of immortality. It is but a few weeks since we heard, in Charleston, from one of the most indefatigable laborers of the Champollion school, not only that the hieroglyphics had been deciphered, but that they afforded incontestible evidence to the world, that Egypt, which has so long been regarded as a synonyme for ignorance, superstition, idolatry and sensuality, was in fact, in times long past, buried till now in midnight gloom, and to which no other records reach, the nursing mother of all the arts and of the highest philosophy. The age, too,—philosophers,—from the very force of circumstances, and because, with all their vanity and superciliousness, they have no other solid ground to stand upon, will be compelled, we believe, to go back to the times of Swedenborg and to Swedenborg himself, and to review his theories. He had no master. In all the mineral kingdom, in the economy of the animal and vegetable worlds, he passed beyond the region of the known to the unknown, which he made known, and very many of the new theories of which we hear at the present day, and for which their supposititious authors claim honor and homage, are

borrowed from his system, or are to be found in it. His philosophical works have been translated and published, or are in the course of being so, and when they are generally read, they will impart no very flattering unction to those who have usurped the honor of his discoveries. We may be asked, Why, if so important to society, they have not been translated before, and why so much light has been, for so long a time, hid under a bushel? To this we can only reply, in the pregnant words of Shakspeare, "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will;"—that it is doubtless in the very order of Providence, that light should be imparted to the human mind just in proportion to its state for receiving it; and that from the vast improvements, of all sorts, of the present century, and the spirit of inquiry that every where prevails, the world now, and not till now, has been ready to study, appreciate and profit by the great philosophical works of Swedenborg. Ten years hence, we believe, that any American scholar will regard it discreditable, not merely not to have read them, but not to be intimately acquainted with them.

We proceed, now, to consider some of the distinctive features of Swedenborg's philosophical system. We shall pass over those works which are exclusively scientific, and come more directly to such as the "Treatise on the Infinite," "the Economy of the Animal Kingdom," the "Animal Kingdom," itself, and "the Principia," which constitute his philosophy proper, and embody all its main principles. It was said by Count Hopken, a distinguished nobleman,—the Prime Minister of Sweden,—that our author detested metaphysics, by which he meant, we presume, the doctrines of the schools: for no person, we are sure, entertained a higher opinion of intellectual philosophy, or was more anxious to understand the true constitution of the human mind, and the laws that govern it, than Swedenborg.

The best part of his life, we may say, and when his intellect was the brightest and most vigorous, was devoted to this study; and it is believed that no metaphysician, before or since his time, has done so much to enlarge the science of the mind, and render it both useful and intelligible; and this he did, especially, by recognizing in nature a simple plan of operations,—never disturbed by Providence, which exercises a constant guardianship over it,—but only rendered complicated and confused by the force of human

systems, which are often weak and worthless. In all his reasonings, he started with the proposition of the existence of a First Cause, but he looked through the universe, and beheld every where a series of causes and effects; every effect becoming, in its turn, the cause of some other effect, and so on *ad infinitum*. He saw, as Pope did, that there was obviously a chain of being,—that there was a place for every thing in the universe, and that every thing was in its place, occupying its own sphere without jarring or discord. He could not deny the existence of the two elements, of mind and of matter, and that their constituent parts were essentially different from each other; but he saw that they were wonderfully united in the human constitution, and he longed to solve the problem of their union. Mind was invisible, and could not be reached by the aid of the senses, but matter was tangible, its properties were perceptible, and could be graduated by certain rules; and, believing that the body was so adapted to the soul, as to be, in a certain sense, its image,—just as the soul is the image of its Creator,—he endeavored to trace and establish a correspondence between them; and thus, through the material elements of our nature, which were known, to ascend to the spiritual, which were comparatively unknown,—so as better to understand the nature of the latter. To his earnest desire to inquire into the nature and constitution of the human soul, we may, therefore, attribute his laborious investigations into the economy of the animal kingdom, at the head of which man is placed, as well as his voluminous works on that subject.

In the investigation of truth, Swedenborg adopted the analytic or inductive mode of reasoning, rather than the synthetic, and considered that he was the first person that had ever done so. Between these two modes of reasoning he draws a marked distinction, and we shall here use his own words :

“ The synthetic commences from principles, and passes therefrom to phenomena and effects; thus proceeding from the prior to the posterior, from simple to compounds, from superior to inferior, from interior to exterior; or what amounts to the same thing, from a universal to singulars, consequently to experience to confirm prior things. The analytic method, on the other hand, rises from phenomena to causes, and evolves from thence principles; consequently evolves universals from the experience of singulars, interior things from the exterior, simples from compounds, in a word, the prior from the pos-

terior. Thus, analysis as a method of reasoning is the inverse of synthesis."

He considered the latter as more particularly the basis of hypothetic assumption, of groundless theories, of systems that rest merely upon imagination, and have no solid foundation in fact. It was an inverted mode of proceeding, he thought, which placed the end of a thing before the beginning, the result prior, in order of time, to the means by which it was arrived at, and which, besides encouraging self-conceit and an undue confidence, was very likely to plunge the inquirer into error, to produce scepticism, and the rise and downfall and perpetual revolution of opinions and systems, without ever securing for philosophy any certain, absolute, fixed and immutable principles. He deeply regretted that the human mind had been studied in this superficial and unsatisfactory manner,—a study resulting in no clear and indubitable views, but in such as were always fluctuating and unworthy of the dignity either of its descent or destiny. He wished to pursue a surer course of investigation, and one which would be better rewarded. He thought there was such a course, though it had not before been travelled. This course was *experience*. Bacon had pointed it out as the only true one. Swedenborg, addressing himself earnestly to the task, was determined to ascertain whether or not it was so. The theory was a pleasing one, and promised well,—would the facts bear it out, and plant it on a firm basis? Would it render it respectable in the eyes of the world?—or, what was more and better,—would it afford strong and certain aid in the discovery of truth? Swedenborg thought that it would. At any rate he would try it. The experiment would do no harm. He did try it, and with what success, must be left to the enlightened judgment of the present century, and of succeeding times to decide.

Swedenborg entertained very thorough ideas of *experience*. It was no holiday matter with him. It called for labor, and he had all his life-time been a working man. According to Swedenborg, experience included all the sciences,—metallurgy, botany, chemistry, anatomy, and all physical and natural learning; it involved the constitution and frame-work of the social edifice; the forms of government, customs and laws, as well as all experiments that are made to discover and develop the hidden myste-

ries of nature which are concealed from the observation of the senses; all the conclusions that result from the skill and ingenuity of learned men in reference to these matters, laid up in the memory, or brought to the store-house of the sciences, to form the basis of other experiments. And, in general, experience, according to his notion of it, comprehends all that collection of things that we examine by the organs of the senses, from infancy to adult age; all that we have seen, heard, tasted, smelt or touched; for, by means of these materials, the rational mind acquires its ideas and its learning. Such were Swedenborg's expanded views of experimental philosophy, of which the idea only did not float in his head, but formed the broad and solid ground-work of all his inquiries. The soul had eluded the grasp of former philosophers, and still dwelt in darkness, shorn of its attributes; he determined to approach it, to survey it, to canvass it in all its parts and properties, and to make it better known, if possible, to others. His ruling object, his almost consuming passion was, to contemplate the soul through no false mediums, but to see it clearly and distinctly, as it really is, as God made it, in his own image, and not as human systems have framed and fashioned it, after their likeness; and, taking experience for his guide—an experience enriched by an intimate acquaintance with the sciences, and a long, laborious and successful study of the laws of the universe,—he proceeded to the accomplishment of his task, with the spirit and strength of a champion,—determined to perform it in such a manner as would reflect rare and additional light on so interesting a topic.

The theory of Swedenborg, of which we have mentioned the leading idea, was, that it is idle to seek for the soul any where else than in her own kingdom; that she is no where to be found save in that system to which she is adjoined and injoined, and where she is represented, and is always exhibited for contemplation; that the body is her image, resemblance, type; that she is the model, the idea, the head, i. e. the soul of the body; and that she is represented in the body as in a mirror. This is the doctrine which he lays down, and which he proceeds to demonstrate by a complete analysis of the whole animal economy; as well as to establish, by luminous and satisfactory reasons, the correspondence that exists between the spiritual

and material elements of man's nature, which he asserts at the outset.

With this object in view, he proceeds 1st. to examine, physically and philosophically, the whole anatomy of the body, from the heel to the head, and from part to part. 2d. The anatomy of all parts of the cerebrum and cerebellum; of the medulla oblongata and the medulla spinalis. 3d. The cortical substance of the two brains; their medullary fibre; the nervous fibre of the body; the muscular fibre; the causes of the forces and motion of the whole organism; diseases also; more especially those of the head, or which proceed by defluxion from the cerebrum. 4th. Certain doctrines, through the assistance of which, we may be conducted from the material organism of the body to a knowledge of the soul, which, he says, is immaterial; these are the doctrine of forms,—the doctrine of order and degrees; the doctrine of series and society; the doctrine of influx; the doctrine of correspondence and representation; and lastly, the doctrine of modification. 5th. From these doctrines, he advances to rational psychology itself, comprising the subjects of action; external and internal sense; imagination and memory; the affection of the animus; intellect, i. e. thought and will; the affections of the rational mind, and instinct. Lastly, he investigates the soul, its state in the body; its intercourse, affection and immortality.

Behold, then, the theory of Swedenborg, and his plan of operations! The one of which he builds up, and the other proceeds to execute by a thorough appeal to experience. He first collects together the results which have been arrived at, in that way, by all the most distinguished anatomical inquirers of his own age, and of preceding times, bearing upon the several topics on which he treats; to which he adds the results of his own inquiries; and upon the whole of this accumulated mass of materials, he endeavors, by a logical train of reasoning, at one and the same time to build up his own system of psychical and intellectual philosophy, and to advance and elevate the cause of anatomical science,—which he deplures, as having, in his day, come to a stand, and as beginning to fall into an unhappy state of decadence, by losing sight of the spiritual part of man's nature, and by confining itself almost exclusively to his sensual sphere.

It will be perceived, by those who investigate thoroughly

the philosophical writings of Swedenborg, that they exhibit no tendency to materialism, which had gained but little ascendancy in his age, although, amongst thinking men of almost all professions, they constitute the peculiar vice of our times. He never sought, therefore, to materialize the soul, or to regard it, in any sense, as the result of material organization; but still he did not maintain that, because the soul was invisible to the external senses, it therefore had no organization. He believed that it had one, as well as its own spiritual senses, which were simply its faculties. He regarded the soul not as a nonentity,—a mere shadow,—but as a real spiritual substance, the subject of accidents and attributes, invested with a spiritual form, the proper object of contemplation by the mind, and performing various functions of its own, sometimes dependently on, and sometimes independently of, the material body. Thus he gave to his intellectual philosophy a firm and substantial basis on which to rest,—a thing which it is believed no metaphysician had achieved before his time. With Locke, he denied the doctrine of innate ideas, believing that the senses were the medium through which all our ideas are conveyed from the external world; but he went further than Locke, and beyond the mere sphere of the rational mind, when he asserted the doctrine of Divine Influx, and that the soul, the highest part of our nature, is in the very sphere of truths itself.

“We live but little,” he says, “in infancy, for to feel is to live; yet this very life increases, grows, and approximates to perfection, as age advances. The sensoria of the body are opened, into which the visible world flows, at first generally, indistinctly and obscurely, with its modes and images. These modes creep up to the sensoria of the cerebrum, which have been rendered accessible by conducting fibres, and produce changes of state therein, by which they teach them to receive, retain, and at last to perceive that which comes up and penetrates through the external, organic doors. Thus, in process of time, sensual images, adopted internally in the sensorium of the cerebrum, become ideas; at first analogous to sensual ideas; afterwards, disposed into forms and series, they become proximately higher, or imaginative ideas; these, at length, put on rational forms, and become intellectual ideas. Thus, we are instructed by the world, by means of the senses, the ministers of the life of the body, and are led from the darkness of ignorance, more or less, into the light of knowledge. There is in the cerebrum an eminent sensorium, and intimate recesses therein, whither these sensual rays of the body ascend, and where they cannot mount any further; there the soul resides, clad in the noblest garment of organization, and sits to meet

the ideas emerging thither, and receives them as guests. This high and noble place is the innermost sensorium, and it is the boundary at which the ascent of the life of the body ceases, and the boundary from which that of the soul, considered as a spiritual essence, begins. Here, especially, the soul infuses her power, and communicates the faculty whereby images become ideas, may be convoluted and distributed into rational forms or analyses, and may put on a certain spiritual attire: that is to say, whereby we are empowered to think above and below ourselves, from objects of the understanding, to conclude from thoughts, to judge from conclusions, to choose from judgments, and thus to will and determine. Besides giving power and faculty, the soul gives us to distinguish, and, as it were, intimately to feel, whether the forms of images, and, in fine, whether the forms of ideas are in agreement or dissonance with the order in which she herself is; if the former, she receives them with something of love; if the latter, with aversion."

Thus, it will be perceived, that the system of Swedenborg is strictly conservative, not denying, in fact, with Hume, the existence of cause and effect, nor maintaining, with Berkley, that the outward universe is nothing, and that the inward sensations are every thing; not agreeing with the materialists, that the soul is the result of material organization; nor with the pure spiritualist, that it is something formless, objectless, and, of course, aimless and inexplicable; but taking a safe position, and maintaining it securely, somewhere midway between the transcendental and the sensuous theories.

We quote the following remarks from Mr. Wilkinson's admirable "Introduction to the Animal Kingdom." They indicate the degree of progress made in anatomical science at the time Swedenborg commenced his inquiries into the animal economy; the amount of his indebtedness to the labors of his predecessors in the same department; the points from which he started in prosecuting his own investigations, their particular direction, and his method of pursuing them:

"Swedenborg's analysis is professedly supported upon the foundation of the old anatomists, who flourished in the Augustan age of the science. At his time nearly all the great and certain facts of anatomy were already known; such, for example, as the circulation of the blood, and the existence of the lymphatics and the lacteals. Anatomy, too, had long been cultivated distinctly in the human subject, and was to a great extent purified of the errors that crept into it at first from the habit of dissecting the lower animals. Many of the old anatomists were men of philosophic spirit, who proposed to

themselves the problem of the universe, and solved it in their own way, or tried to solve it. They were the first observers of nature's speaking marvels in the organic sphere, and described them with feelings of delight, which showed that they were receptive of instruction from the great fountain of truth. They worked at once with the mind and the senses in the field of observation. There was a certain superior manner and artistic form in their treatises. They believed instinctively in the doctrine of use. They expected nature to be wonderful, and supposed therefore that the human body involved much which it required the distinct exercise of the mind to discover. Hence their belief in the existence of the animal spirits; a belief which they based upon common sense, or what amounts to the same thing, upon the general experience of effects; at the same time that they recognized its object as beyond sensual experience, and not to be confirmed directly by sight. They used the microscope to assist and fortify the eye, and not to substitute it, or dissipate its objective sphere. Even the greatest among them, who addicted himself to the bare study of structure and the making of illustrative preparations, expressed a noble hope that others would complete his labors, by making as distinct a study of uses.

"But the picture is not without its darker side. Although they had strong instincts and vivid glimpses of truth, yet when they attempted to carry their perceptions out, they degenerated into mere hypotheses, and systems of hypotheses. They did not ascend high enough before they again descended, nor did they explore nature by an integral method; and hence they had no means of pursuing analogies without destroying the everlasting distinction of things. They stopped in that midway where scepticism easily overtook them, and where, when that enemy of the human intellect had once penetrated, there was no possibility of maintaining themselves, but the fall to the sensual sphere was inevitable. The reason of this was, that they had not conceived the laws of order, and therefore could not claim the support which nature gives to all her truths. Nay, it was so impossible that they should proceed further without the tincture of a universal method, that their minds came to a stand-still; the truths already elicited were rendered unsatisfactory, and mere progress demanded their fall. They fell therefore, and a race which knows them not is dwelling now in tent and hut among their mighty ruins.

"At the very crisis of their fate, Swedenborg took the field for the end that has been already mentioned, and at once declared, that unless matters were carried higher, experimental knowledge itself would perish, and the arts and sciences be carried to the tomb, adding that he was much mistaken if the world's destinies were not tending thitherward. The task that he undertook was, to build the heaps of experience into a palace in which the human mind might dwell, and enjoy security from without, and spiritual prosperity from within. He brought to that task requisites, both external and internal, of an extraordinary kind. He was a naturalized subject in all the kingdoms of human thought, and yet was born at the same time to another order and a better country. To the various classes of schoolmen he appears never to have attached himself, except for different purposes from theirs. He pursued mathematics for a dis-

tinctly extraneous end. As a student of physiology, he belonged to no clique or school, and had no class-prejudices to encounter. In theology he was almost as free mentally, as though not a single commentator had written, or system been formed, but as though his hands were the first in which the Word of God was placed in its virgin purity. Add to this that he by no means disregarded the works of others, but was learned in all useful learning. He had a sound practical education, and was employed daily in the actual business of life for a series of years. He was thoroughly acquainted with mechanics, chemistry, mathematics, astronomy, and the other sciences as known in his time, and had elicited universal truths in the sphere of each. From the beginning he perceived that there was an order in nature. This enabled him to pursue his own studies with a view to order. He ascended from the theory of earthy substances to the theory of the atmospheres, and from both to the theory of cosmogony, and came gradually to man as the crowning object of nature. He brought the order of the macrocosm to illustrate the order of the microcosm. His dominant end, which he never lost sight of for a moment, was spiritual and moral, which preserved his mind alive in a long course of physical studies, and empowered him to see life and substance in the otherwise dead machinery of the creation. He was a man of uncommon humbleness, and never once looked back, to gratify self-complacency, upon past achievements, but travelled onward and still onward, 'without fatigue and without repose,' to a home in the fruition of the infinite and eternal. Such was the competitor who now entered the arena of what had, till this time, been exclusively medical science; truly a man of whom it is not too much to say, that he possessed the kindest, broadest, highest, most theoretical and most practical genius that it has yet pleased God to bestow on the weary ages of civilization.

"Swedenborg perceived that the permanence of nature depends upon the excellence of its order; that all creation exists and subsists as one thing from God; the divine love is its end; divine wisdom, its cause; and divine order, in the theatre of use, the simultaneous or ultimate form of that wisdom and love. He also perceived, that the permanence of any human system, whether a philosophy or a society, depends upon the coincidence between its order and the order of creation; and that when this coincidence exists, the perceptions of reason have a fixed place and habitation on the earth, from which it will be impossible to dislodge them by anything short of a crumbling down of all the faculties, both rational and sensual; a result which, if the human heart be improving, the belief in a God forbids us to anticipate. But Swedenborg did not rest, as the philosophers do, in a mere algebraical perception of the truth, or in recognizing a want without supplying it; but like a good and faithful servant he actually expounded a system of principles at one with nature herself, and which will attest their order and their real Author by standing for ages of ages."

It would extend this article too far, to unfold particularly the doctrines inculcated by Swedenborg, and employed by him in unravelling the mysterious web of the animal eco-

nomy. The following brief extract from the translator's preface, conveys some notion of them :

"The doctrines made use of by Swedenborg in the 'Animal Kingdom,' are the Doctrines of Forms, of Order and Degrees, of Series and Society, of influx, of Correspondence and Representations, and of Modification. These doctrines themselves are truths arrived at by analysis, proceeding on the basis of general experience; in short, they are so many formulas resulting from the evolution of the sciences. They are perpetually illustrated and elucidated throughout the 'Animal Kingdom,' but never stated by Swedenborg in the form of pure science, perhaps because it would have been contrary to the analytic method to have so stated them, before the reader had been carried up through the legitimate stages, beginning from experience, or the lowest sphere. Each effect is put through all these doctrines, in order that it may disclose the causes that enter it in succession, that it may refer itself to its roots and be raised to its powers, and be seen in connection, contiguity, continuity, and analogy with all other things in the same universe. They may be compared to so many special organs, which analyse things, apparently homogeneous, into a number of distinct constituent principles, and distribute each for use as the whole requires. To deny any of these doctrines, or to give them up in the presence of facts that do not range upon them at first sight, is to nullify the human mind as the interpreter of nature."

Having thus developed the general doctrines of our author, and his modes of investigation, we proceed to exhibit the views he entertained on some particular topics. His whole system may be gathered, in brief, from the well arranged "Index of Subjects," at the close of the "Animal Kingdom," and which may be advantageously studied before resorting to the body of the work. We select, from this source, a few titles, leaving out only the references to be inserted with a view to a full understanding of the subject matters.

ACTION.—"A single action is made up of an infinite number of forms. There is a connection and everlasting chain between sensations and actions. The reaction of parts corresponds exactly to the action, this being the source of the natural equilibrium. Action arises from circulation, in conjunction with respiration: for circulation gives and renews potency, and respiration infuses force; whence action.

"**AFFECTIONS** only are innate, not ideas. All the affections are given to serve as the fuel and heat of bodily life. The affections of the animal mind are divisible into inferior, superior and proper. The affections flowing from the body, immediately seize upon the blood; those flowing from the animal mind, the spirit of the blood;

those flowing from the rational mind, the very soul of the blood and spirits.

"BODY. By the body is meant all that lives from the blood, and consists of the lowest, or angular and circular forms. The animal body is the temple of all the sciences, both physical and philosophical. In it we learn the things that are intermediate in the sciences. There can be no intelligence in the body, except as intelligence in the soul. There is the same state, order, and form of government in the body, as in a kingdom. It consists of forms within forms, and series within series. The two halves of the body, in general and in particular, are not symmetrical. The adaptations of the animal body are the lowest proofs of God's omnipotence; for he has filled the vilest insect with similar miracles. Two principles bear sway in the body, viz: nature and the will. The body is not subject to the order and laws of the universe, but derives its form and determinations from its own principles. In every point of the body, there is what circulates, what breathes, and what acts. We may draw conclusions from the animal body respecting the forms of human societies. Whatever is in the body is extraneous to the cerebrum.

"BRAIN. The animations of the brain are coincident with the respirations of the lungs. They constitute the inmost life of the body. The brain is a chemical organ. The firstling blood of the heart is supplied to it. The motion of the brain is synchronous with the heart before birth, and with the lungs after birth. The animation of the brain is a natural necessity, to provide the body with nervous juice. Before birth, all the blood passes through the brain, as afterwards through the lungs.

"CAUSE. Every cause is an efficient relatively to things below it, and an effect relatively to those above it. In proceeding to an end, nature makes use of an entire causal series of subordinations; and multiplies the causes in proportion to the importance of the end. Causes always flow into their effect, not by a single mediation or subordination, but by several. The modes of subordination of causes are various; and something of their nature may be seen by examining the effect, if the signs of the causative agents be given. An efficient cause necessarily involves an active principle. Whatever belongs to the class of causes must be formed organically. Causes are divisible into innermost, middle, and outermost. The innermost causes act most individually; the outermost act on all the parts generally, and thus represent the common bond of singulars. The various influx of causes varies the quality of effects. Every cause and effect involves a use. It is our business to resolve every effect into its causes.

"CENTRE. Every thing is a kind of centre. In the stomach, the centre of motion is the centre of gravity. There are centres of forces, both universal and singular, general and particular. The body consists of mere centres of gravity, which, by the combination, form diameters and circumferences. The mouth is the moveable centre of the face; the root of the nose the immovable centre. The body is at once a perpetual centre and a perpetual circumference. The general centre of the body is at the spot where the œsophagus

meets the diaphragm. There are as many centres as points, and as many equilibria as centres.

"EFFECTS derive every thing from their causes, and these, from their principles. What is natural and what voluntary in the body may perhaps be concluded from the nerves, but more surely and plainly from effects. All ultimate effects are brought about by mere successive mediations. In order to unfold the skin we must have recourse to effects, these being more strongly and easily visible than tissues as examined by the eye. An effect is the complex and sum of all its antecedents.

"ENDS are all in all means and effects. Identity of end conjoins parts. The last things so conspire with first, that the end of the cause is apparent from the effect. The organic form resembles the end inscribed on it. The body is a mechanism of effects, which are all represented in the soul as ends. The last effect or use is the first in the cause; or is the end; and thus completes the circle of uses. In the animal kingdom every end is at the same time a beginning. We live more perfectly the more we respect ends, and more sublimely, the higher the ends. Ends, like causes, describe progressively an entire revolution and circle. The ultimate end of Providence in human life, is the constitution of a spiritual heaven, a kingdom of God, a holy society, in which the end of creation is regarded by God, and by which God is regarded as the end of ends.

"FORM. Every particle has its own form and figure. The least forms are the ante-types of the larger. Whenever an action is intended, a corresponding motion is induced, and a form corresponding to the motion generated; thus the form of substances coincides with the form of the active forces; and of the motion producing the action. Form ascends from lowest to highest, in order and by degrees. The degrees of forms are the angular, circular, spiral, vortical, celestial, and spiritual. The large, compound and visible forms in the body, exist and subsist, from smaller, simpler and invisible forms, which act like the larger, but more perfectly and universally. Whatever is manifested in compound and ultimate, arises from simple and primal forms. The higher forms assume relations like those of the great sphere of nature. The simple circle is not the most perfect of forms. Our innermost forms are nourished by terrestrial, our outermost, by celestial food.

"IMAGINATION is referable to the first internal sense which comes next to ocular vision. It cannot reduce the materials in the memory to any order but that which affects the external senses and the inferior mind of the body. It is the activity of the memory. In respect to sensation, it is nearly at one with ocular sight. It is distinct from both sight and thought. It exists in brutes devoid of reason, but thought is properly human.

"INTELLIGENCE. There are three causes that lead to intelligence; experience is the first or ministering cause; the sciences are the second or mediate cause; the faculty of thinking distinctly is the third or efficient cause. These three causes will not conduct to intelligence of real truths, unless we extinguish the impure fires of the body, and our own delusive lights.

"LEASTS. The stomach consists of lesser and least stomachs, ex-

exercising more perfect and universal offices than the great stomach itself. The universe is only the sum of infinite similar leasts. When the vessels are in their leasts, they perform their play with the most perfect distinctness. The least glands of the body are the principles of all operations; and also the ends, and therefore resemble centres. The lungs derive their nature from their centres, or leasts. The least vessels in the lungs govern the large. Every thing in the visible world has its determinate maximum and minimum, and proceeds from its maximum to its minimum, and *vice versa*. The viscera educe from their leasts their power of operating. The greatest is represented in the least, and *vice versa*. The least fibres engender each papilla of the skin, are what give its essence and potency as a compound.

"LIFE, in its essential form, is not predicable of the body and the blood, but only of the soul and the spirit. Did we not live our life in single parts, consequently in the single individualities of the blood, we could not possibly live in the whole, or general congeries of the parts. We are only instruments or organs of one life, from which one instrumental cause flows into another. There are three common fountains of life, the brain, the lungs, and the heart.

"MOTION. In all parts of the body, there are particular, special and general motions. In every member, intended for motion, there is, throughout, a relation of circumference, axis and centre. In the kidneys the confluence of infinite little motions produces a single and general motion. The division of viscera into lobes is an evident sign of motion. The motions of the body are natural, voluntary and mixed. There are three general sources of motion, viz: the animation of the brain, the systole and diastole of the heart, and the respiration of the lungs. The motions of the heart and arteries only give existence and life in potency; those of the brain and lungs give life in action. Motion and connection of parts are exact correlatives. The determination of substances involves a corresponding determination of accidents and motions. In reality, the only universal motions are those of the brain and heart.

"NATURE persists constantly in her measures and degrees. Nature and the will have their separate departments. Nature develops all the resources of art and science, from their innermost grounds and principles. She advances progressively in all her operations. She never takes the most trifling step, except in order, according to laws, and for an end. Every particle has an order of its own. In the animal kingdom the empire is divided between nature and intellect. Nature is almost universally occupied in preparing series of menstrua, more and more universal, to prolong the life of the body. Nature continually reduces her universe to a kind of chaos, that she may select all things therefrom, and distribute them in their places. In the animal kingdom, the word nature signifies all that principle which acts in the cause. Nature makes use of various means to recal detached parts to their general. She is mistress of all arts and sciences, and the principle of all minds and faculties. There is perpetual contention between nature and the will. Nature's perfection consists in influencing and inspiring every particular with a common spirit, and making one thing satisfy the necessities of many.

Whatever proceeds in consecutive order from prior to posterior, flows according to nature's stream; but what proceeds from posterior to prior, too often goes contrary to nature. All activity, resulting from the will, tends to disturb the natural position and connection of parts, and nature is obliged ultimately to take reins from the will, and restore them. The will acts from without to within, but nature from within to without. The force of nature decreases as that of the will increases, and *vice versa*. Nature is perpetual in her measures, proportions and rules, and her government lies in equilibrium and equation. That which is accounted preternatural in natural life, may be natural in the preternatural life that we live at this day. Nature and the will flow wonderfully into each other as it were in gyres.

"ORGAN.—The anatomy of one organ is not sufficient to indicate its nature; we must have the nature of each organ also from all that are connected with it and that succeed it. The anatomy of the whole body indicates the nature of each organ. All the organs are composed of least organs, similar to themselves. Each organ of the body has its appointed limits. Each derives its organization and power of action from the very nature of its office. Every organ, viscus, and member is so formed, as to assume and undergo infinite changes of state, and yet to subsist and remain constantly in integrity with respect to its essence. The more numerous the states into which any organ can change, and the greater the subordination wherewith the general states correspond to the individual, the more perfect such organ is.

"RATIONAL MIND.—It produces nothing by its will but what it has imbibed by way of the senses. Its operations may not unfailingly be compared with those of algebra. Every rational object has its own soul. The rational mind is in its very nature philosophical, and the fountain of philosophy. It is the uniting medium between the worldly and the heavenly, the corporeal and the spiritual. It constitutes our proper humanity. It is divided into two powers, a passive and an active

RESPIRATION is the essential outermost life of the body. All the functions peculiar to the body commence and cease with the respiration. Respiration opens the scene of bodily life, and, in a certain image, represents the higher life. Inspiration is brought about by the force of the incumbent air, assisted by the contraction of the respiratory muscles. Expiration is brought about by a general contractile effort on the part of the internal constituents of the lungs, assisted by the return of the ribs, and the natural compression of the thorax. In ordinary respiration, inspiration alone belongs to the will, and expiration to nature. In extraordinary respiration, the will sometimes governs expiration. Respiration calls forth the intimate lives of the determinations into actions, or into their ultimate lives. Respiration is three-fold—natural, voluntary and mixed. The different qualities of the respiration are so many general diagnostic marks of the ailments of the body and animal mind. Every part of the body respire.

"SCIENCES.—The empirical sciences supply materials and instruments; the theoretical, laws and rules. All the sciences derive their

elements from physical nature and the world. The sciences concentrate ideas, and submit them to terms, and hence give a clear representation of compound ideas. There is a connection of all the sciences, and a concentration into one, the universal of all. All the sciences are so many signs of the deceptions and fallacies of our senses.

"SENSE makes instantaneous common cause with motion. The five senses are opened at birth, when the inversion of life takes place, and convey the forms of the world inwards to the soul. Each sense submits its gifts to a kind of vision analogous to ocular vision, and carries them into the memory. The experience of no man's senses is sufficient for the exploration of causes; but the world's general experience is required, for we must be instructed by all things of one thing, if we are to know that one thing thoroughly. Sensation exists nowhere essentially but in the soul. Certain sensations go first into the memory; certain others go immediately towards the innermost sphere; the latter are analogous to the hepatic and bronchial arteries. Each sensation is a compound of simpler sensations.

"SERIES.—Every series comprehends an idea of its universe. Every thing is a series, and in a series. Digestion is performed in a series. Every series has its maximum and minimum. The passage, by a continuous series, from compounds to their simples, is called successive progression. From a continual series of differences, a compound results that is thoroughly adapted to nature's end. No series can be complete or effective without involving at least a time. There are both successive and simultaneous series, but the latter always arise from the former. One thing generates and sustains another in a continual series.

"SOUL.—The soul is the sphere of truths. It is in vain to seek for the soul anywhere but in her own kingdom, the body. She is represented in the body as in a mirror. It is impossible to leap immediately from the body to the soul; and hence the passage between the two must be effected by certain doctrines. All things of the body contain the soul, because they represent its series of ends. As we approach the soul we recede from the body. All parts and forms have both a soul and a body. The soul's single object, while it lives in the body, is to preserve all the powers of the body in their primitive integrity, or to make them subsist as they at first existed. The form of the ideas that constitute the nature of the soul, is exactly represented in the organism of the body. Whatever we predicate of nature, we mean to predicate of the soul. It is the architect of the body. The soul was the only principle of all motions during embryonic life. It regards only ends and uses. The body cannot unite itself to the soul, but the soul unites itself to the body. At death, the soul betakes itself completely to its own higher sphere. It perceives all mutations in the body that are imperceptible to the general sensorium. It is the only essence by which we live, and is absolutely distinct from the intellectual mind. It judges of pleasure by utility; but the senses, of utility by pleasure.

"SPHERE.—Relations and determinations arise from spheres of circumscription. There are three spheres in the living body, a sphere of effects, a sphere of causes, and a sphere of principles.

The soul administers the supreme sphere, and governs the state of principles; the spirit, the inferior sphere, and governs the states of causes; and the blood, or body, the lowest sphere, and governs the states of effects. There is perpetual battle and collision of these spheres with each other. The sphere of the body, or lowest sphere, subsists on terrestrial aliments; the supreme sphere, on ethereal or celestial food; the middle sphere, on both.

"SUBSTANCE.—Substances are the subjects of all accidents. Forces, motions, operations and actions cannot be explored, excepting through the organic nexus of substances. Wherever there is a modification, there is a substance also. All causes flow according to the nexus of substances.

"TRUTH is the source of wisdom. Every truth is a combination of an infinity of other truths. The more numerous the truths that go to form one truth, the brighter is its light. A truth is never opened without an infinity of others being opened also. Truth in man is according to his order and state; hence the truths in the rational mind do not deserve to be called truths, but principles. The power of perceiving truths, *a priori*, belongs to God and spiritual beings, but not to man. In proportion as we ascend to truths, by the proper means, truths descend to us. Purity of mind and respect of universal ends are necessary for the discovery of truth. Even the truths legitimately explored by analysis are only appearances of truth. The soul is the sphere of truths.

UNITIES.—All things are related to their unities. Any series may be assumed as a unity. Every form or series has its proper unities. All accidents, modes, &c., have their unities. Unities are noble, in proportion to the priority and height of their origin and extraction. Unities are not to be understood as indivisible, but as those things which are the least in each series, and enter its form as its essential parts, and which are proper to it, and would not suit any other series or form if they were applied to it. Different kinds of unities may exist in one viscus. It is impossible to arrive at a knowledge of the use of the viscera, unless, at the same time, of their unities. Unities are predicated of the greatest things as well as the least. The unities of human society are men, thus entire bodies; the unities of the muscular system are entire muscles. Unities generally ascend to the third series of composition, but sometimes rise no higher than the second, sometimes as high as the fourth. Compositions are homogeneous with their unities. Effects and operations go no higher than to unities, and from them. Unities are centres, wherever in their viscus they are situated. The fibres with the vessels infuse into the unities of organs their *posse* and *esse*, or potency and essence.

"UNIVERSAL.—Every universal derives its nature from singulars. A universal is that which exists and acts universally in the whole, and in all parts of the whole. In the human microcosm, the soul is such a universal. Every whole has its proper superior universal, inferior universal, and ultimate universal. The universal gives the essence and determines it; the common bond defines and bounds it. In proportion as essences are pure, they are universal and abundant. There are three universal essences that govern the body, viz: the soul, the animal spirit, and the blood.

"Use must be the first object of inquiry, since all things are formed according to use. The use, as the end, first of all manifests itself, since it is continually present and involved in the series of progression. Use determines the harmony of varieties. A superior universal use is always ultimately respected. All parts are organized for use and by use. The use determines and unfolds the reason of the structure; but the structure, apart from the use, does not give a reason for itself, save as interpretable by examining numerous effects and causes in series. The series and circle of causes involve a corresponding series and circle of uses. There is a similar progression of uses as of effects. Every point in creation flows from a use, and tends to a use. If the use of a viscus be unknown, its structure must be opened, and the use interpreted therefrom. If the use be known, we must then inquire into the subordination existing in the cause. All things should be examined, not only with a view to their situation and connection, but also to their particular uses. We are to inquire how use brings forth use, since there is a chain of all things. Such is the progression of uses, that effects return, by an incomprehensible gyre, to their first end. Were it not for the animal kingdom nothing that the terraqueous world produces could be said to minister a use. The cuticle is modified in exact correspondence to use. In unfolding uses, we must take account of contents as well as continents. There are as many mirrors of uses, or of progression from the first end to the last, as there are organs and viscera, and parts thereof.

"**VARIETY.**—No society can exist among absolute peers or equals; there must be perpetual diversity of members. Unity supposes variety, and perishes in equality. One thing joined to another, with becoming variety, remarkably exalts the life of sensation. The sensoria are fashioned for infinite varieties.

"**WILL.**—The will acts, for the most part, from the decrees of the senses, the blood or the body. The will, alone, is ours. The quality of an individual, when predicated of himself, is really predicated of his will. All the voluntary motions are actions different from natural action. If the will alone ruled, all things would perish in less than a moment. The will is free."

We close our remarks on the "Animal Kingdom" with the following extract from an article, published, at London, on the appearance of that work, in a medical periodical, entitled the "Forceps:"

"This is the most remarkable theory of the human body that has ever fallen into our hands; and by Emanuel Swedenborg, too! What has the world been doing for the past century, to let this great system slumber on the shelf, and to run after a host of little blue-bottles of hypotheses which were never framed to live for more than a short part of a single season? It is clear that it yet 'knows nothing of its greatest men.' The fact is, it has been making money, or trying to make it, and grubbing after worthless reputation, until it has lost its eyesight for the stars of heaven and the sun that is shining above it.

"Emanuel Swedenborg's doctrine is altogether the widest thing of the kind which medical literature affords, and cast into an artistic shape of consummate beauty. Under the rich drapery of ornament which diversifies his pages, there runs a framework of the truest reasoning. The book is a perfect mine of principles, far exceeding in intellectual wealth, and surpassing in elevation, the finest efforts of Lord Bacon's genius. It treats of the loftiest subjects without abstruseness, being all ultimately referable to the common sense of mankind. Unlike the German transcendentalists, this gifted Swede fulfils both the requisites of the true philosopher; he is one 'to whom the lowest things ascend, and the highest descend, who is the equal and kindly brother of all.' There is no trifling about him, but he sets forth his opinions, irrespective of controversy, with a plainness of affirmation which cannot be mistaken; and in such close and direct terms, that to give a full idea of his system in other words would require that we lesser men should write larger volumes than his own.

"We opened this book with surprise, a surprise grounded upon the name and fame of the author, and upon the daring affirmative stand which he takes *in limine*; we close it with a deep-laid wonder, and with an anxious wish that it may not appeal in vain to a profession which may gain so much, both morally, intellectually, and scientifically, from the priceless truths contained in its pages."

On the other works of Swedenborg, the titles of which are placed at the head of this article, his "*Principia*," "*Chemistry*" and "*Theory of the Infinite*,"—our limits will not permit us to dwell at much length; but some account of them is indispensable to a full understanding of his philosophy. The "*Principia*" is the first portion of his great work, or rather works, entitled "*Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*," upon which, as we have seen, he expended ten years of hard labor in the preparation. It is a work of a purely scientific character, treating of the most abstruse subjects, illustrated by diagrams, and enforced by mathematical demonstrations. It lies wholly within the province of geometry, and is justly regarded by scholars, not only as a very rare and curious work, but one of a high order of merit. It consists of three parts, of which we have only two, constituting the first volume, before us. Swedenborg's views of a true philosophy, and of the mode of attaining it, may be gathered from what follows:

Nature pursues a simple course. She is governed, throughout the whole physical universe, by mechanical laws. All her mysteries are to be solved by geometry, and geometry alone. The empire of geometry extends over the whole mineral and vegetable kingdoms, and over the

animal, in respect to its anatomical, vegetative and organic relations. The motions by which the soul operates on the organs of the body, are not reducible to mechanical laws. Pure intellect, whether finite or infinite, lies wholly without, above and beyond the sphere of geometry. The soul may be, and must be substantially organized, in order to exist at all, but it is not the result of material organization. The theory of the materialists is false.

Geometry, as far as the physical universe is concerned, lies at the foundation of all true philosophy. Nothing can be explained,—nothing can be rendered certain in science, without it. Geometry does not rest on hypothesis. It cannot start from a theory, but it leads to theories,—the only true theories which philosophy can recognize. Geometry, in the first instance and chiefly, rests on experience as the foundation of all science, and experience has a very wide extent, including the knowledge of every thing in the world of nature, which is capable of being received through the medium of the senses,—in a word, the knowledge of all phenomena. No one individual, by his own penetration and his own unaided efforts, and no one age, however enlightened by the labors of its scholars, can be expected to attain this vast amount of experimental knowledge of the laws of nature. The researches of former ages,—the sciences, carried to a certain point of perfection by the labors of previous inquirers, constitute the great store-house of experience, from which succeeding laborers in the cause of science are to draw their materials, and from which they are to start in making further discoveries. A superficial acquaintance with the laws of nature, is worse than a total ignorance of them. It has filled the world with false hypotheses. A true philosopher, who aims at progress, will take no new step in the yet untravelled field of intellect, until he has thoroughly mastered all the sciences. It is necessary that “he should be informed by all things of one thing, in order to know that one thing perfectly.” He must take his stand on the platform of nature, regarded as a whole, if he would turn his eyes in any new direction, and hope to have his vision rewarded by rare and novel views in the great world of science. This is the course which Swedenborg himself pursued, more steadily perhaps than any philosopher of ancient or modern times, and it is to such a direction of his profound studies, prosecuted with

such noble aims, that we are to attribute his wonderful attainments and discoveries in almost every branch of learning.

But, although our author regarded a complete acquaintance with the sciences indispensable to a knowledge of nature and to progress in her mysteries, yet he was disposed to confine his attention to the most important phenomena, bearing directly and proximately on the subject of inquiry, leaving out of view those collateral matters that diverge obliquely or too remotely from the established order of things. The mind becomes confused by a multiplicity of particulars. Time is wasted in pursuing them, and great results may be arrived at, with sufficient certainty, by limiting the sphere of observation to such phenomena, and to such only, as are of a leading and controlling character, and essential to any one series of truths.

Philosophy is assisted not only by geometry and experience, but by reason, or rather the faculty of reasoning, which is acquired by cultivation, and which some men never possess, owing to a defective organization, or to neglect of the proper education of their faculties. Experience stores the mind with facts, but without the faculty of thinking distinctly and reasoning closely, without the ability to compare our experiments,—to digest them analytically,—to reduce them to laws, rules and analogies, we can never expect to arrive at remote principles, or to reason *a priori*, from causes, which is the peculiar province of the philosopher.

Swedenborg commences the preface to his "*Principia*," by explaining his terminology; for, in unfolding a new theory, he employs new terms to express his meaning, or uses old terms in new senses. He starts with the proposition, that all things originate from what is simple and uncompounded,—from one primitive cause, which is derived into the various things that are caused or brought into being, and that no second cause exists, but what has flowed, by regular descent, from its first parent cause or simple. This cause is latent in the first simple. In the first ens derived from it, or into the first finite, there must be derived a similar cause,—indeed an active and efficient cause, before any thing can be produced in a series. Hence, there must be an active and a passive, and, as a product from both, a compound or an elementary, without which there would be

no new efficient, no effects, no phenomena, no worlds. With this view of the subject, then, he endeavors to prove, that "in the finite, which is the first in derivation from the simple, is contained each principle, both passive and active, from which, by the accession of a contingent or physical cause, arose the composite or elementary ; and that in every derivative, whether a finite, an active or an elementary, there always co-exists a similar cause, and consequently a similar faculty of producing an effect, namely, from the one into the other ; so that from well known principles of mechanism, under the guidance of geometry and the faculty of reasoning analytically, we may, from an effect visible and posterior, safely draw our conclusions, not only with regard to effects invisible and prior, but with regard to the very entities which are active and passive."

Swedenborg maintains further, that "in a simple, there is an internal state tending to a spiral motion, and consequently that in it there is a like conatus or endeavor to produce it. That in the first finite, thence resulting, there is a spiral motion of the parts. The same obtains in the three elementary finites. From this cause, there arises, in every finite, a progressive motion of the parts, an axillary motion of the whole, and, provided there be no obstacle, a local motion of the whole. That if there be a local motion, there arises thence an active, similar to the agent producing it, and differing only in degree and dimension." Hence he admits of "entities only of a three-fold degree, viz : finites, actives, and those which are compounded of the two, viz : composites or elementaries."

The first part of the *Principia* is devoted to a philosophical discussion of the first simple or natural point ; the first, second, third, fourth and fifth finites, and the pure material finite or water ; the active of the point ; the actives of the first, second, third, fourth and fifth finites, including fire ; the first or most universal element ; the second or magnetic element ; the third element, or ether ; the fourth element, or air ; the fifth product similar to the elements, or aqueous vapor. A chapter is added on the existence of the sun and the formation of the solar vortex.

The second part of this work, is devoted to an examination of the causes of the magnetic forces, and contains the first theory of the magnet,—as we before intimated,—ever submitted to the learned world.

The third part compares the starry heaven with the magnetic sphere; discusses the diversity of worlds; the universal chaos of the sun and planets; the separation of its substance into planets and satellites; the vortex surrounding the earth; the progression of the earth from the sun to the circle of its orbit; the paradisiacal state of the earth and the first man.

Swedenborg's Chemistry, entitled "*Specimens of a Work on the Principles of Natural Philosophy, comprising New Attempts to explain the Phenomena of Chemistry and Physics by Geometry,*" was first published, in Latin, at Amsterdam, in 1721. It forms a portion only of a work existing in manuscript in Sweden, but which has not yet been published. The treatise before us, begins at part VIII, and is continued to part XIV.; after which, a short appendix on colors intervenes, and part XXV. closes the work. Appended to it, is a short disquisition on Iron and Fire; a Treatise on Longitude; a new Method of constructing Docks in seas where there are no tides; and a few other essays and miscellanies. These several treatises were translated and published in London, in 1847. The whole work is illustrated by diagrams and plates, and enriched with an account of various experiments made by its learned author, to test the truth of his principles. It is prefaced by an able dissertation on Swedenborg's philosophy, from the pen of Dr. Strutt, the translator. The doctrines contained in the entire work, of which we have but a portion, are fully developed and illustrated in the "*Principia*," published seven years afterwards, and the two works therefore may properly be considered in connection with each other.

An introduction to "*the Principia*," prefixed to the second volume, (which has not yet reached us) furnishes a summary of our author's views, contrasted with those of the scientific world. It is from the pen of the Rev. Augustus Clissold, the translator. We regret that it is not in our hands, for it is said to be very able, as indeed every thing is, that proceeds from his pen. Dr. Strutt's Introduction to the Chemistry, is itself an admirable sketch of our author's system, and he has succeeded in pointing out, with great accuracy, its distinctive traits, and placing them fairly before the world.

It might seem a work of supererogation,—so great have been the improvements in Chemistry in modern times, and

so many have been the works written and published on the subject, during the present century,—to go back more than a hundred years, to rake out, from the ruins of past systems, the speculations that were entertained and put forth in the very infancy of the science. *Cui bono?* it may be asked. Will the present race of profound thinkers and industrious inquirers be benefitted by exhuming and exposing to view so much useless rubbish? Softly! proud sceptic. The age may not be so enlightened, nor thinkers now-a-days so profound, that they may actually be able to gather nothing from the labors of their predecessors. There may be many points of departure from former theories, but it should be well considered whether any departure from the good old path of experience, on which all the theories of our author were founded, will be likely materially to advance the cause of science. There is nothing, we believe, that he wrote and published, that does not deserve to be studied, and which will not amply reward the scholar for the time expended upon its examination.

The principles maintained in our author's "Chemistry" and "Principia," are well worthy of revision, and of adoption. All of them, we imagine, are too firmly established, ever to be shaken. Swedenborg never laid down a proposition that he did not prove. He aimed to establish doctrines,—to arrive at great first truths in science, with a view to the development of a theory and a system; but he never overlooked existing facts. He moved,—so to speak,—in the sphere of phenomena, with a view to important conclusions of a certain and indubitable character. Perhaps the vice of modern philosophy, particularly in the department of chemistry, is, the eager desire, every where manifested, to accumulate facts,—to multiply experiments without end. The age, indeed, is rather an age of facts, than of well considered systems,—if we except the department of astronomy, in which we have doubtless made considerable progress. But facts and experiments alone will never conduct us into the region of causes, and unfold the laws of nature in a regular series. We want, especially in chemistry, *a priori* starting points. We have isolated laws and enough of them, but what we now require to make chemistry perfect, is doctrines, immutable truths, digested into a regular system. This is a point in the progress of the science of chemistry, which we have not

yet reached, or not fully reached. We are so amused with our experiments—so delighted with the results of our own ingenuity, rendered palpable and wonderful by ocular demonstrations, that we have had no leisure, and little disposition, to deduce great principles, by laborious processes of reasoning, from a multitude of facts, and to arrange them into a regular and definite order for the benefit of mankind; and thus, in this department of inquiry, we have not yet seized upon and enjoyed the higher triumphs of a true philosophy. Another error has been,—that we have not considered sufficiently the relation which one science bears to another, and each science to all the sciences; but have been apt to view them rather as independent of each other, thus losing the light which is reflected by all upon each, and groping our way in the dark, with the aid of only a single and solitary lamp to divert our steps. Had we had the courage and good sense, like Swedenborg, to call in geometry to the aid of chemistry, or had we been willing to avail ourselves of the proofs he has furnished of the intimate relation which it sustains not only to chemistry, but to all physics, we should have made much greater progress than we have done.

A hundred years ago, chemistry was undoubtedly in its infancy. But the ancients had done something. They had investigated the phenomena of nature to a considerable extent, particularly of elementary nature. They had attained to some truth and promulgated a few theories. Generally, their views were very crude. They mistook the effect for the cause, and had not yet reached Swedenborg's grand idea of a first simple or natural point. They did not understand finite nature in its active and passive relations. Thus air, fire and water long contended for the mastery in their world of philosophy, and as one or the other was in the ascendant, it became, for the time being, the creator of the world, and was advanced to the honor of a divinity. But the ancients are not wholly to be despised. Their views of the elements, even of earth, were not gross,—by no means so gross as we moderns are accustomed to imagine. Their element, earth, was not the soil we tread on, but a white, impalpable substance, obtained by chemical process, similar in appearance to the powder of calcined bones or the residuum of ashes. It was their dense element, the lowest in order; but air, fire and water,

if not something actually spiritual, were yet, in their view, the connecting links between matter and spirit,—between this world and the next.

How was matter—how was the material world formed? What is the nature of matter? Is it compound or simple? These were questions discussed by the ancients, not always clearly, but they had glimpses of the light, which occasionally beam forth through their theories. The atomic theory arose about four hundred and thirty years before the Christian era. Leucippus maintained that matter consisted of exceedingly small, solid and impenetrable particles, with a vacuum or empty space between them; that these particles differed in figure, to which, (i. e. to figure,) he ascribed the differences existing in various kinds of matter. He asserted also, that the same particles, arranged in another order, would produce bodies of totally different qualities. Democritus called these particles *atoms*, possessing figure and magnitude, to which Epicurus added gravity. Swedenborg was a disciple of the corpuscular theory. He maintained that matter was compound; but he agreed with the ancients in their opinion that the quality of substances depends on their form, to which, as he endows matter with an active force, he adds motion. “What,” he asks; “are physics and chemistry? What is their nature, if not a peculiar mechanism? What is there new in nature which is not geometrical? What is the variety of experiments, but a variety of position, figure, weight and motion in particles?” It is impossible to separate from his philosophy the doctrine of forms, and the quality of bodies as depending on forms. It is vital to his system. A formless thing, whether material, substantial or spiritual, was, in his view of the matter, a nonentity. Forms run through the whole universe of matter and of mind, and the qualities of all beings, and of all bodies, are every where determined by them; at least such was Swedenborg’s theory; and when he asserted a thing, he had reasons for asserting it, of which philosophy, in no stage of its progress, need be ashamed. Indeed we may bring to Swedenborg’s theory the authority of some of the greatest names known to science,—we mean such men as Des Cartes, Newton and Locke. Wenzel distinctly maintains, that the properties of bodies depends on the configuration of their smallest particles; and M. Dumas, a distinguished chemist of France,

agrees with Swedenborg as to the compound nature of atoms, which, with Wenzel, he pronounces to be only molecular groups. "If" he "had the power," he says, he "would expunge the word *atom* from the vocabulary of science."

Chemistry had been greatly enriched by experiments even before the time of Swedenborg, and he did not fail to avail himself of the labors of Boyle, Hærne, Boerhaave, Lemmar and others, acknowledging, at the same time, that he did so. He did not feel the want of facts, but he wished to see facts systematized and arranged, so as to deduce from them sound principles, with a view to advance chemistry as a science. To this object he zealously addressed himself, calling in geometry to his aid, as no mean coadjutor.

Swedenborg's theory of the creation, is the only one we have ever met with that seems to rest on broad, solid and unchangeable principles. It is fully disclosed in his "*Principia*,"—a work to the merits of which, no description is adequate, and which must be thoroughly studied in order to be understood. In this work, Swedenborg commences from a *point*, and ends with the structure of the universe. He gives a strong and distinct negative to the doctrine, which has every where prevailed, both in ancient and modern times, viz: that the world was created out of nothing. The world, he maintained, proceeded from God, if not according to the ancient theory of emanations, yet in a manner bearing some resemblance to it. His theory is, substantially, the celebrated nebular hypothesis of La Place,—which the latter borrowed from Swedenborg.

"The sun of the spiritual world is an emanation from God, the heat and light of which are the divine love and the divine wisdom. From the atmospheres of this sun, proceeded the sun of the natural world, which is a body of pure fire. From the atmospheres of the natural sun, becoming more and more dense, the farther they proceeded from it, arose, in the distance, the earths of the solar system. And so of all the other suns and systems in the universe. The earths, therefore, are from the atmospheres of the natural sun,—which is from the atmospheres of the spiritual sun,—which is from God; or, as Swedenborg expresses it,—'Jehovah created the universe, and all things in it, not from nothing, but from himself.' Swedenborg taught that atmospheres, waters and earths, are the common or general principles, by which and from which all and every thing exists, with an infinite variety. 'Atmospheres,' he said, 'are the active powers, waters are intermediate powers, and earths are passive powers, from which all things exist.'"

We quote the above passage from Dr. Pond's "Swedenborgianism Reviewed," and are happy to add, that it gives a just view of Swedenborg's cosmogony or theory of the creation, although it might be much more extended than it is, with advantage to the reader. We should be glad to enter, ourselves, more at large into an explanation of this novel and magnificent theory, but it may be better learned by consulting the "Principia" itself, to which we, therefore, refer the inquirer.

Swedenborg having thus grasped the origin of the creation of the world, rose, at last, to the contemplation of its author and its final cause. The "Outlines of a Philosophical Argument on the Infinite, the Final Cause of Creation, and the intercourse of the Soul and Body," was originally published, in Latin, in 1734, at Dresden and Leipzig, in connection with his philosophical and mineral works. After lying buried for more than a century in the obscurities of a dead language, it was translated by Mr. Wilkinson, and published, last year, at London, with an elaborate preface from the pen of the translator. It is a work of profound interest, occupying an intermediate place between the "Principia" and the "Economy of the Animal Kingdom," which did not appear till several years afterwards. It is written in an unpretending style, but is still to be regarded as one of the author's most finished treatises. In none of them is his reasoning clearer, more forcible, or, upon the whole, more satisfactory. It is dedicated to Eric Benzelius, his "loving kinsman, Counsellor to his sacred Majesty the King of Sweden, Doctor of Theology, and Bishop of East Gothland," whose "favorable consideration" he claims for the work, "if not on its own account, yet because of the cause it pleads; if not for its merits, yet for the love he bears its author."

We regret that our limits will not permit us to enter into a critical examination of this fascinating work, but reserve the task for a future opportunity. W.

ART. VII.—*A History of Georgia, from its first discovery by Europeans to the adoption of the present Constitution, in 1798.* By REV. WILLIAM BACON STEVENS, M.D., Professor of Belles-Lettres, History, &c., in the University of Georgia, Athens. In 2 volumes. Vol. I. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. Savannah: William Thorne Williams. 1847.

OUR sister State of Georgia exhibits a just and laudable regard to what is due to her own fame and greatness. Her people are eager in the pursuit of all enterprises which promise distinction and property. Her rail-roads are conceived on the most elaborate and extensive scale; her public institutions are bold in their conception, and prosecuted with a liberal spirit which spares no expense in the attainment of objects which are recognized as important to her citizens; schools and colleges literally cover the face of her territory, representing the State, the people at large, and the various religious denominations; her historical society has shown an admirable example of diligence and intellect, in prosecuting its labors to the preparation of several valuable and expensive publications; and, altogether, there are few communities, in any part of the world, which have exhibited so proper and becoming an example, in the same space of time, of a courage, a zeal and an energy that hope and work together, as this young but powerful republic. The excellent work before us is due, in great part, to the liberality of her legislature and the encouragement of her citizens. Public documents necessary to its preparation, comprised in twenty-two huge folios of manuscript, have been procured, at great expense, from Europe, and the preparation of her history was confided, with a due regard to the importance of the subject, and the necessity of its proper preparation, to the hands of a scholar, a man of letters and integrity, whose high moral sense and excellent taste and judgment, were the best guaranties for its right performance.

The fruits of his labors are in part before us, in the first volume of the History of Georgia,—and a careful perusal leaves us no reason to doubt that the people of that State are perfectly satisfied with what is done. Dr. Stevens has executed his task with equal method and completeness. He leaves nothing to be desired in his array of facts and

his mode of setting them in order. His narrative is equally clear and comprehensive. No part of it has been slurred over, and there are no obscurities. We might object to an excess of particularity, an occasional awkwardness in style, and to something of a coldness in details, in regard to matters that might seem provocative of warmth; but the integrity of history is a thing so vitally important, that an author is, perhaps, only becomingly cautious, in restraining his enthusiasm, and in the copious array of his facts, we have proofs, in every chapter, of the serious regard to his authorities, which has governed the historian throughout his narrative.

The first book of this history is accorded to the ante-colonial period, and covers the early English, French and Spanish voyages to Georgia—a period which necessarily belongs to the entire South. The author also glimpses at the ante-Columbian period, which includes the doubtful discoveries of Madoc, the Welshman, and Bjora Asbrandson, the Northman, to say nothing of other voyagers, upon whose claims history sits dubiously nodding, now affirmatively and now in denial, not knowing well where to turn or how to decide. We shall not follow our author through these details, and shall content ourselves with the remark, that, as regards the discoveries of the Cabots, of Juan Ponce de Leon, of Lucas de Ayllon, Verazzano, De Soto, and other mariners and cavaliers, including the tragic episode of the Huguenot settlement of Coligny, and their destruction by the Spaniards,—the historian has been equally truthful and ample. The histories are all, in some degree, those of the territory of Georgia, and, as such, demanded to be glanced at, if nothing more. It is, perhaps, a prudent error of Dr. Stevens, that his details, on these heads, are sufficiently copious to repress all complaints. We hurriedly pass the chapter which our author devotes to the aborigines of the country. He has evidently searched the best sources of intelligence, and has afforded us a brief, but sufficient picture, of their tribes, their customs, and their policies—a view quite sufficient for the information of those who would wish to see the sort of materials and the condition of society with which the European colonists were compelled to work, in securing their foothold on the soil. This subject, by the way, is one quite too extensive for incorporation with the history of any single State, and

might furnish the materials for a volume by itself. We have not yet made a sufficient study of that peculiar conflict between civilization and the savage state, which followed the several attempts at European civilization in this country, in which, while all their habits and modes of thinking were at war, the exterior of both parties was studiously adapted, as long as possible, to betray only the lineaments of peace. The chapter of Dr. Stevens, in relation to the aborigines, is but a summary, and makes no pretension to philosophy. Our author has confined himself chiefly to a notice of the several localities which the Indians occupied in the South; their separate tribes and designations; and, more particularly, where they lay within the limits of Georgia, or extended from and beyond them, to the contiguous territories;—in fact, showing quite enough to teach us their probable relations with the European settlements of the State, and cumbering his volume with little unnecessary matter. His printer, we may remark, has been far less careful than himself, and has made sad work with his names of places and persons. Some of these blunders our author has corrected in his errata, but not all, and a second impression of these sheets demands a careful revision of the press, if only with regard to the typographical offences of the first fifty pages.

The second book opens upon the true business of the history, with the first colonization of Georgia. The initial steps for this experiment, were taken by General Oglethorpe and others,—gentlemen and nobles of England, with the avowed purpose of relieving the great cities of the realm from the evils of indigence and pauperism. For the better attainment of this object, it was conceived that a grant, by the crown, of unoccupied territory in the new world, with a small outfit, and an appropriation of money which would carry them there, would readily persuade numbers to emigration, of that class of persons, whom they described as “reduced to such necessity as to become burdensome to the public.” In brief, an additional burden was to be put upon the shoulders of the public, for a time, in hope that they might be relieved from its presence after; and the crown was accordingly petitioned for the necessary grant of power and assistance. The object was too grateful to the English cities, and the demand, at the same time, quite too modest, to meet with denial or evasion. It was answered,

in the first place by a charter, establishing the colony of Georgia, and confiding its authorities to a body consisting of twenty-one Trustees. This charter is to be found at length, in the appendix to the work before us. Dr. Stevens makes of it, in his text, a very good summary, which should be sought for in his own pages. The instrument was chiefly remarkable for its exclusion of Roman Catholics from the colony, while countenancing all other sects. We say remarkable, not in the sense of surprising, for there is nothing to occasion surprise in the exception, when we take into consideration the peculiar political antipathies which the people, during the reign of George II., when the charter was granted, naturally inherited from the previous reign, when the estates of Papists in England were confiscated. Two objects declared by the charter, are all that need invite our present attention. The first of these were specifically for the purpose already mentioned, namely, providing for poor and indigent persons, so that they might be enabled to reach a region where they might provide for themselves—a waste territory which they might convert into a garden. This was the real and benevolent purpose of the Trustees. A second object was urged, as a matter of policy, upon the crown, and upon the friends of the colonies already established in the same neighborhood. It proposed the colony of Georgia as a barrier for their protection against the French, Spanish and Indians south and west. The motto of the Trustees—“*Non sibi, sed aliis*,”—declared the unselfish purpose of those who planned the establishment, and, in this respect, honorably distinguishes them from most of those by whom colonies are planned.

It was on the 13th January, 1733, that Oglethorpe, with his first settlers, made his appearance in the waters of Carolina. He was received with great kindness in Charleston, and every effort was made to promote the comfort of his people, and carry forward his designs. They were conducted, as soon as practicable, by their leader, to the banks of the Savannah, upon a high bluff of which, the sight of an Indian town, called Yamacraw, they laid the first foundation of the new State. The Indians received them with hospitality, and after some little hesitation, favored their designs. Tomochichi, the local chief,—the prince in fact, of the tribe of Yamacraw,—became the fast friend of Oglethorpe and Georgia. These Indians were

offshoots or branches of the great nation of the Muscoghees, which thus, in families and tribes more or less remote, extended their power along the whole ocean country, from the farthest bounds of Carolina on the north, to the waters of Mobile and Pontchartrain. In the case of the Georgians, as in that of most of the European settlers, won by novelty, and by presents of novelties and necessities, they readily sold their favor to the stranger for a season. Indeed, it was their favor and forbearance, rather than their territory that the Europeans purchased from the natives. Oglethorpe found it easy to establish terms of amity with his dusky neighbors, and went on planting his colony with due ability and industry. In this progress he was greatly assisted by the people of South-Carolina. Dr. Stevens acknowledges the liberality with which all persons and parties, public and private, in the sister colony, strove to encourage and sustain the infant settlement, and we are half disposed to quarrel with him, when, having made this acknowledgement, he appears disposed to qualify it by a remark which might be construed into an imputation of a selfish motive, by which the South-Carolinians were governed in their seeming liberality. Having enumerated a great variety of useful and valuable gifts and services which the new settlers received from their older neighbors, he adds:—"These, with many other such records, evince their spirit in promoting the settlement of Georgia. *And well they might, for the planting of this colony to the south of the Savannah, increased their security, &c.*" Now, we readily admit that these words do not absolutely convey the imputation of a selfish motive, on the part of our people, in their gifts; but they have yet the air of doing so; and seem very much as if intended to qualify the acknowledgement which the historian had found it impossible to avoid. For why mention this consideration in this connection at all, unless to exhibit a supposed motive, which, we take upon ourselves to say, that our venerable forefathers, men or women, never felt at the moment when they exercised their bounties. It was a recorded object of the settlement, declared by the charter, that the new colony was to become a barrier for the old; of course, this object was known to the Carolinians, and of course, could not but meet with their approbation; yet we venture to affirm that they gave then, as they have given a thou-

sand times since, rather to the need of others than their own; at the application of suffering, or at the knowledge of want and necessity. As well might we ascribe selfishness to Oglethorpe himself, who, in this very particular, having at heart only the indigent poor of the great cities of England, throws out, as a lure, the suggestion of a second object—the protection of the frontiers of Carolina—in order to secure, for his purposes, the friends of the latter colony, and to disarm their jealousies. As our historian has, subsequently, and with some propriety, to reproach the Carolinians with a really selfish reserve, at a moment when Oglethorpe and Georgia greatly demanded their assistance, it seems but proper at this moment, to retain, as an effect to the future, all the credit that we can, for a liberality to the infant colony, on its own merits, and in reference to its own poverty and weakness. Doubtless, the South-Carolinians remembered, among other objects, that the Georgians were to provide additional securities to the older colony, *in the absolute necessity of saving the new*, from the hostilities of their Indian and Spanish neighbors; but very sure are we, that Mrs. Ann Drayton, was never moved by this consideration, when she sent her “two pair of sawyers to work in the colony;” or when Mr. Whitaker “sent one hundred head of cattle;” or when the Edistonians “sent sixteen sheep;” or when “his Excellency Robert Johnson gave seven horses;” or when “Col. Ball and Mr. Bryan brought twenty servants, whose labor they gave to the colony;” or when Mr. (we have half a mind to write it Mrs.) Hume “gave a silver (pap) boat and spoon,” (as a sort of premium on progress, to promote a rising generation,) “for the first child born in Georgia.” We may admit that the “gift of a drum,” by Mr. Hammerton might have been prompted by some remote idea of invasion, but Mr. Hammerton’s individual temper might have been warlike, and then, again, this is but a simple military token in a long catalogue of gifts, which did not end here; for Oglethorpe, when he had put his little settlement in a posture of defence, and taken pledges and hostages from the Indians, proceeded to South-Carolina for the avowed purpose of procuring still larger supplies. Nor did he seek them in vain. “His solicitations,” says our historian, “were promptly answered. The assembly voted £2,000 currency, for the assistance of Georgia, the *first* year; and soon after,

the committee of supply brought in a bill for granting £8,000 currency for the use of the colony the *second* year. The citizens (of Charleston) also subscribed £1,000 currency, £500 of which, were immediately paid down." Now, when Dr. Stevens tells us that "Oglethorpe was grateful for this assistance;" suppose we were to add, "and well he might be, for without it the infant colony would most probably have never seen a second spring;" this would be the fact, but by its utterance, we should ungraciously disparage the genuine gratitude which we have no doubt was warmly active in the breast of this great and amiable man. But we pass from this topic, to the more agreeable one which records the continued progress of the colony upward, through troubles, privations and many vicissitudes to strength and a noble maturity at last.

Armed with the funds thus procured in Carolina, Oglethorpe returned to Georgia to meet representations from all the towns of the Lower Creeks, whom he had invited to assemble in Savannah. With these he made treaties, and arranged the future intercourse of the white and red men; laid regulations for trade, and established a rate of prices for articles, such as were chiefly objects of Indian traffic. The parties separated on the best of terms, the Indians being dismissed with suitable presents for themselves and people. Oglethorpe's treatment of the Indians was gracious and benevolent. Our historian compares him with Penn in this respect, and claims for him, indeed, a superior credit; as while they both wrought with benevolent principles, and with great meekness and forbearance, there were no selfish objects, as in the case of Penn, to impair the career of Oglethorpe. "The art of the painter," says our author, "has commemorated the treaty of Penn with the Lenni Lenapi, under the elm tree of Shakamaxon; but neither this scene, on the north edge of Philadelphia, nor the treaty of Roger Williams with 'the old Prince Canonicus,' at Seconke; nor the alliance of Leonard Calvert with the Susquehannahs, at Yoacomoco; excels, in any element of philanthropy, or in any trait of nobleness, the treaty of Oglethorpe with the tribes of the Muscoghees, under the 'four pine trees' on the bluff of Yamacraw."

His Indian relations satisfactorily adjusted, and the colony placed on a footing which gave promise of prosperity, Oglethorpe prepared to return to Europe, the better to pro-

mote the interests of his establishment. Another visit to Charleston, while the assembly was in session, gave him an opportunity of addressing that body; "of expressing *his* sense of the *universal zeal* which the inhabitants of this province have shown for assisting the colony," and of recommending it to "their farther protection." The establishment of a military post on the Ogeechee, called Fort Argyle; the reception of a new supply of settlers, among whom were forty Israelites; a formal division of Savannah into streets and sections; an exploration of the seaboard of Georgia, and a considerate attention to all the details of his government, being accomplished,—he returned to England after an absence of eighteen months in America. These eighteen months were not wasted. Oglethorpe had done wonders. Savannah was laid out; about forty houses built; other towns were founded; courts of law were established; religion was cared for; forts were raised and manned in proper places; vines, roots and seeds of Europe, were introduced; harbors, creeks and forests were explored; the Indians were pacificated, and the whole machine of government set in proper and equal motion. In our summary, we are compelled to pass with brevity, much valuable and interesting matter, which can only be properly read in the pages of this history. The colony of Israelites, for example, was a subject of considerable difficulty. Oglethorpe, like a liberal Christian, gave them hearty welcome; but the Trustees, whose charter excluded Roman Catholics, felt that they might naturally incur reproach in the admission of Jews. That they should exclude one class of believers in Christ, and give place to those that rejected him wholly, was one of those difficulties which their sophistry did not enable them to overcome; and they steadily refused to grant land to this class of religionists. Oglethorpe did not drive them away, but he was not permitted to encourage them; and many of them found that refuge in Charleston, which the founders of the new colony should have been only too happy to bestow. Some of them remained in Savannah, and have always constituted a highly esteemed portion of its population. The emigrant Saltzburghers, a religious sect of Germany, also afforded a supply to our little colony, and have furnished the subject of a very interesting passage to our historian, for which the reader

must look to him.* Persecuted at home on account of their opinions, they were gratefully received in Georgia, and founded the town of Ebenezer. Other Saltzburghers followed their brethren. Zinzendorff sent out a Moravian settlement, which was established on the Ogeechee; bodies of Swiss and Grisons, intended either for Carolina or Georgia, came out in the same vessel; the protestants of Germany, and the Highlands of Scotland, contributed numerous to the population of the infant colony; and at length, a "great embarkation," consisting of two ships, with several hundred colonists, bade adieu to the shores of England on the 10th day of December, 1735. With these emigrants, Oglethorpe himself returned to Georgia. Among the passengers were the two Wesleys, John and Charles, who were not destined, in the new world to find that peace of mind, which should follow good offices and benevolent intentions. The portions of Dr. Steven's history which relate to these persons, are among his most interesting passages.

These ships did not reach their port of destination until February. They narrowly escaped the last port of human destiny, having been exposed to tempests of the most furious character, which left them hopeless of all help but from the mercies and forbearance of Heaven. Oglethorpe lost no time after he landed, in establishing his followers. They were settled upon various islands along the coast, to which were severally given the names of St. Simon, Cumberland, Amelia and Tabot. The settlements were all made fortified places and duly garrisoned. A detachment of troops was sent from Carolina to St. Simon's, to afford protection, while the town and fortress of Frederica were in progress; the Spaniards of Florida giving out fearful threats against the new colony, which they regarded as an encroachment on the territorial rights of Spain. Oglethorpe gave them no heed except to take his precautions. He conciliated the Indians tribes with gifts and kindnesses, and bound them to him by various modes of treaty and pacification. Augusta was established as a fortified place. It had long been the greatest mart for Indian trade in the

* See also a "History of the American Lutheran Church," by Rev. Ernest L. Hazelius, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary of the Lutheran Synod of South-Carolina, published at Zanesville, Ohio. 1846.

whole country ; the spring fairs sometimes bringing to this place as many as six hundred Indians, with more than thrice that number of pack horses with merchandize.

"Over a thousand persons," according to our author, "had now been sent out to Georgia on account of the Trustees. Several freeholders, with their servants, had also taken up lands ; and over forty-seven thousand acres had been granted out to them and to others settling in the province. Five principal towns had been laid out and settled—Augusta, Ebenezer, Savannah, New Inverness and Frederica, besides several smaller forts and villages." The colonists presented a curious and seemingly conflicting mixture. In the language of the historian—"there were Vaudois from under the shadow of Mount Jura ; Swiss from the mountainous and pastoral Grisons ; Piedmontese from the silk growing districts of Lombardy ; Germans from the Archbishopric of Saltzburgh, in Bavaria ; Moravians from Herrnhut ; Jews from Portugal ; Highlanders from Scotland ; and English from London and its circumjacent counties."

With the northern, eastern and southern borders of Georgia, thus dotted with forts and settlements, Oglethorpe proceeded again to England. His purpose was to lay the condition of the colony before Parliament and the crown, and to solicit such military succour and supplies, as would not only enable him to resist successfully any invasion of the neighboring Spaniards, but would justify his taking the initiative in the warfare, should it seem necessary, by carrying the attack into the enemy's country. His demands were complied with. He was made Colonel of a regiment which was raised in England for the defence of Georgia ; a portion of which preceded him in his return, and with the rest of which, he followed in the summer of 1738. He had now a full regiment of troops admirably armed and equipped, in addition to the force of the colony, and some forty supernumeraries, which he brought out with him from England at his own expense. In regard to the supposed increasing danger from the Spaniards, he was appointed "General of the forces in South-Carolina and Georgia." Unhappily, the amity which had existed between these two provinces from the beginning, was not destined to continue to the end of the chapter. Cold and jealous feelings and harsh opinions ensued between them, in con-

sequence of some collision of authority; the government of Georgia asserting the right under their treaties with the Indians, and the paternal care which they claimed to exercise over this simple people, to thrust the Carolina traders out of the Several Indian nations, unless they first procured licenses from Georgia. Other causes of provocation were not wanting, in all of which, the opinion entertained in Carolina seems to have been, that her young neighbor was waxing unnecessarily fat and lusty, like Jeshurun, and was disposed to kick long before the proper season. Our historian describes these as "juvenile follies" of the comely sisters; and perhaps it is just as well that this gentle epithet should dismiss their ancient squabbles; but the Carolinians, in that day, really regarded the young colony as taking some strange airs on herself, when she boldly undertook to regulate the conduct and intercourse of the savages in their own homes, so as to deprive (unless with her permission) the traders of the elder people, of those privileges which they had used from time immemorial. But, *sessà!*—let it pass.

As soon as Oglethorpe returned, he proceeded to renew his friendly alliances with the Indians. To effect this object he boldly travelled into the heart of their territories, and met them at their great councils on the banks of the Chattahoochie. He returned to Savannah to assist in the funeral obsequies of his friend and ally, Tomachici, the chief of the Yamacraw, and to receive instructions from England for the invasion of Florida, and, if possible, the capture of St. Augustine. The Spaniards begun the war by an attack upon Amelia Island, where they slew some persons, but failed in an attempt to surprise the fort. Oglethorpe pursued the invaders with a body of Highland rangers, even to the St. John's, destroying some of the boats on that river, and advancing a day's journey towards St. Augustine. In this progress, he dispersed a command of horse and foot that attempted to dispute his march; but, being without the proper means to reap the fruits of the advantages he had gained, he hurried back to Frederica, from whence he sent a detachment to destroy the remaining boats upon the St. John's and reconnoitre the Spanish fort at Picolata. Lieutenant Dunbar, to whom this duty was confided, attempted the fort and was repulsed. It was afterwards taken by an Indian party which Oglethorpe had

subsidized, and which preceded his own march upon the place. He next proceeded against Fort St. Francis, on the St. John's, which yielded after a sharp conflict. This expedition gave the English the navigation of the St. John's and cut off the Spanish communications with Appalachee, and the Western Indians. "While Oglethorpe was thus engaged in Florida, a plot was discovered among the Cherokees, which had for its object the entire destruction of the English settlements. It was due to the intrigues of a German Jesuit, one Christian Priber, who had become a resident among the Cherokees, had acquired the confidence of their king, and was secretly an emissary of the French." His designs, according to his own showing, were sufficiently magnificent. He had adopted the Indian costume, but was "a man of great ability, extensive learning and polished address. He was versed, not only in the Indian language, of which he had composed a dictionary, but also spoke the Latin, French and Spanish fluently, and the English perfectly." He was caught by the English traders on the Tallapoosa, and when within a day's journey of a French garrison, to which he was making his way. Upon being interrogated as to his design, he acknowledged that it was "to bring about a confederation of all the Southern Indians; to inspire them with industry; to instruct them in the arts necessary to the commodities of social life, and, in short, to enable them to throw off the yoke of their European allies of all nations." "Upon his person was found his private journal, revealing in part his designs, with various memoranda relating to his project. In it he speaks not only of individual Indians and negroes whose assistance had been promised, and of a private treasurer in Charleston for keeping the funds collected; but also that he expected many things from the French and from another nation, whose name he left blank. There were also found upon him letters for the Florida and Spanish Governors, demanding their protection of him and countenance for his scheme. Among his papers was one containing articles of government for his new town, (such was among his designs,) regularly and elaborately drawn out and digested. In this volume he enumerates many rights and privileges, as he calls them, to which the citizens of this colony are to be admitted, particularly dissolving marriages, allowing a community of women and all kinds of

licentiousness. It was drawn up with much art, method and learning, and was designed to be privately printed and circulated. When it was hinted to him that such a plan was attended with many dangers and difficulties, and [that it] must necessarily require many years to establish his government, he replied: 'Proceeding properly, many of these evils may be avoided; and, as to length of time, we have a succession of agents to take up the work as fast as others leave it. We never lose sight of a favorite point, nor are we bound by the strict rules of morality in the means, when the end we pursue is laudable. If we err, our General is to blame, and we have a merciful God to pardon us.'" We have given only a part of this curious history. It is one that deserves more attention. Where are the papers this man left? He died in prison, and his experiments of Indian civilization and organization perished with him.

Let us return to the more important history. The petty hostilities already recorded were but an introduction to a prolonged and more perilous conflict with the Spaniards. Our historian here very properly shows us the position and relative strength of the parties, in a passage we should give at length, but for the necessity of abridging his pages to our own. The Governor of St. Augustine was Don Manuel de Montiano. Under his active superintendence, the city was placed under good defences; the ramparts were heightened and casemated; a covered way was made; bomb-proof vaults were built; and entrenchments thrown up around the town, protected by ten salient angles, and other additaments known to the science of the times. The castle was built of *tabby*, with four bastions, the curtains forty yards long, and the counterscarp faced with stone. The garrison, not including the militia of the town, the convicts (who were all put in requisition in the moment of emergency) and the Indian allies, consisted of about a thousand regular troops. Naturally well placed for defence, its geographical advantages were improved by the most skilful engineers of Spain, who fortified every assailable point to the utmost of their ability. Havana, it must not be forgotten, lay conveniently nigh to furnish succors and supplies when called upon. We have seen what was the military force of Georgia. The several forts built by Oglethorpe contemplated no greater exigencies than Indian

warfare, or occasional incursions from its Spanish neighbors. But he had a dernier resort in South-Carolina, in the event of invasion, which was more immediately available to him than Havana was to the Floridians. He repaired to Charleston as soon as possible, after putting his fortresses in defensible condition. The Assembly of Carolina at once passed an act, raising a regiment of five hundred men. They also equipped a vessel of war, carrying ten carriage and sixteen swivel guns, with a crew of fifty men. This force was placed under the command of Oglethorpe, though not without some hesitation and debate. Volunteers, also, responded to his call, and the Assembly augmented their regiment by two hundred soldiers more. Several English vessels were engaged to co-operate in the siege of St. Augustine, which was now fully resolved upon. In addition to these forces, Oglethorpe had his own regiment of five hundred men, two troops of Highland and English rangers, and two companies of Highland and English foot. One portion of his forces, with the artillery, convoyed by the men-of-war, and under his own command, proceeded by water to the St. John's. He crossed that river on the 9th of May, and on the 10th took the fort of San Diego, three leagues from St. Augustine. In this fort he captured fifty-seven men, eleven pieces of cannon, seventy small arms and much ammunition. Leaving a force of fifty men to garrison this post, he returned to the St. John's, to await the coming of the Carolina troops. These soon joined him, and, with an army, including the Indians, of two thousand men, he marched upon Fort Moosa, but two miles from St. Augustine, which the Spaniards abandoned at his approach. His plan, to surprise the city, having failed, he resolved to make the attack upon three several points, which would enable him to combine the services of the naval and land forces;—the former, by the way, not being computed in the enumeration of the strength of his army. His ships were to blockade the Northern and Matanzas passages to St. Augustine; Capt. Warren, with two hundred sailors, was to land and throw up works on Anastasia Island for the purpose of bombarding the place from that quarter; while Oglethorpe reserved for himself, with the land forces, the assault upon it from the rear. But, when ready for the attack, he found no answer to his signals, from the shipping. The scheme, as

regarded them, proved a failure; their co-operation being defeated "in consequence of the drawing up of the Spanish galleys just inside the bar, sufficiently removed to be protected from the fire of the ships, and yet so disposed that no boats could land troops without being exposed to the fire both of the galleys and the batteries of the town; while the shallowness of the bar did not permit of their being dislodged by the advance of the English ships." The Don had, so far, managed his defences judiciously, and Oglethorpe was compelled to substitute a siege for a storm. Investing the town closely, he confided a command of eighty-five whites and forty Indians to Col. Palmer, as a scouting party. These were to keep open the passage to San Diego, and, of course, to exercise the utmost vigilance and caution. Palmer suffered himself to be surprised at night in Fort Moosa, by the enterprising Spaniards; lost his own life and fifty of his followers, slain or taken. He redeemed his error, in some degree, by the gallantry with which he maintained the conflict, for which the assailants paid dearly, in a loss of more than twice the number of the English. But it opened the avenue to the country and secured supplies of provisions to the garrison. Baffled thus, in the effort to blockade,—with his troops suffering from heat and exposure, and his Indian allies impatient of so little work to do,—Oglethorpe proceeded to try the issue of a bombardment. This was kept up for twenty days, but was so much waste of powder. The guns and mortars were too small of calibre, and the fire was mostly ineffectual. The garrison received supplies of ammunition and provisions from Havana, in defiance of the sea investment, which must have been miserably mismanged; and, hopeless, now of reducing the place, either by shot or starvation, Oglethorpe was compelled to abandon the siege. Our historian seems to intimate that, but for the sickness of the Carolina troops, the discontent of the Indians at the slow progress of events, and the desertion of non-commissioned officers and privates, the siege might have been continued. But to what end and with what profit,—when the investment could not be rendered complete, and when the mortars could make no impression? The error was in continuing it so long—thirty-eight days under a broiling sun,—and with a sick list which sometimes showed fifty cases a day on the roll of the surgeon. Oglethorpe's de-

parture was ostentatiously taken, in the very teeth of the garrison, in broad day-light, and within gun-shot of the castle. The Spaniard resented this insult by sending a force after him of five hundred men. These made an attempt upon his rear-guard, but were driven off.

Oglethorpe, though failing in his main object, had done something towards it. He had captured four forts; had killed or taken more than four hundred men; and had lost but fifty slain, and as many wounded. The effect was also good upon the enemy, in discouraging, for the present at least, their meditated attempts upon the English settlements. In Carolina, however, he lost reputation by the failure of the chief object of the expedition. We have seen that there had been, from various causes, a diminution of the sympathies between the inhabitants of the two colonies. This had made the Assembly of South-Carolina reluctant to entrust their troops to the Georgia commander; and, according to our historian, they did not comply with all their promises to him, in respect to the weight and number of breaching cannon to be provided. "Had," says Dr. Stevens, "his original plans been carried out, St. Augustine would, in all human probability, have fallen into his hands. . . . His first misfortune was in the tardy arrival of his troops. He proposed to attack the city in March, when he knew that its defences were imperfect and its supplies small; but the delay incident to raising, equipping and marching the Carolina Regiment and the Georgia Rangers, lost him nearly two months," &c. . . . But how was it that General Oglethorpe, who was an old soldier, did not make due allowances, in his calculations, for this inevitable loss of time. How could he make calculations to attack St. Augustine in March, with troops that were not sought for until October of the previous year, and then had to be raised from the scattered settlements of a vast forest country? "But," says the historian, "having at last got the army in motion, his next misfortune was the failure of Colonel Vanderdussen (which Dr. Stevens writes Vander Deusen) to make the appointed junction, where he again lost several invaluable days of service." The Carolina troops, the Highlanders and the Indian allies, were sent off by the land route to the St. John. Oglethorpe himself, with the artillery, took the easier route by sea. The fatigues and delays of a land progress, through a wilderness,

by a large body of troops, badly supplied with food and water, during a warm season, may be estimated by any reader. That Oglethorpe should have reached the point of destination before them, may easily be conjectured. But how much before them? He crossed the St. Johns, according to the pages of our historian himself, on the 9th of May; on the 10th, took fort St. Diego; and, returning to the St. Johns, awaited the Carolina troops. "*These soon joined him,*" says the historian, "and on the 15th," only six days after he himself had reached the St. Johns, "he entered the Spanish territories." They probably reached him on 12th or 13th; or at the utmost, on the 14th, since they marched with him on the 15th. Our historian proceeds: "This (delay of the troops) was followed by the surprise and capture of Fort Moosa, in consequence of disobedience to his positive orders." The allusion here, is to the misconduct of Col. Palmer; but how could this determine the fate of the expedition? That event took place on the night of the 25th June, and Oglethorpe had already been before St. Augustine from the 15th May; an interval, a period of twenty-five days. But the historian will tell us that the Spaniard was nearly starved out by this time, and that the mishap of Palmer in the recapture of Fort Moosa, enabled him to procure supplies; without which he must have surrendered. There is neither proof nor probability for this conjecture. The Don was as obstinate as the Turk, and would have eaten his old boots and his sabre-tache, before he would have done such a thing. He writes to the Governor of Havana—"my greatest anxiety is for provisions, and if they do not come, there is no doubt of our dying by the hands of hunger." To talk of capitulation here. Death, alone, is the idea of this brave man. But the supply obtained, through Fort Moosa, from the surrounding country, could only have been very small; and who was to provide it? Besides, the disaster of Palmer was known to Oglethorpe almost as soon as it happened, and could have been repaired before the Spaniards could succeed in procuring their supplies. We have no proof, indeed, that they did procure any thing through this medium; on the contrary, we have every reason to suppose they did not, since we find that "in less than twenty-four hours from the time when he (the Spanish Governor) wrote so despondingly about their necessities, three *bilunders*,

laden with provisions, sent by the Governor of Cuba, entered the Musquito bar, and gave indescribable joy to both Governor and people. *This supply changed the entire aspect of affairs.*" So says our historian himself. Yet this supply did not come through the gap which Palmer's indiscretion had made more than twenty days before, leaving open the avenue to the interior. "But even this error and misfortune might have been retrieved, had he possessed the thirty-six cannon promised by Carolina; instead of which he had but twelve, with a few mortars and cohorns, all of which were illy mounted, badly served, and too light for breaching service." We are not in possession of any proof to show that Carolina, through any proper official organ, made any promise on this occasion, that she did not keep. That she certainly was not unwilling to promote the objects of Oglethorpe, and sustain the efforts of her sister colony, we have sufficient proofs in her appropriations, and the *rapidity* with which her regiment was mustered into service. That she should strip her own ports of all their cannon, when she herself had narrowly and but recently escaped from a French invasion, and when she had every reason to suppose herself quite as much in danger from the same and other enemies, was not reasonably to be expected. And we are of opinion that the forts of Georgia were all quite as well equipped in heavy ordnance as were hers; for Oglethorpe had paid particular attention to this arm of the service; and we know, from the pages before us, that one of the water batteries at Frederica, alone, had "twelve *heavy* guns." But there were heavy guns at St. Augustine, if eighteen pounders may be called so, to say nothing of batteries from the shipping, several of which were twenty gun vessels, and there were a sufficient number of mortars; and it would seem, of sufficient calibre, since we find the Spanish Governor stating that they fell and exploded within the fort, but from which, "Glory to God, we received no damage." But our author himself is not satisfied with these excuses. He says: "Nor could even these deficiencies have materially hindered the reduction of the city, straitened as it then was for provisions, had the blockade been vigilantly sustained, &c." The other reasons have already been considered. And whose fault was it that the blockade was not properly sustained? Who was the commanding general? Let us ask this question

of Dr. Hewitt, who was a Presbyterian clergyman, "a contemporary, near neighbor, and one who," according to the historian, "wrote under favorable circumstances, and generally with great accuracy." Hewitt says, speaking of the misfortune of Palmer—" *This small party was the whole force that the general left for guarding the land side.*" Now, either this was, or was not, the fact. If the fact, its value, in forming a military judgment in the matter, is to be determined as well now as when the events occurred, by any military critic. Yet Oglethorpe had with him a thousand Indians, uneasy, according to our historian, for want of employment. There can be no question, but that the numerous vessels of war engaged uselessly in this siege, might, under proper management, with the active employment of their boats, have cut off supplies from every quarter, the land only excepted; might have stopped up every channel; and the Indians on the land side, might have been employed with equal efficiency. That this was not done, might be properly charged to the commander-in-chief, but that there are excuses for him, which our historian has omitted to put in. Let us note them as reported by other writers. Hewitt says, looking to the necessity for raising the siege—"Last of all, the general himself, *sick of a fever, and his regiment worn out with fatigue, and rendered unfit for action by a flux, &c.*" Again—in the summing up—"the truth was, so strongly fortified was the place, both by nature and art, that probably the attempt must have failed, though it had been conducted by the ablest officers, and executed by the best disciplined troops." The opinion of Dr. Hewitt may be concurred in with some qualifications, but these will be indicated as we proceed.

Closing the subject with an eulogium upon the plans and performances of the commander-in-chief upon this occasion, Dr. Stevens refers to the issue which was subsequently made between the two sister colonies in relation to the matter. "It is true," says he, "that the people of South-Carolina cast many unjust reflections upon Oglethorpe, and endeavored to elevate the military character of Colonel Vander Deussen by building it up on the ruins of his commander-in-chief." Now, it is a curious fact, that the name of Col. Vander Dussen never occurs in our annals, as a popular favorite to any extent. It was not one of the names upon which Carolina has rung the changes. In

fact, except in the single instance of his elevation to the command of this regiment, he scarcely appears in our history at all. We confess to no more perfect knowledge of him than we gather from his single share in this expedition. Certainly, our trump has never too frequently proclaimed his name in echoes; and though the assembly may have voted him its thanks, on his return from this disastrous expedition, they seem to have been perfectly satisfied to limit their acknowledgements and employments to this instance only. We never hear of him again.

But the subject of the expedition was not so easily discussed. What says Hewatt? "The miscarriage was particularly ruinous to Carolina, having not only subjected the province to a great expense, but left it in a worse situation than before the attempt." An inquiry was demanded by the popular sentiment and accorded by the Assembly, who appointed a committee, consisting of the "Attorney General; Col. Brewton; Major Pinckney; Messrs. Dast, Mazzyck, Drayton, Motte and Elliott; Capt's Hyrne, Morris and Austin; and the Honorable John Fenwicke, John Colleton and Edmond Atkin; to inquire into the causes of the failure of the expedition against St. Augustine." These names included most of the unquestionable names of the colony. All of them were men of the highest character and intelligence; several of them were practically conversant in military affairs, and against none of them can any imputation lie of interest in the matter, or a selfish motive, apart from that, born of patriotism only, which might be supposed to belong to them, as citizens conscious of the humiliation following the disaster. The report which they made, is an elaborate and well argued history—clear, copious, written with a bold, free, fearless pen, and constituting a memorable record, which will always interest the reader. It showed the career and character of Spain and the Spaniards in Florida from the beginning; the hostile temper of that region to the English colonies, its evil influence, and the policy of its overthrow; and affords a body of facts which should not escape the attention of any one at all concerned in the history of our progress in the South. A copy of this elaborate and able document, in folio, may be found in the Charleston Library. The discussion handled General Oglethorpe with great severity. We will not say with what degree of justice, nor will we spread this document

before the public eye at this moment, as we would not willingly contribute to increase the jealousies and dislikes of neighboring communities, which are unhappily only too readily awakened. We confine ourselves simply to such an array of responses, to the accusations of our author, as were made in that day by the Carolinians. Hewatt sums them up pretty fairly and generally, and we shall use his language. The Carolinians charged that Oglethorpe's expedition contemplated a *surprise of St. Augustine and not a siege*, and that he wasted time in taking some trifling and unimportant outposts, which only served to alarm and prepare the capital. "If," says Hewatt, "he intended a surprise, he ought not to have stopped at Fort Diego; for, by that delay, the enemy had notice of his approach, and time to gather their whole force and put themselves in a posture of defence." That the surprise and not the siege was what the Carolinians provided for, is found in their history. "In the meantime, General Oglethorpe was industrious in picking up all the intelligence he could find respecting the situation and strength of the garrison, and *finding it in great straits for want of provisions, he urged the speedy execution of his project, with a view to surprise his enemy before a supply should arrive.*" But, says our historian, the Carolina troops did not reach the St. Johns until four or five days after him. Very good; but could he not have kept quiet and secret until they did come? Why storm San Diego, and, in the uproar, leave to the Don an opportunity to drive in several hundred head of cattle, which Hewatt says expressly, was done "during their stay at Fort Diego." Again, we are told by the same authority, that, by the time of the junction of Oglethorpe with the Carolina troops, which was probably seven days at least after the shipping of the General had compassed the harbor of St. Augustine, "the garrison had been strengthened by the arrival of six half galleys, with long brass nines, and two sloops loaded with provisions." We have already noticed what was said of the incompetency of the small force under Palmer, to the duty of covering the land-side; and will pass to other points of complaint against the Commander-in-chief. They alleged that the discontent and uneasiness of the Indians, arose in some degree from the treatment of Oglethorpe himself; that he not only gave them little exercise, but when they had cut off and brought

him the head of a Spaniard, whom one of them had slain at Fort Moosa, he suffered his humanity so far to get the better of his policy, as to call them barbarous dogs, and to drive them from his sight. The Chickasaws, to whom this was addressed, were greatly disgusted, and immediately deserted him. For their own troops, it is alleged by the Carolinians, that, though sick, exhausted by fruitless efforts, enfeebled by the heat, and by diseases such as prostrated the General himself, they adhered to him as faithfully as any soldiers in his service; and though many of them did depart, they did not leave him in greater numbers than did the other divisions of his army. They called in question his skill and military judgment; protested that he had spent the time in barren deliberations,—harrassed the men with unnecessary marches, denied them an adequate quantity of food, and poisoned them with brackish water. So stand the allegations between them. There were faults and blunders, probably on both sides; and, in the case of communities so nearly allied and so closely concerned in keeping bright—to use the Indian figure—the chain of friendship, we have only to recommend that they shake hands, drink together and say no more. Though, we freely declare to our brother historian, that, as often as he rips up the old sore, we shall display, as industriously as he, our hereditary hurts and bruises.

Two years elapsed before the Spaniards could seek their revenge; restrained as they were by the presence of the sea and land forces of Great Britain destined for the reduction of Cuba. In this period, Oglethorpe was usefully preparing himself against the invasion that, he could not doubt, would come. The withdrawal of the British fleet afforded the opportunity for which he thirsted; and the Governors of Cuba and Florida prepared for the conquest of Georgia. It is likely that their purposes would have been prosecuted without any regard to the coolness existing between Carolina and Georgia, though our historian is at some pains to tell us that this coolness was the source of some hope with the Spaniards, who expected that the former colony would look on quietly, without striking a blow for the safety of the latter. If the Don had any such hopes,—(which we can scarcely imagine) he could not have drawn his inferences from any thing in the past history of Carolina; and he certainly paid but a wretched

compliment to her sense of the necessity, the honorable impulse of her citizens, and their sympathies with a kindred people struggling bravely for the common cause. Apprized of the fleet of Spain upon the seas, with an armament of seven thousand men, Oglethorpe applied to South-Carolina, "*but no help was sent*, owing to the dissensions of the Carolinians among themselves, and their wrongful distrust of the Commander-in-chief."

In the sense of error and mistake, this distrust may have been "wrongful;" but certainly the Carolinians had no reason to justify the confidence which would place their troops under the control of one whom they supposed incapable of conducting them judiciously. But they had another and better reason still, upon which the historians have never dwelt sufficiently. The Spanish fleet consisted of no less than fifty-six vessels, carrying seven thousand men, and the doubt was natural enough, to which colony its prowess would be directed. There was little to be gained by assailing Georgia, unless with the simple view of getting rid of a bad neighbor; but the sack of Charleston, already a very opulent city, was a twofold temptation to those who were at once diseased with hate and avarice. Accordingly, what with their distrust of Oglethorpe, and their own apprehensions, the inhabitants of Charleston determined to reserve their troops for their own defence,—in the language of Hewatt—"determined rather to fortify their town, and stand upon their own ground in a posture of defence." No doubt this was bad policy—a narrowly selfish policy, since evil to Georgia must be hurt to Carolina; but we submit that under the circumstances, the determination was natural enough. We shall see, that when it was certainly known that Georgia *was* the threatened region, ships and assistance were really sent by Carolina, the presence of which, according to Hewatt and Ramsay, corroborating the tenor of an artifice which Oglethorpe had adopted, was the impelling cause for the rapid abandonment of the invasion by the assailants. Though blaming the Carolinians for the course they had taken, in withholding themselves so long from this assistance, Hewatt still frankly states the favorable result as accruing from the presence of the Carolina ships, an event "which struck such a panic into the [Spanish] army, that they immediately set fire to their fort, [St. Simon's, which the Georgians

had abandoned,] and in great confusion and hurry, embarked, leaving behind them several cannon and a quantity of provisions and military stores." Dr. Stevens admits the effect produced by the timely appearance of these vessels, though in terms much more qualified than either Hewatt or Ramsay. We have seen what is said by the former. Ramsay is to the same effect with a slight variation only in the structure of his sentence. He writes—"The agreement of this discovery, [the appearance of three ships of force approaching,] with the contents of the letter, [a *ruse* of Oglethorpe] convinced the Spanish Commander of its real intention. The whole army seized with an instant panic, set fire to the fort and precipitately embarked." The proof thus shown, of the agency of these ships in producing the result, the question now naturally occurs, how is it that Dr. Stevens, who has particularly mentioned the short-comings of Carolina in this connection, should have so strangely omitted to mention that these ships were ships of force, and sent by Carolina to the assistance of Oglethorpe? Both Hewatt and Ramsay particularly state the fact. Hewatt says: "While the Spanish leaders were employed in these deliberations and much embarrassed, *fortunately three ships of force, which the Governor of South-Carolina had sent to Oglethorpe's aid, appeared off the coast.*" Now, how is it that our historian while making free use of his predecessors in this very connection, employing, in some respects, the very language which they employ, should have wholly omitted these important particulars? His language is such, as to leave it not only very certain that Carolina did not send these vessels, for he has previously told us with some solemnity, "that *no* help was sent" by her—but very doubtful whether they were sent at all, or God-sent; mere chance vessels, that, happening to sail along the coast on their foreign progress, thus timely gave countenance to the happy *ruse de guerre* of General Oglethorpe. Here is what he says: "The report was brought to the Commander, that three vessels were descried off the bar." Not a syllable of Carolina's agency in the matter; which, wherever omissions have been studiously arrayed, for the judgment of posterity, would seem to have been due to justice, if not to her. The tacit, and we suppose, unintended injustice to Carolina, is completed a few pages farther on, where the author tells us, that "the succours,

both naval and military, which he, [Oglethorpe] had pleaded for from South-Carolina, *only arrived in time to share the joy of his victory*, or chase into the port of St. Augustine the few straggling vessels of their American armada, which yet hovered about the islands of Georgia." And yet it is the arrival of these vessels that determine the victory—that produce panic among the enemy, and compel their flight from a scene, in which they *know* that their seven thousand men are opposed by seven hundred only. We contend that these ships of Carolina arrived in season to do much more than merely share the joy of Oglethorpe's victory. It is our opinion that, but for their appearance, there had been no victory at all over which to exult. Oglethorpe had indeed, behaved handsomely, and had proved himself an efficient General, with an exceedingly inefficient force to sustain him; and this reminds us to give a sketch of this Spanish invasion, rejecting for a moment, the controversial matter.

On the 21st June, 1742, a fleet of nine sail attempted to penetrate Amelia Sound, at the mouth of the St. Mary's, but were repulsed by the fort on Cumberland Island, aided by an armed schooner of fourteen guns. Their next demonstrations were made upon St. Simon and Cumberland Sounds, but with equally bad success. In the latter instance they were repelled by General Oglethorpe himself, at the head of a small force of cutters and gallies. These Spanish vessels were the *avant couriers* only of their fleet, which soon appeared in force, and entered the harbor of St. Simon. The defences of this place consisted of two batteries, one of eighteens and the other of four pounders, two guard schooners and some small trading vessels, which had been put in requisition, and armed for the occasion. Oglethorpe himself commanded. These disputed the passage with the Spaniards, in a conflict of four hours; but the parties were too unequally matched. The invaders finally forced their way through their opponents, at the expense of most of the vessels of the Georgians; and to prevent being cut off in his retreat to Frederica, Oglethorpe abandoned his batteries, having first destroyed his munitions, burnt his cohorns and spiked his cannon. The Spaniards landed their forces, not being able to proceed higher up the river with their vessels, and soon put them in motion for Frederica. A reconnoitering force of Spanish

rangers and Indians, a hundred and seventy in number, approaching this place, was gallantly charged by Oglethorpe and totally defeated; most of the party being slain, wounded or made prisoners. The pursuit was continued for several miles through the forest, till coming to an open savannah, on the edge of which, he thought a good ambush might be set, he occupied it for this purpose, posting a couple of companies in cover, directly along the route which the enemy would be compelled to take. He himself returned to his main defences at Frederica, where he had scarcely arrived, when he heard the sound of battle from his ambushed troops. Speeding thither, he met a portion of this force in full retreat, and driven by a Spanish division of three hundred men under Don Antonio Barba. The fugitives assured Oglethorpe that their whole force had been routed; but the fire still continuing, he ordered a rally, and led the party in search of their comrades. These, more stubborn than the squad by which they had been deserted, had, when driven out of one cover, sought for another; and under the command of Lieutenants Southerland and Mackay, had executed a clever *detour*, which enabled them to prepare a second ambuscade for the advancing enemy. Into this the Spaniards fell unwarily; and were encountered by successive volleys of well delivered bullets, which entirely broke and defeated them. The fire was followed up gallantly by a charge of bayonets, which gave the *coup de grace* to the command of Don Antonio. He himself was mortally wounded and taken; twenty prisoners were made, and nearly two hundred privates killed and wounded. Oglethorpe reached the scene of action only to share in the rejoicings of the victory, and to promote, on the field, the two clever young officers who had gained it. The enemy were pursued almost to their camp, which they made in the abandoned fortress of St. Simon; and Oglethorpe and his party slept upon their arms all night in the neighborhood. He returned to work upon his defences at Frederica; keeping his Indians profitably employed in scouting and scalping. In discharge of this pleasant duty, they brought in several bloody trophies, to which, it appears, he had by this time conquered the aversion which made him repulse the savages at St. Augustine.

After a few days preparation, some of the Spanish gal-

lies advanced against the town of Frederica. Oglethorpe encountered them in his boats with success, and drove them until they were safely sheltered under the big guns of their shipping. So far the progress of the Spaniards had betrayed only feebleness and incapacity. Their proceedings were absolutely contemptible and wretched, showing but little conduct in their affairs, and almost as little courage in their men.

Certainly Oglethorpe had been very fortunate in being opposed, with his vastly inferior (nominally) force, to such incompetence and imbecility. He was now to derive farther advantages from a squabble between the two commanders of the Spanish forces; De Redondo of the Cuba contingent, and Don Manuel de Montiano of the Floridian. They finally refused to encamp together, and a regiment of dragoons, which constituted a part of their command, separated from both. Here then, was a field ready for the sickle. Oglethorpe, apprised of their differences, prepared a night attack, in the hope to surprise them. His scheme was defeated by the desertion of one of his men,—a Frenchman—who, firing his musket, gave the alarm, and made his way safely into the enemy's camp.

The Georgia General was now seriously apprehensive for the consequences of this desertion, as he had every reason to suppose that the deserter would betray to the enemy, all the facts in his condition, his own apprehensions and the small number of his forces. To defeat these representations, assuming them to have been made by the deserter, he framed an ingenious letter, written in French, addressed to the deserter himself, as if from one of his associates, which counselled him that certain monies had been received, and that his policy now was to persuade the Spaniards that the Georgians were weak; that he should undertake to pilot up their galleys and boats, so as to bring them under the ambushed batteries; that failing to decoy them thus, he was to detain them, if possible, for three days more at St. Simon's, as by that time, he should receive a large force in *six men-of-war, who had already sailed from Charleston, &c.* For all these services his reward was to be ample. This letter was forwarded to the Frenchman by a Spaniard, a prisoner in Oglethorpe's hands, who received his liberty on the condition that he should safely deliver it to the deserter. As was anticipated,

he gave it to the Spanish Commander. *It was while he was bewildered by the contents of this letter, that the three men-of-war from Charleston, sent by South-Carolina to the relief of Georgia, actually made their appearance. They determined the conduct of the Spaniards. They produced the panic among their troops, which resulted in the abandonment of the invasion almost at the beginning. The relation of cause and effect, is as clearly established in this case as in any instance that was ever recorded in history.* The Spaniards at once hurried to their ships, leaving their cannon and munitions behind them. "Thus," says our historian, "the vigilance of Oglethorpe, the skillfulness of his plans, the activity of his operations, the determined spirit of resistance, the carnage of Bloody-marsh, [where the young Lieutenants laid the successful ambush,] the havoc done to the enemy's ships, and his ingenious stratagem to defeat the designs of the French deserter, saved Georgia and Carolina from falling into the hands of the Spaniards." A little before (p. 183) Oglethorpe is spoken of as one who is, by the defence of Georgia, to "*protect the whole of the Americans from desolation.*" This, we submit, is the language of hyperbole, not proper to the historian. Carolina might be hurt by the Spaniards, her outposts assailed, her slaves spirited away, and the Indians kept in scouting bands upon her borders, by the malign influences of the Spaniards in Florida; but she had hitherto shown herself equal to all their assaults, and had carried successful battle to their own abode; and as for their successful assaults upon American colonies generally, resulting in their desolation, the suggestion is absolutely wild; particularly when we remember, that even at this period, Great Britain was in possession of the controlling power on the seas; and when, with a petty force of a thousand whites, Oglethorpe himself could carry terror to the gates of St. Augustine, which was to be the hive from which should issue these hordes of desolation! The plain history is this: Oglethorpe, with small and inferior means, which he managed with equal prudence and courage, judgment and spirit, was opposed to a formidable force of several thousand men, who were badly drilled and directed under incompetent officers, who suffered their efforts to be wasted on the air, and their troops to be cut up in detail. A happy concurrence of events, the ingenious device of

the letter, assisted by the sudden appearance of the ships of war from Carolina, gave the finishing stroke to the efforts of an invader, who had failed to obtain any previous successes of importance. His imbecility disgraced him, and Oglethorpe was equally fortunate and deserving. We shall only disparage his deserts by seeking to exaggerate them; and the attempt to show that every thing was done *by* him, and nothing *for* him, is in very doubtful propriety, even as regards the object of the eulogist. Still seeming to seek to lessen the effect of these timely succours of the Carolinians, as if, indeed, they were mere accidents in the chapter of events; our historian says, in another place, that Montiano, the Governor of St. Augustine, "hastily retreated at the sight of three topsail schooners;" other historians style them "ships of force;" but the language which disparages the Spaniards, lessens the merits of their conqueror. If Montiano was scared by such shadows, what becomes of the merits of the victory? But Montiano acknowledged the facts in this case, more readily than our historian.

The Spaniards made some petty attempts upon exposed places along the coast at their departure, and did some mischief. They made an attempt on Fort William, Cumberland Island, but were beaten off by Lieutenant Stuart. Oglethorpe followed up his successes by frequent cruising along the coast, and an incursion into Florida; the Spanish portions of which he laid waste, even to the gates of St. Augustine,—from the shelter of which, he vainly endeavored to provoke his now timid opponents. He continued to use his efforts for pacificating the Indians, and strove with an honest, earnest zeal, for the safety and better protection of the colonies. But his latter days in America were embittered by dissensions, and discussions of his conduct. Reproaches, in this respect, were not confined to Carolina. The officers of the regular army, under his own command, were active in this business; and one of them preferred charges against him, which were tried in England. The result of the trial was an honorable acquittal of the accused. He never again returned to America. His subsequent, as well as preceding career, is given in a very neat biographical sketch in the pages of this history, and though episodic in some degree, it will not prove to the reader so obtrusive as to make him find fault with

its introduction. He served afterwards under the Duke of Cumberland against the Pretender, was charged by the Duke with lingering in his march in pursuit of the enemy, but was again honorably acquitted upon trial. He lived to see Georgia an independent State, and was among the first to call upon John Adams, our first Ambassador to St. James, after the Revolution. He died in 1785, nearly one hundred years old. He was a good man, if not a great one; honorable, benevolent; anxious to be useful, ambitious of little more; and possessed of a sufficiently clear head, and active intellect, to compel the respect and confidence of his associates. His life was an eventful one, and attracted the equal interest and admiration of Johnson and Burke.

Having, with two or three small exceptions, dismissed all our causes of quarrel and complaint with the historian, we have little more to do, than to refer to the rest of his volume in terms of satisfaction and applause. He has certainly spared no pains in procuring his materials, and has generally arranged them in the clearest and most effective order. His arrangement of subjects is particularly useful to the student; easily approached for reference, and eligible for examination and analysis. His chapter on "the political institutions of Georgia," which includes the curious and interesting history of the Musgroves, would afford us several extracts, could we spare them the necessary space. The "Review of the Policy of the Trustees" which constitutes the material for the eighth chapter, will particularly instruct the student in our Colonial history in general, as well by the facts which are in common among the colonies, as by those which were peculiar in the history and settlement of Georgia. The ninth chapter is one of particular value at this juncture. It relates the "origin of slave labor" in our sister State, which was excluded originally by a prohibition of the Trustees, and absolutely forced upon them by the necessity of the case. The history is a very curious one, of the progress of opinion, from a rejection to the determined adoption of negro slavery; and is equally creditable to the industry and judgment of the writer. The religious history of the colony, which includes the tenth chapter, valuable on many accounts, by the research of the historian, is particularly interesting in consequence of the connection of the Wesleys, and the

famous Whitfield, with the colony; their grievances and services while there; the troubles they occasioned, and which impaired the value of their ministry; and the troubles of other divines less distinguished in the public eye. The "settlement of Liberty county," is the subject of the opening chapter of the third book of this history. Georgia has now passed from the government of the Trustees, under that of the crown. The charter was surrendered to the King in 1752. The first Governor was John Reynolds, a captain in the Royal Navy. He entered upon his duties in October, 1754. His administration occupies a chapter. During this period, the system of government, as it prevailed under the Trustees, was re-arranged; crown officers were appointed, proper courts of judicature established, judges were chosen, and a general assembly was called for the first time in Georgia, on the 7th January, 1755. In this administration a great amount of business besides, was transacted, which belongs to that class of performance however, which, as it is necessary, is seldom found interesting. Among other matters, we may mention the projection and establishment of a town on the Ogeechee, about fourteen miles from the sea, which Governor Reynolds conceived to be a much better site for the capital than the city of Savannah. It was called Hardwicke; but the scheme seems to have been silently abandoned after the first suggestion of the project. A few houses were built, but they are scarcely to be discovered now. The popularity of this administration was finally forfeited, it would seem, by the evil influence of his Secretary, one William Little, who, according to our author, "combined the servility of the sycophant with the duplicity of the flatterer; and like those parasitical plants whose exuberant growth destroys the tree which sustains and nourishes them, he transferred to his own person the power of the Chief Magistrate," and this without winning the hearts of the people.

Reynolds was finally charged with mal-administration, and was allowed to resign his commission, which he had held nearly four years. He was succeeded by Henry Ellis, a man of education, ability and enterprise. The administration of Ellis was distinguished by prudence, spirit, and a wise, overruling judgment. He conciliated the Indians and the Spaniards, improved the defences of the colony, made a cruise against the pirates, and divided the province

into parishes. His health failing, he was recalled at his own instance, and died at Naples, soon after, in the pursuit of certain favorite maritime researches. With his administration and death, the present volume of our historian closes. A second volume is soon to follow. A copious appendix to the one before us, comprises, in addition to the charter of the colony, a series of biographical sketches of its Trustees. We must not forget to mention the very pleasing episodical narrative in the chapter devoted to Reynolds's administration, which relates the wretched fortunes of the unhappy Acadians—the victims equally to the government which sold, and the government which bought them. A number of this people, when dispersed by the cruel edicts which drove them from their homes, were sent to Georgia. They afterwards made their way into South-Carolina, where they were hospitably received, were provided for in the parishes, and, where they did not choose to accept the hospitality thus tendered them, ships were furnished, at the public expense, to transport them to France and other places. There was no selfishness, certainly, in this proceeding.

We shall look for the second volume of Dr. Stevens' history with anxiety and curiosity. We have differed with him, and found fault good-humoredly; but have no disposition to deny the general excellence of the work, its proper tone, the integrity of the author's heart and judgment, and the great care and industry with which he has pursued his researches. The field yet before him, is probably a more exciting and interesting one than that which he has already compassed; and the history of our sister State, abundantly stored with admirable materials for the narrator, particularly as he approaches the eventful scenes of the revolution, may be expected to afford one of the most engrossing narratives of American courage, character and resolution. We welcome this volume, and the promise which it foreshadows, as useful and valuable contributions to our fund of compact and well chronicled American history.

ART. VIII.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

- 1.—*Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of Gen. William Hull.*
Prepared from his manuscripts, by Mrs MARIA CAMPBELL;
together with the History of the Campaign of 1812, and Surrender of the post of Detroit; by his Grandson, JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

In the year 1814, Gen. William Hull was tried by a Court Martial on charges of treason and cowardice, for the disastrous result of his campaign in Canada, and his surrender of the post of Detroit two years previous. The Court disclaimed jurisdiction of the matter of treason, but recorded their opinion that he was not guilty in that regard. They found him guilty of cowardice, and condemned him to be shot, with a recommendation to mercy. The President pardoned him, on the ground of his *revolutionary services*. Matter which was sufficient, under the storm of popular indignation which gathered over the events of 1812, to secure the remission of his sentence to a man universally believed to have acted a signally infamous part towards his country, and who had certainly covered the opening military operations of the war with disgrace and ridicule, and thus made it the interest of the administration to load him with the utmost responsibility for those events, must have in itself some force and interest worthy of preservation. It is the object of much the larger part of this volume to preserve and present this matter, and show what were the revolutionary services that stayed the executive sword and plead so effectually for mercy, at a moment when any degree of severity would have been hailed by the people as bare justice upon a traitorous officer. The remission of the sentence, however, was made in mere mercy, and out of a tender regard to every thing associated with the Revolution. The administration were very willing to have it understood, not only that they had done every thing necessary to place in the hands of the General the means of success, but that they were even indulgent in judging of his misuse of these. In short, they were willing, as most administrations are, to be held responsible for the exercise of *all* the cardinal virtues. All they required was that none should lay upon their shoulders the burden of a crime, a fault or an omission—they could bear any thing but that. Accordingly, there seems to have been no reluctance in pardoning Gen. Hull. To be sure, people would say that he did not deserve it, and that the President was too good; but he reflected

on the matter, and found that he was equal to the task of standing up under such imputations.

It was different when Gen. Hull applied, preparatory to his trial, for copies of his correspondence with the War Department, as necessary to his defence. This was considered little better than an insolent defiance—a pretension to be considered innocent, though he stood accused of treason and other enormities, and the request was refused. It was not, in fact, till Mr. Calhoun became Secretary of War, that Gen. Hull was allowed copies of his official correspondence with the government while he was Governor of the Michigan territory. Nor did the merciful dispositions of the administration prevent it from so constituting the Court Martial as to render its decision quite a matter of course, judging from the common maxims of human conduct. In short, it was very clear that somebody was wrong, and vastly more convenient to the government to convict Gen. Hull than themselves.

Soon after receiving the important papers, Gen. Hull published his vindication. In this book he very satisfactorily showed that he had fully understood his position—that he had taken all the precautions in his power before the war, to secure the safety of Michigan—that he had urged upon the administration the importance of providing a naval force on Lake Erie, strong enough to keep open the communications with Ohio in case of hostilities either with the Indian tribes or with England—that when he reluctantly accepted the command of the North Western army, he repeated these recommendations as matters of necessity, and that his operations from Detroit should be supported by a simultaneous invasion of Canada from Niagara. He maintained that he had the concurrence of the administration with his views, and their pledge that they should be carried out, and that to such an extent was he neglected, that the British in Canada West received news of the declaration of war several days before it reached him. No armed vessels were fitted out on Lake Erie—no diversion was attempted to be made at Niagara—the whole forces of Tecumseh's Indian League were allowed, without obstruction, to gather around him—his communications with Ohio were cut off and his supplies exhausted, without the promise or hope of relief. He surrendered, and after being loaded with abuse and every species of shameful accusation for near two years, he was brought to trial, and the General whose duty it had been to make the diversion on the Niagara frontier, and who had discharged that duty by concluding a truce with the enemy, expressly excepting

Hull's army from the benefit of it, was made President of the Court Martial.

It is now many years since we have seen this defence of Gen. Hull, but it seemed to us a very conclusive justification, and entirely changed our opinion of his conduct. He died very soon after its publication, and it probably never had circulation enough to work any general change in public opinion. The vanity of nations will always make it hard for an unsuccessful general to escape contempt, if not ignominy. It is so much easier and more flattering to believe that all reverses are due to the misconduct and incapacity of the commander. The retreat of Sir John Moore through Spain, which Napoleon pronounced a movement bold in the plan and admirable in the execution, covered the memory of that unfortunate leader with reproach and suspicion among his countrymen. To retreat at all was an anti-British proceeding;—why did he not, with a third of their force, turn about and defeat Napoleon and all his Marshals? To say that he could not do it, was to admit that one Englishman was *not* equal to three Frenchmen,—which was an anti-British admission, and not to be tolerated. So they one and all pronounced Sir John Moore to be an incompetent general, and if not exactly a coward, at least one who had much more alacrity at retreating than advancing.

To return to the work before us. It must not be forgotten that the charge, against Gen. Hull was cowardice, and that he was found guilty under this charge. Not the cowardice of the commander, who distrusts his men, his position, or his resources in difficulty; who cannot make up his mind to a bold movement from the want of clear sightedness to see his way through, or comprehensiveness and rapid combination, to assure him that the first thoughts are safe guides. Not the cowardice of the popularity seeker, who fears to risk any thing, from an exaggerated estimate of the misfortune of not gaining every thing. But mere physical cowardice,—the dread of personal danger from the guns and knives of the enemy. The Court Martial directed special attention to the complexion and nervous phenomena of Gen. Hull's *physique*, on the day of the surrender—whether he was pale, his voice tremulous, and any appearance of twitching and giving way in his muscular system. They were satisfied,—so their decision informs us,—that he was under the impulse of personal fear, when he surrendered the post of Detroit and his army to Gen. Brock.

This Life of Gen. Hull is meant as an answer to the decision of the Court Martial, and happy is the man whose career can be made

to offer such decisive answer to an infamous imputation. He came of a fighting family. Two of his brothers entered the service early in the war of the revolution, and gallant actions are recorded of both of them. Commodore Hull, who won the first distinctions for the navy in the war of 1812, was his nephew, and Capt. Hull who was killed at the battle of Lundy's Lane, was his only son. William Hull, the subject of this notice, was elected a Captain of the Connecticut volunteers early in 1776, at the age of twenty-three, and immediately joined Gen. Washington's army, then besieging Boston. With his company he shared in the events of that siege; afterwards in the struggle to defend New-York; performed gallant service in the battle of White Plains; led his men in the battle of Trenton, and was promoted to the rank of Major, in the Massachusetts Line, by Washington, just before the battle of Princeton, in the hardships and glory of which he had his full share. Thus far he had served entirely under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief, and won his confidence, by the gallantry and conduct he had displayed in several hard-fought battles.

Early in 1777, after recruiting his regiment, he joined the Northern Army, under Gen. St. Clair, at Ticonderoga. He shared in the council that determined on the retreat, after Burgoyne, with a greatly superior force, had invested the place, and showed both his courage and his true-heartedness, by writing, in the midst of the very hasty, not to say disorderly, movement of the army, a clear, spirited and triumphant vindication of the conduct of St. Clair in a matter where the first burst of popular feeling was certain to be very strongly against him. The result vindicated the movement. At Ticonderoga, the army of St. Clair was cut off from supplies, besieged, and its fortified position commanded. It was too weak to fight a battle, and could have been starved into a surrender in a few days. Retreating, although in no very good order and with considerable loss, St. Clair's army became the nucleus and gathering point of the force which in its turn encircled, defeated and captured the army of Burgoyne. In the battles of Stillwater and Saratoga, the duties assigned to Major Hull were arduous and trying, and they were well performed. That was no child's play, and to occupy the post of danger there, was to make sure of intimate acquaintance with the fiercest struggle and most imposing dangers of battle.

After the capture of Burgoyne, Major Hull's regiment joined Washington's army—shared in that distressing winter of 1777-8, at Valley Forge, and in the following campaign, in the battle of Monmouth. On this occasion, Major Hull commanded the regiment, as

he did for some months after, when to it was assigned the important and perilous duty of watching the British lines around New-York, gaining information of every movement of the enemy, protecting the population from the frequent outrages of the tory bands, and lastly protecting itself from incessant danger of surprise. To receive such a charge implies confidence, and to execute it well, implies courage, patience, vigilance and military skill. It is certain that Hull acquired increased reputation from the manner in which he filled this difficult post. In the summer following, he commanded seven companies of that band of heroes who stormed Stony Point—the most daring achievement of the Revolution. Men who turned pale at danger, would have made but a sorry figure in that desperate enterprise, and those who graduated with distinction in that night's terrible school of war, might hope that even Courts Martial, dubitative as those learned bodies are, would henceforth spare them all question of the steadiness of their nerves and the firmness of their voices and complexions. For his share in the storming of Stony Point, Hull was promoted to the rank of Lieut. Colonel. An interesting incident is recorded in connection with this affair, which must not be passed over. During the halt that preceded the advance of the storming columns, Hull remembered that one of the Captains in his division was under a generally whispered imputation of cowardice, founded on his behavior at the battle of Monmouth. He sent for him, and after alluding delicately but unequivocally to this imputation, advised him that if he was conscious of having lacked resolution on that occasion, as the present was likely to be a far severer trial, he had better return to the camp and leave his command to his Lieutenant. If, on the contrary, the suspicion was unjust, and he desired to silence it forever, there could not be a better occasion than now presented itself. The courage of the Captain was never questioned after that night.

During the year 1780, no important battles were fought in the North. The army of Washington was employed rather in watching and repressing the movements of the enemy at New-York. The year was marked by the treason of Arnold, and, later in the season, by the mutiny of the Pennsylvania and New-Jersey regiments. During much of this year, Col. Hull acted as Deputy Inspector under Baron Steuben. So useful did he render himself in this office, that he declined to enter the family of Washington as one of his aids, on the representations of Baron Steuben, that it was important to the success of the system of discipline he was introducing, that he should remain where he was. At the close of the season, he

returned to his former duty as commander of a corps of observation on the British lines. The confusion in the financial affairs of the confederacy had produced a fearful crisis. As a specimen of the value of the currency, the following receipt found among the papers of Hull, speaks volumes :

"Boston, March 16, 1781—Received of Lieutenant Colonel William Hull, eleven thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, for a chaise, with a double harness. (Signed) JONATHAN FOWLE."

An army that could feed its enthusiasm on such shadowy provender as this, must be more than human. Murmurs and disaffection spread among the troops, and in quick succession the Pennsylvania and New-Jersey Lines rose in open mutiny and attempted to negotiate with the government as independent powers. In the midst of these heavy embarrassments, Washington felt it necessary to rouse the hopes of the country and the spirit of the army by a bold stroke that should serve equally as a lesson to friends and enemies. With this view, Col. Hull was ordered to make himself fully acquainted with the position of the British posts and detachments around New-York ; a duty which he executed, and in his report, suggested the feasibility of penetrating the enemy's lines between the Harlem and Bronx rivers, by a rapid night march, taking by surprise the tory stations of Morrisania and Frog's Neck on East river, and effecting a retreat across the Bronx into East Chester, before a successful pursuit could be made from the strong garrisons of Forts Independence and Washington. It seemed an undertaking so beset with danger and difficulty as to render it almost desperate, but the necessity of action was so pressing, that the scheme was sanctioned, and Col. Hull was appointed to carry it into effect.

The details of this expedition, form one of the most charming military romances in the annals of the Revolution. It involved a march, in the advance and retreat, of seventy miles, to be accomplished in fifty-six hours,—a complicated attack upon British forts far below two powerful garrisons, and almost within cannon shot of their head quarters, and a retreat from out of the midst of enemies, who were certain to pour upon them from every quarter, and all this to be done in the middle of January—and it was done. The advance commenced at sun-rise, and was so quietly made that the force passed the British forts, almost within the range of their guns, without being perceived. A small detachment was thrown off on the right, to lie in wait, and the moment they heard the sound of the assault on Morrisania, to rush forward, and under the very guns of Fort Independence, to cut and send down stream the pontoon bridge across

Harlem river, that the pursuit from thence might be compelled to make a considerable circuit. Another small detachment was thrown off on the left, to take possession of a bridge over the Bronx, which was in the line of retreat, and was made the point of re-union for all the detachments. A third was despatched to make a simultaneous attack on the post of Frog's Neck. The main body under Hull, moved on to assail an equal force of tories in their barracks at Morrisania. Every particular of the plan was successfully carried out. The attacks on Morrisania and Frog's Neck resulted in the defeat and dispersion of the enemy, the destruction of the barracks with a great amount of forage and munitions, the capture of near a hundred prisoners, and a quantity of horses and cattle; which were carried off. The pontoon bridge was broken up at the right moment, and all the detachments with trifling loss, re-united at the bridge over the Bronx. Then came the thunder of alarm throughout the royal army and garrisons, followed by the tempest of pursuit. As part of the original plan, a covering force of three regiments under Gen. Parsons, had been advanced into East Chester on the line of the retreat, and within eight miles of the scene of Hull's operations. This eight miles therefore, was the difficulty. Every mile of it was marked by hard fighting—keen and resolute attack from forces becoming every moment overwhelmingly superior,—cool, orderly and well-directed defence, by men who were resolved not only to escape, but to bear off the trophies and spoils of victory. The covering force received them at last, and with scarcely a moment's rest, by another forced march of twenty miles in a furious snow storm, the whole division reached a place of safety. The official report of this expedition drew from the Commander-in-Chief, a warm expression of thanks to Col. Hull for the ability and gallantry with which he had carried it through, and was received by Congress with a vote of thanks. It is hard to believe that the man who planned and conducted this enterprise, was afraid of any thing. Nor was it a display of the mere personal daring which is equal to a bold and simple dash into the presence of danger,—but of that higher and grander courage, which gives the clearness and precision necessary to the conduct, in the midst of the most pressing danger, of a complicated scheme of attack and retreat.

We have called this adventure a military romance. It deserves the name for a reason we have not yet given. Col. Hull was then engaged to be married, and had written to his lady-love that he should come at a certain time to claim her hand. His long and active service gave him the right to expect that there would be no dif-

ficulty in obtaining leave of absence, and he was confidently reposing upon this prospect of getting up a delightful little episode to the epic of campaigning, when there arose, in the view of the Commander-in-Chief, that urgent necessity we have alluded to, to strike a blow that should renew the sinking hopes of the country, and put the enemy upon their good behavior; and at the same time it occurred to him that, for this object, the services of Col. Hull were important. The question of leave of absence was therefore indefinitely postponed. Now, this exchange of marriage bells for the roar of cannon, of sweet visions of glittering bridal parties for the bloody conflict of enemies, and of the soft leisure of hymeneal beatitude for anxious watches, and hard night marches in the icy storms of winter, was a trial to body and soul, and the prospect of it was calculated to give to war its most forbidding aspect,—yea, to put the subjects of such reverses in Falstaff's category, of men, "with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads;"—and it is safe to affirm that the true lover who could yield the former for the latter at the call of duty, and play the part as Hull played it, was every inch a soldier. The fighting being over, as in a true romance, marriage stepped in to crown the hero with roses and conclude the story. For though Col. Hull speedily returned to his post in the army, there were no more battles, and the day of his adventures was over.

At the conclusion of the war, the army was disbanded save only a single regiment, of which Gen. Washington was authorised to designate the officers. He appointed Gen. Heath the Colonel, and Hull the Lieutenant Colonel, to this feeble pretorian guard of the new empire of democracy. While holding this command, he was sent to Quebec as Commissioner to negotiate for the delivery of the Western posts to the United States, in accordance with the stipulations of the treaty of peace. The mission was unsuccessful. Subsequently in 1793, he was commissioned to the Governor of West Canada, with the same object, and met with the same success. The victory of Wayne over the Indians was the only sort of argument that the British government could appreciate, and it settled the question. His mission being ended, Hull retired to his residence in Massachusetts, and gave himself up to the public and private duties of a citizen of the State, until his appointment in 1805, as Governor of Michigan Territory; a post which he held under successive re-appointments, till 1812. His career as a man and a citizen is altogether without stain, or any indication of those vices which sometimes undermine and lay in ruins good and estimable characters. Amiable, just, temperate; public spirited, but with no craving for office; the

tenor of his life as a citizen, was altogether in harmony with its noble beginning, and both his reputation and his worth secured to him without effort, abundant proofs of the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. We find in this, no more than in the preceding portion of his life, any the faintest forehadowings of those hideous moral deformities, which in after times, it pleased the Government, the press and people of the United States to associate with his name. On the contrary, the whole picture is so lighted up, so consistent and so harmonious, that one might say with assurance, here is a man whose reputation is beyond the reach of doubt,—who is incapable of a dishonest or unmanly action. If he was a traitor, it was after nearly forty years of unselfish patriotic devotion,—if he was a coward, it was after having proved himself brave to heroism, in half the hard-fought battles of the Revolution.

The Life of Hull, as prepared by his daughter, the late Mrs. Maria Campbell, of Augusta, Geo., ends with his appointment as Governor of Michigan. A brief account of his administration and of the campaign of 1812, written by his grandson, Mr. J. F. Clarke, concludes the volume. That his conduct in office was entirely satisfactory, needs no other proof than that he was re-appointed in 1808, and again in 1811, and that, in anticipation of war with the Indian tribes, in and surrounding Michigan, he was early in 1812, offered the command of the troops destined to meet this exigency, with the rank of Brigadier General. He declined the appointment in unqualified terms, and only with reluctance accepted it when again pressed upon him, and expressly only as the means of protecting the territory from the savages. Before he reached Detroit with his new levied and inadequate force, the war with Great Britain had commenced.

We have little to say of this campaign of 1812, so brief and so disastrous. Gen. Hull invaded Canada in obedience to the positive orders of the Government. His movement from Detroit was part of a combined scheme of operations; four armies were to have assailed Canada, simultaneously, on different points of the southern boundary; to insure their concert was neither the duty of Gen. Hull, nor to any extent within his power. On three points the scheme failed, because there was not the faintest effort made to carry it out. As Gen. Hull did try to do his part, and failed to accomplish with one army what had been projected as the work of four, he was denounced and degraded. Whether judged by the rules of military science, or the simplest dictates of common sense, his position at Detroit at the time of his surrender, is found to have been perfectly desperate. If he had fought a battle, it would have been with every chance against

him,—with the certainty that in case of defeat the whole helpless population who looked to him for protection, would be given up to the massacre of the savages,—with the equal certainty that a victory could not save him from destruction. No re-enforcements were looked for—he had exhausted his provisions—the territory did not furnish subsistence even for the inhabitants—he was separated by two hundred miles of nearly unbroken forest, filled with hostile Indians, from the region of his supplies—he was hemmed in on every side by the enemy.

The only question worthy of discussion, in the face of these plain facts, is, whether Gen. Hull was in any way accountable for this position of his army. The evidence is equally clear, that both before and after accepting the command, he had possessed the Government with a faithful representation of the means necessary to secure Detroit, in the event of a war, and that he had neglected nothing dependent on himself. He failed simply because his recommendations and his earnest requests were neglected. And here we leave this interesting volume, not without the hope that it may be the means of rescuing from long and most unmerited obloquy, the name and fame of a gallant soldier of the Revolution.

2.—*Instructions to Young Marksmen*, in all that relates to the general Construction, practical Manipulation, Causes of liability to error in making accurate Performances, and the Theoretic Principles upon which such accurate performances are grounded, as exhibited in the Improved American Rifle. By JOHN RATOLIFFE CHAPMAN, Civil Engineer. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

THIS is a large description, for a duodecimo volume of 160 pages; but if the author has been lavish of words in his title page, his profusion ends there. The treatise is brief enough, and in not a few instances, the suppression of explanations is greatly to be regretted. But the book is really a treat. Rough and unpruned in its language, and occasionally, only occasionally, spiced with slang, it is amply redeemed from these faults by the author's thorough practical and theoretical knowledge of his subject, and the evident enthusiasm with which he descants upon the wondrous powers of the "beautiful weapon."

Mr. Chapman is an Englishman by birth, but he early imbibed a passion for the American Rifle, and so thoroughly national is the weapon, that his penchant ended in making an American of him. It is as a national weapon that he has thought it worthy of a treatise. The true handling of it is so dependent on perfect instruction and early habit, and the power of the weapon depends so completely on this mastery, that native aptitude and habitual skill give the same immeasurable superiority over mere soldierly drill, that the practiced swordsman of former times had over the common dragoon.

We have had from English writers some excellent treatises on guns, and the manufacture of a class of them has been carried to great perfection. But the Rifle has received little attention, either from the writers, the sportsmen or the mechanics of that country. It is essentially unsuited to common English sporting, and the amusement of target-shooting enters not into the list of the English gentleman's recreations. The rifle, like the musket, is made on the cheap principle, by the hundred thousand, and is shut out from the select number of articles on which the genius of improvement may ponder and experiment, with the hope of honor and reward. Its construction remains essentially the same as it was two centuries ago,—the only marked change being in the introduction of the belted bullet, which our author unqualifiedly condemns as an advance backward. The peculiarities of the English Rifle are, a very light and short barrel, a large calibre, a quick twist, and a spherical bullet. The latter, till within a few years, formed no distinction, in comparison with the rifles of this country. The improvements, of long date, in the American Rifle, were, a greater weight of barrel, a long twist, a small calibre, and the use of a patch on the bullet. They also gave a much greater length to the barrel, but this is now proved to have been no improvement, but a disadvantage. It is hard to trace any of these changes to their source, for, until lately, there seems to have been, in the United States, no more than in England, any attempt to perfect the rifle on scientific principles, and by a series of complete experiments with weapons of various calibre, weight, twist and length. All has been left to chance and the fancy of mechanics, and that to such a degree, that five generations of backwoodsmen, terrible fellows with the rifle, have lived and died under the delusion that a long barrel was indispensable to a long and sure shot. And yet our author affirms that every leading principle realized in the improvements of the rifle in our day, is developed and demonstrated in a book published a century ago by Mr. Robins, who made a very careful and extensive course of experiments, under the direction of

the British government. The results of true science are pretty sure to germinate, though it be after many days. In this case it took a hundred years to produce a mechanic of sufficient enterprize to realize the deductions of philosophy. This fortunate inventor was Edwin Wesson, whose improved rifle, the present standard of excellence, was brought before the public in 1841.

Let us devote a moment here to the principles that enter into the construction and use of the rifle, in doing which we take first the last division of Mr. Chapman's treatise. The leading principle of construction, and that which distinguishes it from the musket, is, "the giving of the bullet a rotary or spinning motion round its axis, and keeping that axis as near as may be, coincident with its line of flight or progressive motion, thus enabling the bullet to overcome any undue deflection, by presenting its irregularities of weight and form in circular succession to the friction of the atmosphere, during the whole course of its flight." The reader may very likely exclaim, "and if this is all, why not settle the matter by making the bullets perfect in shape and of uniform density." The answer is that the long demonstrated superiority of the rifle shows that we *cannot*, by any nicety of preparation, bring the bullet to such perfection. Having thus settled that the leading peculiarity of the rifle is essential to the true flight of the bullet, there has been added to this, every quality that tended to preserve to the weapon its first efficiency, to promote the easy handling of it and to secure the power of sighting it with the nicest accuracy. The barrel is made of fine cast steel, of thickness greatly beyond that of the musket, and the exterior of an octagon shape,—to ensure equality of metal throughout,—the perfect preservation of the form of the bore against accident, the wear of use and the violence of the explosion,—to allow the firm grasp of the hand in holding it, &c. So also the end of the stock is made to fit close upon the arm against which it is held. But these things belong not necessarily to the rifle, only that having the one marked superiority noticed above, it alone has been deemed worthy to receive these many nice additions, by way of perfecting it in all respects.

The spinning motion of the bullet is effected by cutting in the bore, from end to end, a number of grooves spirally. The bullet, with the patch, being somewhat larger than the bore, fills up these grooves, and when forced into motion, is carried out in a spiral movement corresponding to the channels.

In principle, the greater the degree of the spiral curve,—that is, the more rapid the rotary motion of the bullet round its axis,—the

longer will it maintain a perfect equilibrium during its flight. But every increase in the degree of twist, increases the friction and so retards the velocity. The increase of the rotary motion, too, increases the friction and resistance of the air, with the same consequence of retardation. Velocity should be sacrificed only to the extent absolutely necessary to secure the true flight of the bullet, and this is the limitation to the principle. The greater the calibre and the longer the range, the greater the degree of twist necessary to secure the full power of the weapon.

Another limitation of great importance depends on the fact that, with a certain rapidity of twist at the breech, it is impossible to hold the rifle still in firing it. The powder communicates a simple impulse to the bullet—that which propels it straight forward; but the spiral grooves interfere to modify this motion, and with a violence proportioned to the degree of twist. The effect is to give the rifle itself a motion in the same direction as the spiral movement of the bullet, destroying to the extent of it, the accuracy of the shot. Any one can feel, or rather cannot help feeling, this twisting motion, in shooting the common English Rifle, with a spiral curve of about one turn in three feet. Extend this spiral curve to one turn in six feet, and no such motion of the rifle is perceptible. The old American Rifle was made on this plan. But it was made certain that a greater degree of twist was necessary to give the bullet its proper equilibrium and secure its true flight. To secure the advantages of both plans, without their defects, the grooves were made to commence at the breech with a twist equal to one turn in six feet, and regularly closed till they ended at the muzzle in one turn in three and a half feet, or for large calibre and long-range rifles, one turn in three feet. This “gaining twist,” as it is called, was the great improvement of Mr. Wesson, although not his only one. There is no perceptible motion in firing this rifle, while its range and accuracy constitute an era in the history of the weapon. Another of the improvements consists in what is technically called “freeing” the barrel from the breech to within one and a half inches of the muzzle. What the precise process is, our author does not, and we cannot, explain; but the effect is greatly to diminish the friction of the bullet, both in loading and discharging it. Still another consists in the introduction of the loading muzzle, the invention of Mr. Alvan Clarke. The value of this consists, not in giving any new quality of accuracy to the perfectly made rifle, but in preserving the quality through a length of time. And its necessity may be estimated from the statement of our author, that the best made cast steel rifle will,

after 300 shots, sensibly deteriorate in the accuracy of its performance,—while, by the protection of the loading muzzle, the accuracy of the piece is secured so long as the general perfectness of the barrel remains unimpaired.

The “sights” have also shared in the general improvement of the rifle. One manifest superiority of the old fashioned long rifle, was in the distance of the sights from each other. Any slight imperfection in sighting, will affect a long gun in a much less degree than a short one, which accounts for the ease with which good marksmen may do excessively bad shooting with the rifle-barrel pistol. The improved rifle, being much shorter in the barrel than the old one, is relieved from the mischievous consequence by the substitution of a different sighting, which is also in itself much more perfect. The front sight is a bead, formed by filing down a wire, so that as it is presented to the eye, it is a mere thread having the bead at the top—the whole protected by a thimble. It is inserted in the barrel in the usual way, and capable of being moved in either direction, to regulate the side variations of the shots. The back sight is a circular plate with an orifice in the middle, inserted by a screw of a fine thread, in the stock at the break off, and elevated or depressed to regulate the point blank range of the rifle. The distance of the sights in the short rifle, is thus made almost equal to that of the much longer barrel which it has superseded, and the adaptation of them to perfect accuracy is also much improved.

A still further and final improvement, suggested by Mr. Chapman himself, is the introduction of a small telescope in the place of these sights, standing in the same fixtures and somewhat longer than their distance from each other. For target shooting, and for all use of the rifle where the object is a still mark, these are very great improvements; but for shooting at moving objects, and for every use of the rifle where a quick sight is required, the old crotch and silver sights are still indispensable. The telescope can be substituted for them to a greater extent than the bead and globe sights, but there are cases where neither the one nor the other could be at all used. Thus much, omitting minutiae, appertains to the rifle proper, as it is comes from the manufacturer's hands. But this is only the beginning of rifle shooting.

The bullet is, of course, a principal matter. Various aberrations from the spherical form have been adopted as improvements at different times, but all of them to the loss instead of gain in efficiency, until the long and pointed bullet, with the flat base, was introduced by Mr. Alvan Clarke. Its weight is double that of the spherical

bullet suited to the same calibre, and it admits, of course, of a charge of powder proportioned to its weight, limited only by the power of the calibre to allow the perfect ignition of the charge. The quality of the lead, and the advantages and disadvantages of hardening it, are matters for the proper understanding of which the reader is referred to Mr. Chapman's book.

Last, but not least, is the powder. It is that element of the subject hardest to explain, hardest to understand, and concerning which we find the pages of our author least clear. Some points, however, we may venture to say, are settled. There is a peculiar power generated by the act of combustion, or conversion of the solid matter into the gaseous, and experiment has proved that this power ought to be fully evolved in the course of the passage of the bullet through the barrel. If the powder does not all burn in the barrel, its power is so far wasted; if it burns too quick, the force is violently expended on the *vis inertiae* of the lead, a sudden recoil of the piece is produced, and the intense heat and propulsive blow may melt and fracture the bullet, to a degree sufficient to destroy all certainty in the shot. Our author repeatedly speaks of "upsetting" the bullets, by the use of too much and too pure powder, but leaves us to conjecture the meaning of the word. As however, he attributes the effect to the sudden generation of intense heat, and in one case has substituted for the word, the phrase "knocking the bullets into a cocked hat," and further says that some marksmen have imprudently sought a remedy in using hardened lead, we have felt justified in translating "upsetting" into "melting." The reason why hardened lead cannot be safely used, is that it is found impossible to secure to the compound a uniform density, and that the hardening impairs the essential quality of non elasticity in the lead.

This rule in regard to the combustion of the powder, of itself fixes a limit to the length of the rifle-barrel, for although a quality of powder could be made, suited to any length of barrel, its action would be anything but suited to the necessities of rifle-shooting. The nearer we can arrive at instantaneous combustion, without shaking the steadiness of the piece, and without danger of fracturing or "upsetting" the bullets, the less time do we allow for disturbing causes to interfere with the accuracy of the shot.

The rule also manifestly fixes a limit to the strength and purity of the powder used. Experiment must determine the size of grain and degree of quickness of powder proper for each calibre and length of barrel, but our author unhesitatingly condemns Dupont's and the fine English sporting powder, as unfit for the rifle. He illus-

trates the point by reference to gun-cotton, from the invention of which so much was anticipated and so little is to be realized, in regard to fire-arms. It is a much purer compound than the finest powder; it burns with extreme quickness and almost without residuum. These were thought to be its merits at first, but a little experience has shown that in consequence of these qualities it cannot be used in guns without putting the sportsman in much the same danger as the game. He might have found still stronger support for his position, in the well known action of percussion powder, which burns almost instantaneously and exerts its violence so equally in every direction that as a charge in a gun, no strength of metal could withstand it. From hence, it seems that the propulsive, as distinguished from the fracturing power of explosive compounds, depends upon the gradual disengagement of the gaseous matter, and that a certain amount of impurity, or matter not convertible into gas, is necessary to qualify the intense heat of the combustion and the excessive local violence of the explosion. In powder of the right degree of purity, the part not ignited is driven along the barrel, and the process of combustion continues from the breech to the muzzle distributing the explosive force and the heat equally through the whole.

Thus far we have followed that part of Mr. Chapman's book which treats of the theory of the rifle and rifle-shooting, though we have taken suggestions from the preceding chapters, and have added such explanations and remarks as seemed germane to the matter. We shall not attempt anything like an abstract of the practical portion of the work, nor do we write with any view of providing a substitute for it, but rather by hinting at its leading topics, to direct attention to the careful and complete manner in which the rifle has been, now for the first time, discussed by an adept.

In the practical part, every implement, article and process necessary to the complete equipment, loading and preserving the rifle, is fully and simply described, and very careful directions are given to young marksmen for the handling of the piece, with several chapters devoted to the causes of error in shooting the rifle. Among his training directions to marksmen, there is one ending so naïvely and unexpectedly, that we must transcribe it. "It is good practice to sit down at rest and take aim, and fire caps on an empty weapon with telescopic sights, observing how the stroke of the lock moves the weapon sideways, and also, how much and how quick you are liable to *flinch*—for I verily believe we all *flinch* more or less; but the great point to arrive at, and which can only be done by constant

training, or the possession of a very healthy nervous system, is, *not to flinch before you touch the trigger, but after, when the recoil has taken place.*" "In the meantime," says the prudent Dr. Buchan, in his directions to hypochondriacs, "let the patients take care to preserve themselves uniformly tranquil and in good spirits!" The caution of the excellent author of the Domestic Medicine, seems scarcely harder to follow, than that of Mr. Chapman, touching the article of "flinching," the peculiarity of which disturbing motion, one would say, consists in its being beyond the will, and quite out of the jurisdiction of the reflective powers.

But we must not altogether pass over these practical directions. It would be to leave the reader in the dark, as to the amount of useful information contained in this portion of the volume. The nicety of rule for the construction of the rifle, would, as the author remarks, be ingenuity and skill wasted, if, when finished, it is to be delivered over to the handling of ignorance and carelessness. To *bring out* the qualities of the weapon, no less of knowledge, caution and exactitude are required, in the handling, than in the making of it to insure their existence. The quality of the powder being determined, nothing short of the weighing of the charges can secure their exact equality. But this not being practicable except in target-shooting, a carefully measured charger should be used, into which the powder should be poured through a small orifice and slowly, and it should always be filled to the same exact measure. Furthermore, as all powder is unequal in grain, and the effect of much motion is to settle the dust and small grains to the bottom, the flask should not be exhausted, but the last third of it delivered over to baser uses.

The form of the bullet being also granted,—that of the long and pointed picket with a flat base,—there follow requisites and consequences very necessary to be observed. It must be perfect in shape, and the means for effecting this in the casting and after treatment, to the finishing touch of the swedge, are fully explained. The patch is to be cut of the true shape, the true size, and the best sort of stuff, and to be moistened by spitting on it, and not otherwise. The utmost nicety is called for in placing the bullet upon the muzzle, and a particular instrument is used to secure the true starting of it, so that it may maintain a position perfectly upright, when it takes its place on the powder. Not only is this care necessary to secure the bullet in its true position, but also to preserve its form perfect,—any bruising or irregular creasing of the surface, being so much detracted from its power of maintaining a true flight, and increasing the friction of the air. A decided variation in the performance of a rifle may be produced, with the same charges, by sometimes setting the

bullets down lightly, and sometimes ramming them with force. The former is considered the better mode, for several reasons stated by our author.

Three rifles having sufficiently marked distinctions to be considered each a species of the genus rifle, are described in this volume with some particularity. First is the Wesson rifle, which for target practice is considered superior to all others. It is 2 feet 8 inches in length, of the calibre of 90, or 43 pickets to the pound, is provided with Clarke's patent loading muzzle, and with globe and bead sights. The weapon which our author recommends as the most effective armament for rifle regiments, differs little from this in substantial qualities. It is an inch longer, is of the calibre of 70, or carrying about a half-ounce picket ball, is without the loading muzzle, and has the common open sights. It will throw a ball with fatal effect more than 1000 yards, and, in the hands of men trained to its use, would indeed be a formidable weapon of war.

We have then a description of a four-barrel rifle, the invention of Mr. Chapman himself. It is strongly and simply made, having a right and left lock, and requiring but a single turn to bring all four barrels to the discharge. The calibre is the same as that of the Wesson target rifle, the length of the barrels 20 inches, and the weight of the piece 14 pounds,—not greater than that of the heavier rifles used by Western hunters. The performance of this rifle is admirable. Says our author, "I can hit, with one I have in my possession, a 9 inch ring, at 40 rods, with the four barrels in succession."

Lastly, he introduces the now famous Wesson pistol,—a weapon that has excited more astonishment and admiration among marksmen than any of its bigger cotemporaries. The barrel is only 12 inches long and the calibre 120 to the pound, but its performance for the distance of 200 yards, is scarcely inferior to that of the rifle.

We have by no means supposed ourselves, in this notice, to be merely attracting attention to a matter of curiosity, or paying a tribute to the vanities of holiday amusement. The rifle, as we said before, is our national weapon, and the thorough mastery of it in its most improved form and clothed with its most terrible power of destruction, is a grand element of national defence. Universal skill in the use of fire-arms, is to us in the place of the standing armies of Europe, and it as well deserves as chivalry, to be called "the cheap defence of nations."

3.—*Views and Reviews in American Literature, History and Fiction.*

By the Author of "the Yemassee," "Life of Marion," "History of South-Carolina," "Richard Hurdia," &c., &c. New-York: Wiley and Putnam.

THE two series of Mr. Simms' occasional pieces, published by Wiley & Putnam, as part of their "Library of American Books," are united in the volume before us and make a book of only moderate dimensions. They embrace merely a selection from the mass of the author's critical pieces, made apparently with the design of collecting only such as, from the subject and the point of view in handling it, were of a general and permanent interest—and especially such as were identified with the character, history and genius of his country,—such in short as were peculiarly American.

Mr. Simms is himself conspicuously, notoriously and devotedly American;—he rejoices in the American Sagas of the Icelanders; believes the temples of Uxmal to be nearly as old and much prettier than the pyramids; thinks the North American Indians equal to the Greeks and Trojans, and has a hearty liking for James Fennimore Cooper, even when he said J. F. C. grumbles and growls most savagely. His Americanism has not cost him quite so bitter a warfare as it has Mr. Cooper, but he too has had his share, and all the more certainly and generally bestowed, because the very first page of the very first series, opens with an essay headed, "Americanism in Literature." To those who hold that we are only English in a state of transposition, this seems a plain declaration of hostility and note of defiance, and to one who had only heard our Fourth of July Orations, it would be surprising to note how many persons felt themselves challenged to battle by the provocation. Accordingly, Mr. Simms has been mightily abused for maintaining that the best themes for the genius of a nation were those which were most intimately associated with its political, moral and social history and development. According to this, says one, "Romeo and Juliet" is not an English play, because the scene is in Italy. There is no answer to such caviling, because the objection itself rests upon a difficulty of its own creating. It matters no more to the Romeo and Juliet, the Tempest, the Midsummer Night's Dream and As You Like It, where the scene is laid, than it matters to the Prometheus, what particular mountain cliff you imagine the Titan to be chained to—they are all purely poetical creations, that appeal only to the universal heart and fancy. To Shakspeare, indeed, it is almost a necessity to give to all his

subjects this universal character, but it requires little study of him to see that what there is of local and national in his plays, is intensely and vividly English—as much so when the scene is laid in Athens as when it is laid in London. Before all authors, it is the eminent peculiarity of the great dramatist, that he is absolutely ideal, shaping all characters by his creative imagination, or that he makes his personal experience his sole guide, and presents men as he has seen them. His comic scenes are purely English, and his poetic are purely Shakspearean. By what rule are we to judge the nationality of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Lear*? There are proper names which indicate a locality, but what else? *Ariel* and *Puck*,—do they any more belong to the groves of Attica and the islets of the Mediterranean, because the scene is there laid? Shakspeare is great, fresh and original, because he ever wrote out of his abundant genius, or his exquisitely accurate observation, and there is not in all his works the faintest trace of an ambition to imitate the form or preserve the proprieties of a foreign literature. If we wish to know what a leaden fetter such ambition may be to real genius, we should compare the *Cataline*, and *Sejanus* of Ben Jonson, with the Roman plays of Shakspeare, or even the less trammelled works of Ben Jonson himself; or to take a more familiar instance, we should compare the *Æneid* with the store-house from which it is drawn—the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. And in this last case, we make the most favorable supposition possible, on behalf of foreign imitation; for the Romans, in letters no less than in arms, were the most ingenious, graceful and original of borrowers. They took with an air of ownership, and appropriated to use with the assumed superiority of conquerors. As Mummius the statues, so Terence and Catullus and Virgil and Horace seized the comic, lyric and epic monuments of Greece;—so Tully, the treasures of her rhetoric and philosophy. If the Latin alone had survived, we should have had reason to bless the genius of a nation that had produced so rich a harvest from a soil made of the ruins of a preceding civilization. But both have survived, and now let any man compare the copy with the original, if he wishes to see the native and resistless superiority of a literature springing fresh out of the hearts of a people, over a literature whose laws, subjects and even adornments, are stolen.

In the several essays that follow, extending over a considerable portion of the first series of the “*Views and Reviews*,” with the title of “*History for the purposes of Art*,” the author lays open and arranges the great and various elements of interest in the past history of this continent, as suited to the uses of poetry and art, and perhaps in no man’s hands have these materials ever appeared so

various, so abundant and so respectable, as in his. We think, indeed that he has somewhat over-estimated them, and in some cases has claimed for poetry a license in dealing with the matter of history, that cannot be allowed. The range of what may be called the romantic history of this continent is very great, but is only to a limited degree that its matter is subject to modification by the poet. Our colonization, extensive as it was, full of adventure by sea and land, and marked with a deadly struggle of races, presents aspects more various, enterprises on a scale far grander, perils not less, and consequences more imposing than the colonization of the Greeks. But the latter belonged to a poetic period, as well as furnished poetic themes. There were no records to gainsay or correct the stories of the poets, who were the only historians, and whose object was to celebrate their race, and not to write its annals. There were no critics in those days, and every man did what was right in his own eyes. But the colonization of America was made in the broad daylight of a historic age,—an age of laws and charters and abundant books. Many of its leaders wrote minute accounts of their doings, and the government of the humblest colony was conducted under all the formalities of a permanent system and of written laws which survive in all their voluminous tediousness to our own day. Out of these records authentic and minute histories are compiled, and the doors are so far closed effectually on the poet. He cannot make a history for times over which the authority of veracious history is already so fully extended. He can do little to mould the events even into epic symmetry. Their order is already settled, and none of the credulity, of the faith, on which poetry feeds, can be given to a tale that perceptibly varies them. There is no chance even for that kind of epic history, like the earlier books of Herodotus and Livy, which delight us still more than romances, because we believe them more, though without much reason for the preference. There is indeed romance enough in many passages of European colonization and conquest in America—romance, that is, in the kind of entralling interest and fascination which the recital of them produces—as the adventures of Captain Smith, of De Soto, of Gonzalo Pizarro, and of Orellana; but their highest charm as stories rests in their truth as histories. What greater epic than the conquest of Mexico by Cortes; but to employ the creative or even the fashioning power of the poet upon that theme, would be to degrade it. Its precise form has been already stamped in history, and romantic or epic poetry, that cannot exist aside from the human passion for veneration, would be strangely employed in robbing the historic monuments and temples of their

inscriptions and heroic statues. What is history, ought to be held sacred. Fiction may catch its tone, rise on its inspiration, fathom its characters, and by this aid may venture to fill its gaps, and diving beneath its surface, may find treasures of harmony that appear not to the mere student of facts, and these are its legitimate property. The only rule for fiction in this case, is that it shall copy the spirit of history and be true to its essential characteristics. But so far as it deals with the facts of history, it must reverence them. For its office here, is that of an illustrator, and that is not illustration which distorts or changes the very subject which it professes to light up. A poetical version of Cæsar's civil wars, Lucan essayed, but who reads the *Pharsalia*? A poetical version of the triumph of Henry IV., Voltaire essayed, but who reads the *Henriade*? Not that as poems these works are without interest, or such proofs of genius as in other cases awakes interest, but because their subjects had been absolutely appropriated by history, and their highest moral and highest interest rested in the absolute verity of the story.

But Mr. Simms understands all this, and admits it readily enough. One mistake, however, he seems to make—that of supposing that time will so darken the distinct features of historic periods, as to render them fit subjects for the moulding and modifying labor of the poets. Time does not in fact produce any such changes. The age of Pericles, of Alexander, of Cæsar, are no more in the power of the poets now, than in the life-time of these masters of men. And it is well worthy of observation, that Shakespeare, supremely free as he is from all mere mimicry of the times he embodies, is scrupulous in his deference to the facts of history, precisely in proportion as the histories themselves had claims to be considered authentic, and that in his *Julius Cæsar* and *King Henry VIII.*, he has, least of all, attempted to modify the recorded events of the times. We have considered Anthony and Cleopatra as a part of the same great drama with the first of these. It is certain that in these plays any serious innovation on the received histories, would to that extent have diminished both their interest and their dignity, while it is equally certain that none but the highest genius could have so managed these familiar histories as to invest them at once with the character of authentic story and impressive tragedy. Poetry, then, may deal with the most familiar passages of history, but in venturing on such ground, it must be with a guarded step and a reverend look,—with a conviction that its office is subordinate, and its liberty merely that of an illustrator.

We might have supposed that our difference with Mr. Simms on

this point, was a mere difference in the form of expression, if he had not left his meaning beyond question, in his elaborate discussion of the treason of Arnold in reference to its adaptation for the purposes of poetry, and suggested changes in the facts of the story to such an extent, as to indicate an unequivocal irreverence for sober history.

The proposition which our author lays down, "that the chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art," which has made so many small critics lift up their hands in horror, is a very simple truth, taken with the latitude which he himself has assigned to art. History itself, so far as it assumed the office of a teacher, so far as it proceeds by laws and confesses to an object, so far as it organizes, selects and vivifies, so far as it aims at fascinating the attention for the sake of moving the heart, enlightening the mind and influencing the lives of men,—history itself is only a form of art, and Mr. Simms so considers, and has so treated it. The separation of history from all such high motives and influences, and reducing it to the bare enumeration of skeleton facts or soulless conjectures, is what he condemns and ridicules. Such history fortunately needs no denunciation,—it being in itself far too dry and desolate a track for mankind, even in momentary delusion, to be drawn into it. A critic in the *North American Review* violently rejects Mr. Simms' doctrine, and expatiates upon the unspeakable value of finding out, (if there was any way of finding out,) who quarried the stone that lie in costly ruins on the site of Palmyra? We confess to the curiosity ourselves, being slightly bit with the antiquarian spirit,—but all the world are not antiquarians, and besides, on any rational analysis of the passion, it will be found that the lively curiosity of scholars in regard to facts, seemingly trivial and isolated, is fed by the hope that every discovery may be connected with previous knowledge, and contribute something towards systematizing and interpreting the remains of the past,—that is, towards extending the legitimate domain of historic art. To a select few, doubtless antiquarianism is so much a trade or a monomania, that all appreciation of the value and uses of discovery, is lost in pure glorification over the disinterment of a buried fact. They are a harmless class of enthusiasts, and deserve not to be dealt hardly by,—except, perhaps, when they propose to publish by subscription. There is no danger of the disease becoming infectious—it is caught only by enormous and persevering labor, and fed by a devotion far too exacting to have attractions for the multitude of men. The proposition of Mr. Simms, is in truth only this; that historical facts are worthless, so far as they do not embody a moral, and that so far as they do, they are proper subjects of art;

and in this shape, it is probable no critic will venture to dispute its truth.

We have given particular notice to these peculiarities of the volume before us, not only because they have been made the subject of much and disingenuous censure of the author, but because they form the feature of the volume. All his subjects, indeed, are American, and a considerable portion of each series is devoted to the development of those subjects or passages of American history or tradition suited to the uses of art; in the first series, under this title, and in the second, with manifestly the same design, under the title of American Sagas of the Northmen. The latter is a lively and pleasing abstract of the Icelandic Sagas, purporting to be a veritable record of discoveries, adventures and settlements on this continent, before the time of Columbus.

To these records Mr. Simms gives at least as much faith as they deserve,—apparently quite willing to enlarge that realm of historic twilight, so fruitful in poetic suggestion, without too severely judging of the evidence in favor of moving back the ancient landmarks. It matters little to history how the question is decided; for these discoveries of the Northmen had no influence upon the subsequent colonization, and if they really belong to the antiquities of the *land*, they have no share in those of the *people*. We are separated from them as effectually as from the traditionary history of the Indians. In the one case, all trace of the Norse adventurers was lost before the approach of the English colonists,—and in the other, the incompatible character of the races prevented the savage from modifying in the slightest degree the nationality of the conqueror. The personal and social habits, the laws and institutions of the colonists, took no hint or tinge from those of the aboriginal people, and if we have studied his ways and laws of individual and social life, it has been only in the spirit of philosophic curiosity, as we study the habits of the beaver and the wolf. There are no means by which we can identify their antiquities with our own, and the farther we go back the more widely do the roots of our respective origin lead us apart.

A variety of reviews fills the remainder of this volume. Among them, that on Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* should be noticed, as embodying nearly every thing that has been well said since it was written, on the vexed questions between British travellers and the British press on one side, and the people of the United States on the other. The review of Cooper's literary career is a just and discriminating piece of criticism, and its characteristics are, to the praise of the author be it said, essentially those

which belong to all his literary criticism of his contemporaries,—a manly tone and an independent judgment, equally remote from lavish unmeaning eulogy, as from malicious or ungenerous censure.

The review of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* exhibits our author in the character of a narrator. It is in fact a history in itself, following rapidly, but without essential omissions, the career of Cortez, and presenting a brief, continuous, exciting narrative of his achievements, which may well serve all the purposes of history to those who have only time to read small books, and is perhaps still more interesting to the scholar as a reminder of the more remarkable features of a story which he has pored over with delight. In this department of historical narrative, we know of no writer in our country who is superior to Mr. Simms. His style is clear and his appreciation of the decisive and truly characteristic features of an event or train of events, is quick and just; while his sympathy for true manhood, ever gives an elevated tone to his narrative. His life of Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, and still more recently, his life of the Chevalier Bayard, are admirable instances, equally favorable to his literary ability in the handling, as to his manly and elevated taste in the selection of his subjects. To this last work we had thought to devote a separate chapter in this article, so greatly did we feel indebted to the author for the lively pleasure with which we read it. But we can only give it a passing commendation, and say that there is not within our knowledge a book of biography more fraught with useful and elevated lessons, and more worthy to be carefully and often studied, than this life of the Chevalier Bayard. To the young, especially, it will prove a noble incentive to the cultivation of every virtue;—to the young,—but all books are written for the young, if they are meant to live, for the young alone can learn. And this reminds us of the last effusion from the pen of Mr. Simms—an Oration entitled *Self-Development*, delivered before the literary societies of Oglethorpe University, Ga. It is expressly addressed to the young, exhibiting impressively the grand part which each individual must act in the process of his own training for the business of life. Since Dr. Lieber's admirable discourse for a similar occasion, on the character of the gentleman, we have met with nothing more worthy to be commended to the careful study of young men, than this oration of Mr. Simms.

- 4.—*Biographia Literaria ; or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions*. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. From the second London Edition, prepared for publication, in part, by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge; completed and published by his Widow. 2 vols. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847.

THE *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge was published nearly twenty years before his death. The *second* edition of it was issued in London in the year 1847. Such want of popularity in a work possessing somewhat at least of the interest of autobiography, and concerning a man universally acknowledged to have great powers, whether as poet, metaphysician or critic, and who, moreover, had, or should have had, the full advantage of having been the target of as much and as sharp abuse as party ever aimed at one individual,—such entire absence of sympathy, we say, in a work so commended to popularity, is almost beyond explanation. One cause, doubtless, was the absence of continuous narrative and piquant anecdote. It is not a *Life*, and only to a limited extent is it even a development of literary opinion. No scandal, no confessions, no bitter retorts upon enemies, and but the most moderate space given to the consideration of his own personal grievances. The author looks down upon the turmoil of those muddy waters that the evil spirit of party had let loose upon him, with much the same indifference as if he had got away from the world and was scrutinizing its affairs through a telescope from the safe height of a distant planet. The public retorted upon him the indifference he expressed for them, and revenged their quarrel, as he had proposed to do his, by turning their back upon him.

Another cause of the little success of the book, was that no small portion of it was occupied with certain preludes and hints of a system of metaphysics, rather startling, very German and altogether incomprehensible. German metaphysics were more of a bugbear then than they are now, and if the English public have not yet learned to believe that Kant was the perfection of all philosophy, they have at least ceased to regard him as the embodiment of all evil.

There were some features of the *Biographia Literaria*, those which will form its enduring charm, that ought to have secured it cotemporary approval. The entire absence of personal retorts and scandalous gossip, should at least have disarmed hostility, and might

have been hailed as a welcome novelty, at a time when the public was dosed *ad nauseam* with the quarrels of authors. The pure and perspicuous English of the composition could not be denied. The magnanimity, the force and beauty of the defence of Southey, should have received applause, at a time when it was rare enough for writers to defend any body but themselves,—or that other form of self, their party. His analysis of Wordsworth's poetical theory and poetical works, in which he shows that all which is admirable, which is immortal, in short, which is poetical in the latter, is at irreconcilable war with the principles of the former, must be admitted to be one of the choicest pieces of philosophical criticism in the language, and might have won the favor equally of the friends and enemies of the author of the "Lyrical Ballads;"—the former by establishing his claims to high rank as a poet, and the latter by dissipating forever that theory of poetry which had ostensibly been the cause of their hostility.

But there was a chapter on modern reviewing, which was not to the taste of the critics; and another on the trade of authorship, which pleased neither the penny-a-liners, nor the producers of poetry at so much the foot—a kind of "measure" not known to the ancients, and for whose reputation the moderns were therefore sensitively alive. It needed no more to kill the book in the estimation of all those who rule the kingdom of letters, and it was killed accordingly. That is to say, neither the author nor the publisher made a penny by the publication. Other death they had no power to work upon it; and it is now securely placed among the choice treasures of literature.

The present edition of the B. L. is very much enlarged by the addition of an Introduction, of Notes and Appendices, containing matters of an interest not quite proportioned to their bulk. The edition was designed and in part prepared by the nephew and son-in-law of the Poet, Henry Nelson Coleridge. To a portion of the text he added valuable and interesting notes, and left the commencement of a Biographical Supplement, which so far as it goes, supplied the grand deficiency of the original work. But he died, leaving his labor unfinished. His widow, the daughter of the poet, has essayed to complete it. What we find fault with in her performance, is that, with the amplest materials, she has not attempted to shed one ray of light on the biographical obscurities; while without, we may presume, the very best qualifications, she has undertaken to light up all the obscure passages in her father's theological and metaphysical opinions. We could have spared all this, and the world might be

trusted, in the long run, to take Coleridge's philosophy for what it is worth, without the elucidations of Mrs. Coleridge. She has undoubtedly shown a heap of learning in this labor of love, but by no means, of learning sufficiently mellowed and systematised, to make her expositions a labor of love to the reader.

There are at the conclusion of the first volume of the B. L., some chapters introductory to a full philosophical exposition of the power and offices of the Imagination, which the author had written and designed to introduce into his work, but was persuaded by a friend to suppress on the ground that it was unsuited to its plan and would very much increase its size and cost; while, on the other hand, it would form an appropriate part of a general philosophical work, which Coleridge had already designed and announced. This latter was never executed; but what has become of the fragment on the "Imagination or Esemplastic Power?" The lady, who is profuse of notes and explanations where they are not needed, has said not one syllable on the subject,—not even to inform us whether the suppressed chapter was still in existence,—not even to say that the heirs of the name and goods of the dead philosopher, had been tempted to hunt for these "Sybilline Leaves." We were so at a loss to account for the omission, that we would not believe it till after the most careful examination. A treatise of Coleridge upon the Imagination, master as he was equally of the mysteries of poetry and metaphysics, could not fail to be of the highest interest and value. It is probably no longer in existence, and has taken its place among those treasures of genius and learning, the magnitude of which the world believes all the more devoutly, while it mourns over their irreparable loss.

5.—*Greek Reading Book, for the Use of Schools*; Containing the Substance of the practical Introduction to Greek Construing and a Treatise on the Greek Particles, by THOMAS K. ARNOLD, and also a Copious Selection from Greek Authors, with English Notes, critical and explanatory, and a Lexicon. By Rev. J. A. SPENCER, A.M., Editor of the "New Testament in Greek, with Notes on the Historical Books," "Arnold's Series of Greek and Latin Books," &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

APPLETON'S Series of Elementary Books,—Grammars, Reading Books, &c., of the ancient and modern languages, are very pleasant to look upon,—neat in typography, fair in the page, of

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convenient size and prettily bound. The Publishers have shown themselves masters of their vocation, and will have the credit of greatly improving, as far as lay within their province, the character of school books. But there are other parties to this manufacture of books, whose office is of higher import to their value, than the publisher's. In vain the eye delights in the compact volume and pleasant page, if the author or editor have not informed it with true scholarship and trust-worthy instruction. We have given to the volumes of this series no such careful examination as would justify us in pronouncing a general judgment of their merits, and are very far from desiring to take such a responsibility; still less, of venturing a censure without judgment. For the most part they have seemed to be carefully edited and by men well qualified for the task. Occasionally, we have noted what seemed to be a proof of too much haste in the manufacture of these books. In Ollendorff's German Grammar, for instance, there recurs on nearly every page of the progressive lessons, an anomalous form of expression of which we find no trace of explanation, either in the lessons themselves or in the systematic grammar that follows. Doubtless a German teacher would give the explanation in two words,—that these books are intended in some sort as a substitute for teachers, especially in the case of those who have other occupation than going to school. To such, the anomalies of a language are the only difficulty in the way of its acquisition, and they demand explanations of each of these. But this is a slight fault and will not prevent the new German Grammar from superseding all others.

This method of progressive lessons,—beginning with the simplest phrases expressing the grammatical connection of the simplest parts of speech, and proceeding step by step to the full and complicated sentences of the orator and the poet, and illustrating by examples, rather than formally announcing, the grammatical rules applicable to each stage of advancement,—has been extended to the ancient as well as the modern languages, and Arnold's Series of Greek and Latin School Books, though not the first, is probably the best of this kind. In the hands of the American Publishers, they have undergone considerable changes, and the one before us, especially, has received a new form from the labors of its editor. It contains in the first place, Arnold's series of lessons, abridged; then a hundred pages of extracts from Greek authors; copious notes on these extracts; a treatise on the Greek Particles, and lastly a Lexicon.

In regard to the plan of the first part, it is very certain that the initial language in a course of education, ought to be taught in the simplest

way,—that the lessons are child's lessons, and should approach as near as possible to the method which experience has approved in teaching the mother-tongue to infants. The spirit of this method should probably be retained in teaching all living languages, where a principal object is to gain the power of speaking them, and therefore it is important to store the memory with a great fund of colloquial expression, and where moreover, by the aid of native teachers, we may make sure that the genuine language, and not a counterfeit, is taught. None of these conditions are applicable to the Greek language, and only the first of them to the Latin,—for it is no longer, as formerly, the universal language of scholars. But Latin still continues to be the first serious study in a course of education, and while it so continues, must be adapted to the capacity of children. It must be taught through a long series of ascending lessons—the earlier of them smacking strongly of the nursery.

But it may be worth while to consider whether, circumstances having changed, we should not do wisely to change with them. It is our settled conviction that the Latin should be displaced, as the initial study of academies, and the French substituted. For this, many good reasons might be given. It is much easier of construction than the Latin,—nearly resembling the English in the order of expression, and in the substitution of words of relation for the inflexions of the ancient languages. It is the natural connecting link between the English and Latin; and what is of great importance, it can be taught by native Frenchmen, and through the medium of a complete system of elementary books from the schools of France. Finally, a large portion of the boys in our cities, go through the course of our preparatory schools, and stop there. At the cost of much time they gain a smattering of Latin, which they have neither opportunity nor temptation, afterwards, to improve into a thorough knowledge of the language. They forget it all in far less time than was consumed in learning it. But the knowledge of French, which can be made much more perfect, with the same study, is an acquisition of solid advantage, for which there is frequent use in nearly every walk of life, and which is not only likely to be retained, but constantly improved and enlarged in the intercourse of society, and in the every-day reading for information.

If this substitution were made, we might safely and wisely leave Latin and Greek to be learned through the medium, not of child's books, but of Latin and Greek authors. Boys would then commence the study of these languages, at the age of twelve or fourteen, with minds somewhat prepared, and without that darkening feeling which

so commonly besets the early years of education now—that their lessons are a mere task, to avoid which is to escape from oppression. We might then have a preparatory course in Greek, that would be a worthy introduction to the study of that noble tongue. Such a course should embrace several of the books of Herodotus' History,—the Siege of Syracuse from Thucydides,—some of the Lives of Plutarch,—that admirable burlesque of travellers' marvels, the True History of Lucian, which ought to be made a school book, if for no other reason, because it is the original of Baron Munchausen,—the Anabasis of Xenophon, and a proper selection of poetry. All that portion of the *Odyssey*, commencing with the return of Odysseus to Ithaca, and ending with the slaughter of the Suitors, a complete and marvellously interesting epic, is admirably suited for a class book, and of no greater bulk or more difficult mastery than the first six books of the *Æneid*. The course of study we have here indicted may seem frightfully large, but compare it with the preparatory course in Latin:—the entire works of Virgil, the Histories of Sallust, the Commentaries of Cæsar, the Metamorphoses of Ovid, and a dozen complete Orations of Cicero, are not more than is demanded for entrance into the better Colleges, and this is a much more extensive course than we have suggested for Greek. Whereas the latter is not only a language far more copious and subtle than the Latin, consequently more difficult of acquisition, but it is beyond comparison, more worthy of profound examination as a great treasure-house of genius.

Thus much we have had to say in reference to the first part of this book, from which it will be seen that, in what we consider a perfect system of teaching Greek, all such puerilities as these progressive lessons, would find no place. As things are, it is very well, and probably Arnold's reading books are the best of the kind.

The remainder of the volume, for good or bad, must be credited to its American Editor, the Rev. J. A. Spencer. The extracts are for the most part adopted from the old Coll. Græc. Min., and have therefore an established reputation. The Lexicon, we are sorry to say, is defective. A considerable list of words in the text is not to be found in it, and there are significations attached to some words in the notes, of which we find no trace in the lexicon. This is all wrong, and indicates a want of mature preparation in the Editor for his task. The notes are full and generally appropriate, though the few instances in which the Editor has ventured into the larger field of philosophical annotation, are by no means favorable to his pretensions. Nothing short of native obtuseness certainly could have aid-

ed him to put such a leaden extinguisher upon the wit of that pretty anecdote of Philoxenus and Dionysius. But there is not much of this sort of translation of Attic salt into English marsh, and it should not be judged hardly. There is however, one instance of philological profundity that is too grotesque to be passed over. It is the marvellous significance that he finds in the Homeric word *Δαίμων*. It occurs twice in the extract of the meeting of Hector and Andromache. The sweet wife of the Ilian hero meets him as he is about to return to the scene of battle, and stays him with her pathetic lament and remonstrance, which commences with this mysterious *Δαίμων*. A beautiful scene follows. Finally, Hector gently refuses her solicitations, and gives his farewell instructions, in a speech which he commences with this same word *Δαίμονι* only changing the gender. The note informs us that in the first instance, the word means "*strange, or wonderful man!*" It is an interpretation not suited to the second, and accordingly, the learner is here cautioned that it signifies—"O foolish one!"—expressive of mingled chiding and affectionate solicitude." What a comprehensive word! But let us follow it a little further; although we can have only the collateral glimmer, and not the direct light of Mr. Spencer's critical candle to guide us.

There is a passage in the second book of the Iliad, more famous out of the context than in it, as having formed one of the items of evidence in the trial of Socrates. Agamemnon, to try the spirit of the Greeks, presents a mournful picture of their position, and advises that they abandon the war and go home. Instead of being fired at so humiliating a proposal, and eagerly demanding to be led against the foe, they take the chief at his word, and with thoughts of home, and wife and weans, suddenly kindled in their hearts, they pour tumultuously out of the agora, and hurry to their ships,—all but the Prince of Ithaca. He stood in scornful silence, a spectator of the shame of his countrymen. But the case was urgent, and aroused and inspired by Athené, he seizes the king's sceptre and rushes among the fugitives. He exhausts the marvellous powers of his oratory to bring them back to a sense of their manhood and their duty. He has a speech suited to every nature and station. He arouses, and flatters the pride of the Princes—he represses with stern rebuke the insolence of the rabble. The form of these diverse speeches is given, and lo! each one opens with this same *Δαίμων*! As all had yielded to the same impulse, of course Ajax was among the homesick multitude. He is easy to be seen, tall, bulky and solemn, but going with unusually long strides for his ship. The Prince of Itha-

ca pursues and overtakes him; he touches his arm with a gentle violence, and looking up to him with a mingled expression of sorrow, of surprise and of reverence, he urges his remonstancé. *Δαμόνις*, begins Odysseus:—oh, for Mr. Spencer to tell us all the meaning with which the word is big! But it can scarcely signify less than this:—“*Great son of Telamon, renowned alike for thy birth, thy courage and thy might!*” He persuades Ajax. Two steps further, he sees Therastés. As all run, of course he was among them. Least of all others, was he the man to “scorn running with his heels.” Odysseus hates him cordially—a pestilent rogue, always breeding disturbance,—to confess the truth, he is almost glad to find him running away, that he may have an excuse for berating him. He does not wait to get along side,—he would not touch him with his finger, but giving him a poke in the back with his sceptre, he begins:—*Δαμόνις*, says Odysseus again:—mark the force of the word here—it means: “*Ha! you bald-pated, squint-eyed, hump-backed, bandy-legged, abortion of a man!*” If the reader doubt all this, we refer him for authority to Mr. Spencer.

But this is philology run mad. The truth is, that in Homer, this word *Δαμόνις*, is simply a word of address, with as much flexibility,—with as much and no more significance, than the English “Sir” and “Madam,” in their place. It does not change the case, that the word is significant by derivation. Trace back “Madam” one step, and it means “my mother.” What should we say of a teacher of English, who, as often as he encountered the word, should attempt to load it with all the responsibility of the original signification? But enough of this.

There is, we think, a defect in the arrangement of the matter of this volume—one, however, which it shares with a large part of our modern text books. The notes are placed in a body by themselves. Nothing should be put in a school book which is not intended to be used, and of course the more readily the better. Notes gathered at the end of a book are a perpetual inconvenience, costing at least twice as much time to consult them, as if they were at the foot of the page to which they refer. The difficulty is aggravated here by the omission of all references to notes in the text. As this book is likely to come into general use, we trust that a second edition of it may undergo the careful revision of the Editor, and the deficiencies and errors be corrected.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Origin, Progress, and Conclusion of the Florida War; to which is appended a Record of Officers, non-commissioned Officers, Musicians and Privates, of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps, who were killed in battle or died of disease: also the names of Officers who were distinguished by Brevets, and the names of others recommended: together with the orders for collecting the remains of the dead in Florida, and the ceremony of interment at St. Augustine, East Florida, on the fourteenth day of August, 1842. By JOHN T. SPRAGUE, Brevet Captain, Eighth Regiment U. S. Infantry. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

Ollendorff's New Method of Learning to Read, Write and Speak the Spanish Language: With an Appendix, containing a brief but comprehensive recapitulation of the Rules, as well as of all the Verbs, both Regular and Irregular; so as to render their use easy and familiar to the most ordinary capacity: together with practical rules for the Spanish Pronunciation, and Models of Social and Commercial Correspondence. The whole designed for Young Learners and persons who are their own Instructors. By M. VELASQUEZ and T. SIMONNE, Professors of the Spanish and French Languages. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

A System of English Versification: Containing Rules for the Structure of the different kinds of verse; illustrated by numerous examples from the best poets. By ERASTUS EVERETT, A.M. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia. By CHARLES CAMPBELL. Richmond: B. B. Minor. 1847.

The Life of the Chevalier Bayard: "the Good Knight," "Sans Peur et sans Reproche." By W. GILMORE SIMMS. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

Self-Development: An Oration Delivered before the Literary Societies of Oglethorpe University, Georgia; November 10th, 1847. By W. GILMORE SIMMS. Milledgeville: Published by the Thalian Society. 1847.

Don Quixote de La Mancha: Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. By CHARLES JARVIS, Esq. Carefully revised and corrected. With numerous Illustrations by Tony Johannot. In 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1847.

Reply to Rev. Dr. Pond's "Swedenborgianism Reviewed." By N. F. CABELL, A. M. With a Preliminary Letter, by R. K. Crallé. New-York: John Allen. 1848.

History of the Girondists; or Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution. From unpublished sources. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, Author of "Travels in the Holy Land," &c. In 3 volumes. Translated by H. T. RYDE. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

The Pictorial History of England, being a History of the People as well as a History of the Kingdom. Illustrated with several hundred wood-cuts of Monumental Records, Coins, civil and military Costume, domestic Buildings, Furniture, and Ornaments, Cathedrals, and other great works of Architecture, Sports and other illustrations of Manners, Mechanical Invention, Portraits of Kings and Queens, and remarkable Historical Scenes. By GEORGE L. CRAIK and CHARLES MACFARLANE, assisted by other Contributors. In four volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Now and Then.—Through a glass darkly. By SAMUEL WARREN, F. R. S., Author of "Ten Thousand a Year," and "the Diary of a late Physician." In two parts. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

The Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S., Author of "the History of Europe." New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

A Summer in Scotland. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Suggestions relative to the Free School System in South Carolina. By HENRY SUMMER. Columbia: A. G. Summer. 1847.

The Conquest of California and New Mexico, by the Forces of the United States, in the years 1846 and 1847. By JAMES MADISON CUTTS. With Engravings, Plans of Battle, &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1848.

Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains. By GEORGE F. RUXTON, Esq., Member of the Royal Geographical Society, the Ethnological Society, &c., &c. In two Parts. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

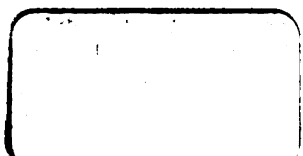
Scenes at Washington: a Story of the Last Generation. By a Citizen of Baltimore. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Historical and Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, First Wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. By M^{lle} M. A. LENORMAND, Author "Des Souvenirs Prophetiques," &c. Translated from the French by JACOB M. HOWARD, Esqr. Complete in Four Parts. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1848.

The Thousand and One Nights; or The Arabian Nights Entertainments. Translated and arranged for family reading, with explanatory notes, by E. W. LANE, Esq. From the Second London Edition. Illustrated with six hundred Wood cuts by Harvey, and Illuminated Titles by Owen Jones. [To be published in 12 parts, of which the First is issued.] New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Address on Female Education, delivered at Raleigh before the Sedgwick Female Seminary, February 27th, 1847. By Rev. WILLIAM HOOPER, President of Wake Forest College. Raleigh: Published by Weston R. Gales. 1848.

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